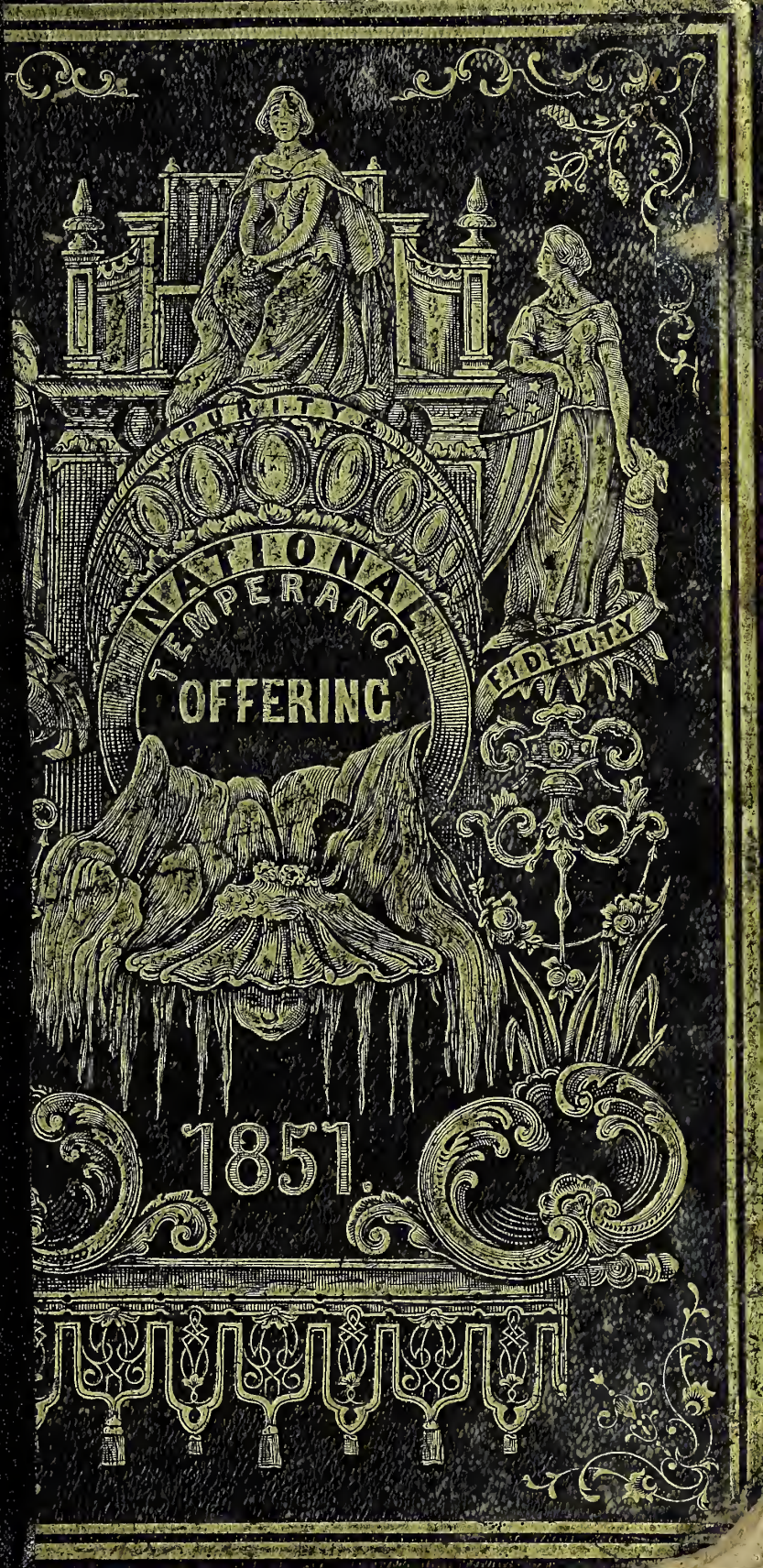
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THE

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE OFFERING.

"The beautiful & innocent of all earth's living things,
Drink nothing but the crystal wave that gushes from the springs."

Edited by

C. E. C. P. T. M. W. F. &c.

NEW YORK,

R. VAN DIEN.

THE

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE

OFFERING.

THE

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE

OFFERING,

AND

SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE

GIFT.

EDITED BY

S. F. CARY, M. W. P.

OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE OF NORTH AMERICA.

NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY R. VANDIEN.

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INTRODUCTION.

Inspired wisdom centuries ago declared "of making many books there is no end." Had Solomon spoken this in reference to our own age it would have been pre-eminently true, and if the present generation is not growing in wisdom it cannot be for the want of mental aliment. It is to be feared that the mind is dissipated, and the heart depraved, by being required to feed upon the worthless trash furnished by a prolific press. Even in this bookmaking age, a *good book is a jewel.* A great responsibility rests upon those who offer food to the immortal nature, for the mind once taken captive, like the appetite of the drunkard, demands more similar poison to appease depraved desire. Our design in getting up this volume, is to add to the stock of pure temperance literature, to elevate in the public mind, that reform so full of promised blessings to the present and coming generations.

Believing as we do, that he Temperance Reform is one of the mighty agencies to be employed for the elevation of man, the improvement of society, the stability of free popular

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institutions, and the moral and religious renovation of a wicked world, we avail ourselves of the press—the principal medium of reaching the public mind—to promote the precious interests, and advance the standard of this god-like enterprize.

As incident to our general design, and to render the work more attractive and interesting, we have introduced faithful portraits and brief biographical sketches of a few of the most distinguished champions of our holy cause. There are many others perhaps equally deserving a place in our portrait gallery; indeed all who have labored devotedly, zealously, honestly and perseveringly in this department of moral reform, should be enrolled among the benefactors of their race—but the extent of this work prescribes a limit to our selection.

The elevated character, and exalted reputation of the contributors to this volume, will be sufficient to commend it to the attention of the reading public. Finally, whether our effort to contribute a mite to the pure literature of the country, promote the well being of society and the glory of God shall be successful, remains to be seen; whatever may be the result, we commit it to the hands of our countrymen, with the happy consciousness of being actuated by a sincere desire to do good.

S. F. CARY.

ILLUSTRATIONS,

ENGRAVED ON STEEL,

BY

J. SARTAIN, H. S. SADD, & T. DONEY.

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TO

The Sons of Temperance,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY THE

PUBLISHER.

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THE NATIONAL

TEMPERANCE OFFERING.

THE RECHABITES.

BY MISS PHŒBE CAREY.

They came and brought the Rechabites, who dwelt in tents of old,
To chambers decked with tapestry, and cunning-work and gold,
And set before them pots of wine, and cups that mantled high,
But when they tempted them to drink, they answered fearlessly;
And said, our father Jonadab, the son of Rechab, spake,
Commanding us to drink no wine forever for his sake;
And therefore we will taste not of the cup you bring us now,
For our children's children to the end shall keep our father's vow:
And the Lord who heard the Rechabites, and loves a faithful heart,
Pronounced a blessing on their tribe that never shall depart.

Thus we will taste not of the wine, and though the streams
should dry,
Yet the living God who made us will hear his children cry;
For Moses smote the solid rock, and lo! a fountain smiled,
And Hagar in the wilderness drew water for her child;
And the beautiful and innocent of all earth's living things
Drink nothing but the crystal wave that gushes from her springs;
The birds that feed upon the hills, seek where the fountains
burst,
And the hart beside the water-brooks stoops down to slake his
thirst;
The herb that feels the summer rain on the mountain smiles
anew,
And the blossoms with their golden cups drink only of the dew.
And we will drink the clear cold stream, and taste of nought
beside,
And He who blessed the Rechabites, the Lord will be our guide!

RETROSPECT OF THE PAST,

AND

CONTEMPLATION OF THE FUTURE

BY PHILIP S. WHITE, P. M. W. P.

It is well to turn from the busy scenes that encircle us and gaze out, at intervals, through the long vista of years, and mark the changes and revolutions that have passed over the world. In the whirling together of hostile atoms amid the grand commotion of elemental strife, stirred by a spirit of free inquiry and investigation, the mists of ignorance and clouds of superstition have been dispelled; and the glorious sun of science, of knowledge and of virtue, allowed to shed his warm and refreshing rays along the path of man. Under its benign influence, we have witnessed crowns and thrones crumbling to ashes; the servile yoke of bondage falling from the necks of oppressed millions; and the going out of false dogmas and opinions in religion, metaphysics and philosophy, that claimed authority from heaven, and the high prerogative of tyranizing over the minds, bodies and consciences of men. As wave succeeds wave upon the bosom of the great deep, so has revolution followed revolution upon the boisterous ocean of life; bringing up from its depths the whole mass of moral energies, which has swept on with increasing force until the entire aspect of this globe has been

changed—until its gloomy and extended wilderness appears in the beautiful garb of a flowery and sunny landscape. And notwithstanding destruction has, at times, marked this spirit of progression, yet from the very ruins, from the blood, the carnage, the havoc with which they have strewn the earth—as from the floods of lava sent down by the volcanoes to deluge the valleys, —has arisen a fertilizing principle, to cover with beauty and moral verdure the great plain of human affairs; until society, which cannot fail to progress while the noble principles of man are in motion, is carried up to that sublime height on which we now stand; where the light of the accumulated truth, wisdom and experience of sixty centuries breaks in upon the enraptured vision.

Well may we exclaim, a new era has dawned upon man! Awakening from his long and inglorious sleep of centuries, he has marked, with lightning in the heavens, with floating cities that bridge the ocean, with gorgeous palaces upon the earth, with the iron steeds of steam that draw his triumphal cars, his certificate to a divinity of origin; and though fallen from his high estate is still a splendid wreck, and like eternal Rome, sublime even in ruins! So great has been the improvement in his moral, intellectual and political condition—so miraculous the achievements wrought by the arts and sciences in the promotion of his physical and social wants, that credulity itself can scarcely credit.

Amid all these convulsions,—these upheavings of mind, that like a volcanoe in throes, have wrecked some of the mightiest fabrics of human creation, moral power has gained supremacy over mere brute force. Revolutions in governments, that change the entire civil polity of nations; in religion, that break down idols at which superstition has bowed for ages; and in philosophy, of opinions that had held the force of law for untold gen-

erations; are now carried on and concluded without violence or bloodshed—without hushing the song of the reapers, or stilling the sound of busy machinery. And of all the sublime lights have loomed out in the moral horizon, none of modern date have cast such cheering beams over oppressed and down-trodden man—none have done so much for ameliorating his condition—for refining, advancing and elevating his intellectual, moral and social being, as the great *Temperance Reformation* that is so rapidly extending itself throughout the civilized world—dispelling torpid gloom that has so long blighted and obscured the intellects of thousands, poisoning the nobler emotions of their natures, blasting their every prospect of earthly happiness and hope of future bliss. It is this star of *Temperance* that directs the drunkard to his earthly savior; and whose pure light, shining through the widow's tears and orphan's sighs, spans the sky of man's hopes with the rainbow of promise. How many hearts have been gladdened, how many cheeks have been refreshened with joy, how many eyes of sorrow grown bright, at the coming of the new luminary, over whose rising the guardian angels of man's happiness shout jubilee!

When we look back to what has been accomplished in our own country through the efficient organization of that great brotherhood, the Sons of Temperance, the heart of the philanthropist and patriot is made to swell with grateful emotion; and hope, like a beacon light rising over the shattered wrecks that bestrew the bosom of a storm-ridden ocean, and raises the prospect of a speedy delivery from the maddened waves that have long threatened to engulph the harmony and peace of society in one common vortex of hopeless ruin. Within the brief period of ten years the great Temperance Reformation has accomplished towards moral reformation—more for the amelioration of the condition of down-trodden humanity—in our own country,

than in all preceding time from the first organization of our great and glorious republic. It has succeeded in discountenancing a false and pernicious etiquette by removing from the sideboard of the fashionable circle, the sparkling and deceptive temptation to dissipation. It has succeeded in removing inebriety from high places. It has succeeded in arresting the downward tendency of thousands of unfortunate victims to hopeless ruin; and of turning their footsteps from drunkenness and vice, to morality and religion. It has succeeded in rekindling the pure fires of love and affection upon the desecrated altars of the domestic circle, and of making home happy to families long estranged by blighting discord. The burning tear of despair has been turned into a grateful tribute of affection—the pallid cheek recolored with the bloom of youthful freshness, and the blighted hopes and anticipations of love's young dream, that had been driven from the heart's sacred fane, like the melancholy dove from its mateless nest, have been wooed back from their long and dreary banishment, to rest in quiet through the lapse of coming years. The influence of this great temperance brotherhood—this swelling army of practical philanthropists—is felt and seen not only along the private walks of life, but is telling upon the destiny of a mighty nation. It is purging the political arena of its vile corruptions—it is uncloging the wheels of science and of learning—it is building up schools, academies and colleges from the city to the waste places—it is depopulating our prisons, and banishing from the land, the hangman and the gallows. As Heaven is higher than earth—as time is outmeasured by eternity—so do all other schemes of human origin dwindle into insignificance when contrasted with the moral sublimity of this great cause.

Let us onward, then, in our glorious career of freedom—freedom not only from the shackles of political oppression, but social,

moral freedom—until man is redeemed from the degradation of ignorance and folly and crime, and attains that lofty eminence in the scale of being for which he was designed by his God.—Being a common cause—the cause of humanity—who should not feel an interest in its complete and final triumph? It is a contest between virtue and vice, happiness and misery, in which there is no neutral ground. Activity is the soul of duty. Then on, brothers, on! the guardian angel that attends the virtuous and the good, with her snow-white banner of "Love, Purity and Fidelity" unfurled, beckons you to the charge! If you are victorious in the struggle, no warrior's chaplet may adorn your brow—no loud hosannas fall upon your ear,—but that heartfelt joy and fullness of satisfaction will be yours, that all of earth's wealth, pageantry and power can never purchase. And when you fall, though your grave may be unmarked with storied urn or monumental marble, and nought but the rude winds sound your requiem-dirge, as they moan through the tall grass that waves above you, the cheering light of your meritorious labors will shed a rich halo over your last moments;—and when the laurels of the conquerors shall have faded, and the deeds of the renowned are forgotten, your work of love and kindness will be green in the memory of the just and treasured in the hearts of the good.

THE CONVICT.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

The first of the September eves
  Sunk its red basement in the sea,
And like swart reapers bearing sheaves
  Dim shadows thronged immensity.

Then from his ancient kingdom, night
  Wooing the tender twilight came,
And from her tent of soft blue light,
  Bore her away, a bride of flame.

Pushing away her golden hair,
  And listening to the Autumn's tread,
Along the hill-tops, bleak and bare,
  Went Summer, burying her dead.

The frolic winds, out-laughing loud,
  Played with the thistle's silver beard,
And drifting seaward like a cloud,
  Slowly the wild-birds disappeared.

Upon a hill with mosses brown,
Beneath the blue roof of the sky,
As the dim day went sadly down,
Stood all the friend I had, and I.

Watching the sea-mist of the strand,
Wave to and fro in evening's breath,
Like the pale gleaming of the hand,
That beckons from the shore of death.

Talking of days of goodness flown—
Of sorrow's great o'erwhelming waves;
Of friends whom we had loved and known,
Now sleeping in their voiceless graves.

And as our thoughts o'erswept the past,
Like stars that through the darkness move,
Our hearts grew softer, and at last
We talked of friendship, talked of love.

Then, as the long and level reach
Back to our homestead old we trod,
We pledged to each, be true to each,
True to our fellows, true to God.

Forth to life's conflict and its care,
Doomed wert thou, O my friend, to go,
Leaving me only hope and prayer
To shelter my poor heart from wo.

"A little year, and we shall meet,"
Still at my heart that whisper thrills—
The spring-shower is not half so sweet,
Covering with violets all the hills.

Dimly the days sped, one by one,
Slowly the weeks and months went round,
Until again September's sun
Lighted the hill with moss embrowned.

That night we met, my friend and I,
Not as the last year saw us part,
He as a convict doomed to die,
I with a bleeding, breaking heart.

Not in our homestead, low and old,
Nor under evening's roof of stars,
But where the earth was damp and cold,
And the light struggled through the bars.

Others might mock him, or disown
With lying tongue, my place was there,
And as I bore him to the throne
Upon the pleading arms of prayer;

He told me how Temptation's hand
Prest the red wine-cup to his lips,
Leaving him powerless to withstand
As the storm leaves the sinking ship.

And how all blind to evil then,
  Down from the way of life he trod,
Sinning against his fellow-men—
  Reviling the dear name of God.

At morn he met a traitor's doom,
  I living on from hope apart,
To plant the flowers about his tomb
  That cannot blossom in my heart.

STORY OF THE BOTTLE.

BY S. F. CARY, M. W. P.

In the progress of the Temperance Reformation many scenes have transpired, which are eminently worthy of a permanent record. The history of this reform, if its details could be written, would furnish a richer fund of incident than all the works of fiction ever published. The many wonderful revolutions wrought in the family circle, the sudden changes from unmingled wretchedness to unalloyed happiness, from death to life, from the bondage of sin, to the liberty of the sons of God, would fill volumes. The cerements of the tomb have been unsealed and intemperance has given up the dead.

Who has not seen the poor inebriate trembling upon the giddy verge of a drunkard's hell, taken from his perilous condition, his feet planted on the rock of ages, and a new song put into his mouth—even praise to God.

The writer has witnessed many scenes that would have awakened in the most unfeeling bosom, undying sympathies for this Heaven-sent reform. The evidences that God is its author and friend are numerous and convincing. Nothing but that spirit that called Lazarus from the tomb, could re-animate the whisky-rotted carcass of an outcast drunkard. Man may "roll away the stone" but divine energy must call the dead to life.

The incident the writer imperfectly attempts to sketch, occurred in one of the cities of the West, during that period when the whole community were excited by the Washingtonian movement; a movement which arrested thousands, and tens of thousands, who were on their way to the second death, who are now ripening for glory, honor, immortality, and eternal life; a movement which has filled many desolate homes and hearts with thanksgiving and the voice of melody.

For nearly a week I had been laboring day and night in the place referred to, the houses were crowded to overflowing, and near two thousand had taken the pledge. The lifting up the "brazen serpent in the wilderness" in the days of old, was not more potent to heal those who had been bitten, than was the pledge on this occasion to extract the scorpion's sting.

"The blind received their sight, the lame walked, the lepers were cleansed." It was indeed a Pentecostal season.

Our last appointment was at eight o'clock in the morning, and the interest continuing unabated, at that early hour the spacious sanctuary was filled. I had been speaking but a few moments when I observed a poor drunkard seated on the threshold of the door near the place I occupied. Doubtless for the first time in many long years, he had approached the Lord's house. He had been worshipping at a different shrine. His bloated face, bloodshed eyes, trembling limbs and ragged garments, attested how faithfully he had served the God of his idolatry, and how his devotions had been rewarded. These outward exhibitions were but the signals of distress hung out by the soul, the evidences of the utter desolation of the inner man. Like others who have faithfully served the same cruel and inexorable tyrant, he had suffered persecutions, stripes and imprisonments, his name was cast out as evil, and his family and friends were filled with loathing and disgust at his presence. All hope

of his renouncing his allegiance had long since fled. The poor-house, the prison, and the more cheerless hovel, had been alternately his abiding place. He had drank the cup of bitterness to its very dregs; there was nothing left to him of life but the power to suffer, and he had experienced all of death but the quiet of the grave. Such was the wreck of what once was the image of God, now marred and defaced, that had found his way to the door-stone of the sanctuary.

A little boy occupying a position near the inebriated wretch, discovered protruding from the pocket of his tattered coat, a small green flask partly filled with whisky. The roguish little fellow watching his opportunity, slyly possessed himself of the bottle and placed it in the pulpit. I held it up before the audience, and inquired who was benefited by the manufacture or traffic of the accursed poison!

They all recognized the owner of the bottle without knowing how it had found its way into the pulpit. The people were told that they were in partnership in the trade of making paupers, lunatics, and criminals; that a portion of the profits derived from the sale of that pint of whisky was in the city treasury; that men were authorized for the "*public good*," to fill the bottles and the stomachs of drunkards, and convert the earth into a lazar house and a prison.

While thus pursuing my remarks the owner missed his treasure, and lifting his maudlin eyes recognized it in my hand. However worthless, it was to him a priceless treasure—for its burning and consuming fires he had sacrificed health, strength, character and reputation, and alienated himself from wife and friends, from country and God. Without hesitation or delay raising himself up, he staggered into the house and took his position before me. Pointing to the bible, he said: "That book declares you must render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's—

give me my bottle." Instantly handing him his bottle, I replied—I suppose I must render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, but I beg you to break that bottle, that you may "render unto God the things that are God's.

The appropriateness of his quotation from scripture, the ludicrousness of its application, added to his wretched appearance, called forth a sudden burst of laughter. When I quoted the remainder of the passage, accompanied with the appeal, the change in the emotions of the audience was painfully sudden. In an instant silence reigned, the very throbbings of the heart could almost be heard. I continued the appeal to the wreck of a man before me, hoping that some cord had partially escaped the consuming fire which might be made to vibrate. His own happiness, his relations to his friends, his country and his God were all presented. His half drowned memory was invoked to call up the recollection of happier years, and the cheering hopes and bright prospects which were his in better days. What had blasted those hopes, what had cast a shadow over those prospects? What was bowing that manly form, tearing his heart and burning his brain? What had rendered him an alien and an outcast? Was it not the demon, personified in the bottle he held in his trembling hand? Was he not charmed by a serpent whose sting was death, and whose poison was wrankling in his veins, and consuming his very vitals?

He listened, and gave evidence that waning reason though weak, was struggling with giant appetite, and who should get the victory was becoming a momentous question—a question of life and death. I bid him resolve, tendered him the right hand of fellowship, and the sympathies of the good and virtuous; assured him that others had broken the tyrant's chain—that he was a man and brother, and had only "fallen in the way we had in weakness trod"—That his horizon now enveloped in

darkness might again be bright and joyous, and instead of wandering up and down in the earth, seeking rest and finding none, the heavens above him as brass, and the earth beneath his feet as iron, he might find a happy home, and thrice happy friends—

> "For him again the blazing hearth may burn,
> And busy housewife ply her evening care,
> The children run to lisp their sire's return
> And climb his knees the envied kiss to share."

I showed him the path of life, happiness and salvation. While I thus addressed him, the whole audience looked on with breathless anxiety, to witness the result of the conflict. At length his fingers seemed one by one, to be fastening as with the grasp of death upon his bottle, and with a force almost superhuman, he dashed it to atoms upon the floor and was free!

The audience breathed again, and their feelings so long pent up, and accumulating strength at every succeeding moment, broke forth like an avalanche. Shoutings and tears were mingled—for "the lost was found," "the dead was alive again." This triumph of resolution over appetite, and the whole chain of circumstances leading to this happy result, created feelings that could not be restrained, and all were deeply moved.

About four years subsequent to this occurrence, it was my fortune to visit the same city, and again addressed the people on the same fruitful theme. After talking to the multitude some two hours they were dismissed. I had descended from the pul pit, and was waiting for the crowd to disperse, when a middle aged lady, neatly but plainly clad, came down the aisle and grasped one of my hands with both of her's, her whole frame was convulsed by the strength of her emotions, but she was speechless. The tears chased each other down the furrows of her cheek, made the deeper by misfortune, her lips quivered,

and at length she stammered out, "God bless you brother Cary! God bless you!!—God bless you. That man who broke the bottle when you was here before was my husband—he is now a member of the Methodist Church with me, and we are going home to Heaven together.—Morning and evening, we remember you in our prayers—God bless you brother Cary!—God bless you!"

The reader cannot imagine my emotions at that moment. I would not have exchanged them for those of Wellington after the battle of Waterloo, or of any other conqueror of earth. All the gold of California laid at my feet would not have afforded equal gratification.

The fawning that wealth commands, the huzzas of the populace which greet a political leader—the glory of the warrior's sword, may impart a momentary enjoyment—but it is not an enjoyment that descends into the great deep of the soul. To have a home in the heart of an obscure woman—to be borne on the arms of a strong faith before the throne of mercy—to be assured that God has made us the instrument of delivering a soul from death, kindling anew the fires of affection, rebuilding a broken-down family altar—these are stars in the crown of rejoicing that never grow dim—laurels that never fade—riches that never perish.

S. F. CARY, M. W. P.

(SEE FRONTISPIECE.)

Samuel Fenton Cary was born in Cincinnati, February 18, 1814. His father, William Cary, was an early emigrant to the north-west territory from the State of Vermont, and shared in the perils and privations incident to the first settlement of that, then wild country. The subject of this sketch was the youngest of three children, and passed his youth on his father's farm in the neighborhood of Cincinnati. In 1831 he entered Miami University and graduated with a numerous class in 1835, sharing the first honors of the Institution. Entering immediately upon the study of the law in his native city, he received the degree of Bachelor of Laws from the Cincinnati College in 1837, and was shortly after admitted to the bar.

His extensive acquaintance, and devotion to the business of his profession, soon secured him a large and lucrative practice. Few men in the west have entered upon their professional career with more brilliant prospects of success. As an advocate he had few rivals. He was very frequently retained in important criminal cases, and was remarkably successful.

At an early age his sympathies were warmly enlisted in the cause of Temperance, and before he entered upon public life he had delivered numerous addresses upon this subject. When

brought more immediately in contact with the world, and when led to inquire into the causes of crime, he was satisfied that a thorough change in the social customs was necessary. He had daily opportunities of knowing that intemperance was the great central vice, the radiating point of all crime. Frequently was he called to speak upon the subject of Temperance—and eloquently did he plead the cause of total abstinence—when its advocates were few.

When the Washingtonian Reform began its wonderful career, Mr. Cary was one of the first to welcome it, and his own spiritual strength being renewed, he labored with unusual earnestness to arouse the public mind to the giant evil. His voice was heard, not only in his native city and State, but throughout most of the western, middle and eastern states. Seeking no reward, but the consciousness of doing good, he traveled thousands of miles and induced multiplied thousands to sign the pledge. In a tour through New England, in 1845, he was listened to by immense assemblages of people. A leading eastern journal of that day gives the following truthful sketch of his manner of speaking, and the impressions made:—

"Mr. Cary is perhaps, one of the best orators of the age. We understand he was trained in the legal profession; it is sufficiently evident, whatever the training of his powers may have been, that he is a well bred scholar. All who heard him were either convinced of the truthfulness of his argument, or if already convinced, felt within themselves an awakening of the early interests that moved them in the cause. He speaks like a Greek—with the simplicity, the cultivated naturalness, the pungency and unembarrassed force of the ancient orators. Mr. Cary's eloquence does not consist in empty words, in which the idea is secondary to the language in which it is conveyed, and which is an evil too common with our professed scholars who

speak in public: nor does it consist in intellectual exhibition alone; it seems to have its source in a warm heart, gushing with the feelings of the man, and throbbing with the impulses of a gospel faith. 'I may be suspected of seeking your money,' said the speaker, while endeavoring to relieve the prejudices and cavils of such of his hearers as might entertain them, 'I ask no money—I have money to spend, thank God in this great cause.' The man stands before the people not only as a mighty champion of the greatest cause, perhaps of the age, but he is worthy of his calling—distinctly set apart from sordid motives, worthy of the fellowship of the good, and the lovers of the unhappy class whose miseries he pities and whose good he advocates."

Mr. Cary is near six feet high, thick set, with a large head covered with an unusual amount of very black hair, broad chest, and short neck. He has a large keen black eye—with a benevolent expression of countenance. When by the current of his feelings he is excited, his eye lights up with a burning brilliancy, and his whole face, frame and every thing about him, indicate with the force of breathing thoughts, and burning words, the terrible strength of his own emotion. In 1844 Mr. Cary was, by the pressing necessities of the reform, induced to abandon the practice of his profession, which was rapidly bringing him wealth and distinction, and devote his entire energies to the cause.—Though not what the world would call rich, he had a competence and was therewith content. From that time forward his labors have been exceedingly arduous and self-sacrificing. During the year 1848 he traveled through seventeen states and Lower Canada, and addressed more than 300,000 people. His voice has, perhaps, been heard by more persons than any man of his age in the Union. Always declining compensation, his expenditures have been very large. We doubt whether any one in this country has made so great personal sacrifices for the cause

of Temperance as Mr. Cary. Feeling the necessity of a more thorough organization of the friends of this reform than had been presented, he hailed the Institution of the SONS OF TEMPERANCE as the one that should give it stability and success. He was one of the Charter Members of the first Divisions in the west. He was elected G. W. P. of Ohio in 1846, and during his official year more than three hundred Divisions were instituted in that State. He first became a Member of the N. D. at Philadelphia in May, 1847. In June, 1848, at Baltimore, he was installed as the Official Head of the Order in North America, for two years. The Journals of the G. D. of Ohio, and of the N. D., and his messages to these bodies, show that he is devoted to the interests of the Order, only because he regards its progress as necessary to the extension and prosperity of the great Temperance Reform.

For several years he edited, gratuitously, the first and most prominent Temperance paper in the west. He has also written several tracts which have had a very wide circulation. Mr. Cary has been quite prominent as a political speaker, but for several years has felt that the Temperance Reform should command his entire energies, believing that in this way he might render his country and his race more essential service. He was honored with the appointment of Paymaster General of Ohio for the term of four years.

He was married in 1836, and during the same year connected himself with the Presbyterian Church, of which he has since been a prominent member. His marriage relation was broken by the death of his companion—and, he subsequently married again.

Such is a brief and imperfect sketch of one of the leaders of the great Temperance Army.

BRANDIOPATHY;

OR

"JUST A LITTLE FOR MEDICINE."

BY REV. H. D. KITCHEL.

Pathology should of right be the science of the Pathies, an ology concerning itself with all these various systems of medication, one-sided and hobbyhorsical, in which the genius of a suffering and experimenting race is feeling yet, age after age, after some Art of Healing. It is a branch of science yet in its infancy, but promises in some future years of discretion to become one of the most comprehensive and rich. Meantime we are yet proving all things, and enduring all things, and inductively gathering up the materials for a great conclusion. From all these pathies and all this experimenting, we trust there will come forth in the end a Theory and Practice of greater breadth and perfectness than the world has yet seen. Then shall no quackery be, regular or irregular. Then will our grandchildren be cured. Let us in these afflicted middle ages rejoice in the hope which thus glimmers in the future, and count it a comfort, as we perish of our Allopathy or Homœopathy, Hydropathy, Lobeliapathy, and the rest, that at least we are useful *subjects*, dying for the admonition and instruction of generations to come.

Among these pathies, or one-eyed systems of medication, there is one, which, without a name, and under some variety of form, has long held a high degree of popularity. It has been content without a name. Any pertinent name would have proved only a burdensome appendage, provoking considerations and suspicions altogether inconvenient. If only it might win quiet and general acceptance—if it might silently penetrate all prevalent systems of medicine, and reduce them to so many agencies of its own—why should it fondly court a name? It has been too wise for that—too wise to adopt the attitude of belligerent exclusiveness. It has chosen rather to place itself in relations of friendly alliance with other systems, and take tribute of them all.

Of the many delusions which Strong Drink has fastened on men, one of the most mishievous is found in the persuasion that, in one form of it or another, it is specially adapted to the prevention or healing of all manner of disease. On this notion it has wrought itself essentially into almost the whole materia of medicine. It has established itself, well-nigh, as the universal solvent, and vehicle, and conservative element in pharmacy.—This, indeed, though it gives it a vast advantage, is not the point of chief complaint. It has far more dangerous pretentions. It has come to be, in the vulgar estimation, the preventive, the alleviative, or the cure, of every malady that has a name, and of a thousand maladies that have no name, among men. And on the broad current of this persuasion the world delights. For what disease, what weakness, or ache, or ill, that flesh is heir to, is not some form of Alcohol deemed and employed by thousands as the sovereignest thing in nature? Gather a jury of nurses over the cradle of an ailing infant, or around the sick of whatever age, and listen to their prescriptions, their all-healing concoctions, teas, syrups, infusions—no matter what else, one thing

has a place in them all, the very soul of them, "Jest a drop o' the best sort o' real old giniwine ———." It is the universal sanative. Calomel has not so many uses, nor Sarsaparilla. I would rather have a patent on Alcohol as a medicine than on all the nostrums extant. It is the medicine of the age.

Now it is not needful to specify here what of all this is utterly delusive and mischievous, and what little may, by possibility with great care, have good uses. We are little better than sheer infidels, we frankly confess, as to the use or need of Alcohol in medicine; while we are wholly and intensely convinced that the vulgar employment of it as a remedial agent is breeding and aggravating disease, obstructing the efforts of genuine medical skill, and secretly fostering Intemperance, beyond any other cause that can be named.

Brandiopathy—let it have a name! This is the form of the system to which circumstances have of late given special currency. For if the Cholera has slain its thousands directly, it would be found, if the whole range of causes and influences could be compassed, that it has slain its ten thousands by the vulgar use of brandy as a preventive and remedy. At the rumored approach of that disease, recourse is every where had among large classes to the Brandiopathic treatment—and thus the way of the pestilence is paved, its victims made ready, its work half-wrought to its hand.

The following narrative may serve to present, in a very limited measure, the working of this system. For the comfort of any who desire to feel that it is only fiction they are reading, it may be proper to state that the following is as ficticious as the facts in the case would allow, and we regret, more than they, that it is not wholly an idle tale.

In the summer of 1849, while the Cholera was hovering over all our cities, and raging here and there in its fury, we took our

route toward the upper Lakes, assured that if health had anywhere a local habitation, its home would be in the cool exhilarating air, and amid the beautiful scenery of these inland seas. It was with a feeling of indescribable relief that we exchanged the funeral atmosphere of crowded and death-stricken cities, for the free breezes that here swept so freshly around us from the cool north. There was life in the clear air, and every wave that washed our steamer seemed to utter assurances of safety. Here, at least, the pestilence has no place. It may riot in the close alleys of the town, and claim for its foredoomed victims the children of squalid want and vice—but here, surely, it may not come!

We were some three hours out of port from one of those thriving cities that are springing into full-grown life along the Lakes, but which shall be nameless here, lest this should be found "an over true tale." A few cases of the dreaded epidemic had occurred within it, of a dubious and occasional character, creating wide alarm, indeed, but threatening real danger only to those whose excesses should invite the blow. We were just beginning to rest in the fond hope that we had left the destroyer behind us, when a sudden commotion was observed below, and a hurried inquiry ran along the cabin for any physician who might chance to be among the passengers. It was the cholera! The mate was seized with it—was already nearly insensible. As one, somewhat conversant with the disease, we gained admission to the sufferer. An insufferable odor of brandy, qualified with laudanum, revealed at once the treatment and the obvious *cause* of the disease. For weeks he had drenched himself with the popular preventive. For weeks he had cured himself daily with the same palatable remedy. He had at last cured himself into it! And still as he lay writhing under the horrid malady, almost every voice was loudly urging a further resort to brandy as the only hope.

Sickened and protesting in vain against this infatuated course, we left the dying man and sought the open air. Already the boat was put about, and we were on the return. And now the panic was visible in every countenance. Passing the bar, we found it thronged with applicants for the grand preventive! Premonitory symptoms were spreading, and many were earnestly setting forth the virtues of the popular specific.

All this was not new, for it had been our lot to observe the effects of this very method before. Just this we had witnessed on a wider scale a little before, when Fear and Drink and the Plague stalked abreast through one of our fairest western cities, and turned it into a field of graves. There too, from the first, brandy had been the reliance. High names in the profession, it was said, had recommended it—just a little, in certain cases, at certain stages—but, alas! all limitations, all cautions were forgotten, and brandy, first, midst and last, was the general resort. There was at once a visibly increased use of that article among all classes. The intemperate welcomed the prescription, and sought safety in redoubled excesses. The moderates added a little to their little. The occasionalists lapsed into habituals. To all these a little was simply a little more. Not a few of the abstinents found the current too strong for them, and took just a little for their often infirmities. A few stood firm amid the phrensy, and won again the reproach of ultraism and illiberality.

And of all this the consequences were just what might have been predicted. For one case benefited, hundreds were injured. Aside from all ulterior effects in breeding a depraved and ruinous appetite for drink, and in sowing widely the seeds of shame and misery to ripen in years to come, the direct and immediate result was to produce derangement and morbid excitement, and throw open the door for the very disease they were dreading.

Among the passengers there was one, who upon the first cas-

ual notice had attracted our attention. An indefinable somewhat hung about him which we could not solve. He was one of those moral half-breeds in society who have not yet found their level, originally of the virtuous, but tending strongly downward under the dominion of evil appetites. Shabbily genteel, still looking up toward some sphere of worth and respect in which he had once moved, and yet drawn downward irresistibly toward his own place, he seemed hovering yet between the evil and the good, lost to all but weak wishes and vain regrets. Again and again, as he passed, he awoke in us the sentiment of a something long since known, but changed and lost.

This man was found the nearest approach to a physician on board, and had figured largely in the scene that had just transpired. Brandy was the head and front of his practice. Him too we had seen practising at the bar, in a style that left no room to question his faith in the remedy he prescribed. We were little over half-way back to port, when, almost in the same breath, the mate was reported as dead, and Dr. Lewis as seized with the same disease.

Lewis! Aye, that is it, then! The mystery dissolved in an instant at that name. And this was James Lewis! This was the miserable remnant of that noble one! And now, as he lay stretched in stupor before us, his sunken and haggard features revealed, far more distinctly than before, the familiar look of the early and most intimate friend of my youth. Amid the rigid lines now reappeared more clearly what he once had been, as the features of the dead often resume the expression of a long-past and better time. As yet his history for the last fifteen years was a sealed book, save as it told itself in his changed and fallen air, and gave assurance that it had been a history of weakness and sorrow.

Plied to her utmost, our boat soon lay at the wharf. The

insensible man was immediately conveyed to the hospital, and the best attendance secured. The application of extreme excitants finally awoke the remnant of life, and inspired, for a time, a hope that he might be saved.

At an interval of exertion we approached the attending physician, and inquired if this were not an unusual aspect of the disease?

"The case is not uncommon," he replied; "but which of his diseases do you refer to?"

"The Cholera, of course—what else could this be?"

"There is Cholera in it, indeed," was his reply, "and that will doubtless decide the business; but as yet it is the least of his diseases. Fright and brandy have ailed him, and his struggle is still mainly with these and their effects."

"Then he can be saved?"

"That is very unlikely. He has yet two other enemies to contend with. He will pass from this torpor into a state of uncontrolable nervous agitation, substantially a *delirium tremens* —and what remains the Cholera will finish. Such cases are of frequent occurrence, and leave scarce a ray of hope."

"But this is not mere intoxication, we continued, anxious to gather the views of one who evidently penetrated the whole case."

"Not that merely. The matter is complicated. He was alarmed, and in his agitation poured down brandy. This had an effect wholly different from that which it commonly produces. The sentiment of fear, like any other strong emotion or any acute disease, overmastered the stimulus, and disarmed it of its intoxicating effect, and turned it into a simple auxiliary. Its whole force was spent on the excited nervous system, and drove it rapidly through phrensy into exhaustion and stupefaction. We shall probably arouse him from this state—though I can

scarcely justify it to myself to be the instrument of waking him to endure the torments of the next hour."

We led him to speak of the popular preventive.

"Brandy," said he, "is more fatal among us than any disease. The approach of the Cholera has, in effect, elevated all our dram-houses into apothecary shops. Brandy is profusely used, and in connection with the panic produces a multitude of cases scarcely to be distinguished from Cholera. In other cases it breaks down every defence, and throws wide open the door for the entrance of that disease. Already fitted by past dissipation to be the first victims of the pestilence, the lovers of drink fly at once to their enemy for succor. Thousands go thus saturated with drink, on the verge of *mania a potu*, and fall an easy prey to the choleric influence. They are not exhilarated, not inebriated by their draughts—intense nervous excitement supercedes that effect—repeated and augmented doses fail to elevate and cheer them, and serve only to push them down the declivity of sinking nature into just the condition of this wretched man. Violent measures will awake them from this, but only to pass them forward into a scene of reactive agony, the more intense for every drop of stimulus in the previous treatment. Delirium ensues, the exhausted system falls into the collapse of Cholera, and is relieved by death. Did not others require it, I would never attempt to recover such cases from the easier death which the sinking stage presents."

The room was now resounding with the shrieks of the sufferer. Nature was at length fully aroused, and the reaction was terrible. The moment his eye fell on us as we entered, he sprang from the grasp of his attendants, and shrieking our name cowered in an agony of fright in the corner of his bed. He hid his face for a time with every demonstration of terror, then started up and struck around him wildly, as if encompassed with unseen

assailants; and ever as his eye rested on us, he recoiled again as if transfixed at the sight. At intervals he would sink down exhausted, and rave in confused mutterings of distress. It was plain that he recognized us; and what to all others was incoherent and unmeaning, to our ear revealed the reminiscences of long-past scenes, that were crowding now, at the hint of an old familiar look, on his distracted spirit. All scenes of peril and fear through which he had ever passed, he was passing through again—many in which we had borne a share. Again he fell from the cliff we had climbed together in boyhood, and he was taken up mangled and senseless. Again we bathed in the stream of our native valley, and he was swept out into its current and borne down, to be dragged out at the last moment of recoverable life. He shrieked our name again, as in that very scene when we strove in vain to reach him as he drifted past. At moments of less distraction, the recollections of happier scenes seemed floating over his soul, but they lapsed speedily into others which we could not recognize, of apparently later date and of a more mournful character.

A few hours after he was borne to the hospital, a care-worn and sorrowful woman with her daughter of some sixteen years, plainly but neatly clad, approached the scene. They were the wife and child of Lewis. Their meeting was full of inexpressible wo, and plunged the unhappy man into the extreme of wild agitation. Collapse soon ensued, and at the end of another hour he was dead.

When all was over, and the smitten wife and daughter had recovered from the first gush of grief, we approached and offered, as a stranger, the sympathy and aid which they evidently needed. The changes of fifteen eventful years had effectually veiled us from their recollection; and it was only by rare and shadowy traces that we could recall, in the faded form before

us, the gay and beautiful Eleanor Williams, who eighteen years before became the bride of James Lewis. We forbore to add to her distress by revealing, as yet, that one who had known her in better days was now a witness of her fallen and desolate state. It was evident that extreme want had become familiar to the family; and we shuddered to think by what bitter steps the descent had been effected from what they once were, to what now appeared.

Hastily and with little observance, the body of our early friend was laid to rest in the city burial-place, among the fresh mounds that began to attest the work of the pestilence. At our pressing instance some decent rites were not omitted; a prayer was breathed over the decently coffined dead, and the broken-hearted wife rejoiced in the plain marble which might serve hereafter to guide her to her husband's grave.

When all was done, we easily gained permission to serve them still further. Their residence was nearly seven miles out from the city, in a thinly populated district, still wearing the air of a new settlement. The first generation of rude log-built dwellings had not passed away. It was one of the most fertile spots on earth, and yet poverty and decay were written on every door. Narrow patches of wheat were here and there already nodding their yellow heads heavily in the breeze, attesting what the hand of diligence might have won from so willing a soil.

To one of the least inviting of these miserable abodes we accompanied Eleanor Lewis and her only child. As we bent beneath the low entrance, and read at a glance the utter destitution of the whole scene within, our thoughts turned back involuntarily to the home that was once hers, in rural wealth, and peace, and love, on one of the sweetest hill-sides of New-England. She sunk on the fragment of a chair, and the full tide of anguish seemed now for the first time to roll over her

soul. Mother and child wept in unrestrained agony of wo. Believing the time had come, when the recognition of an early friend would prove a solace, or at least serve to divert a sorrow that was too crushing to be endured, we ventured to pronounce her maiden name. She started, as if the voice of the dead had fallen on her ear. Something too in the tone had stirred the slumbering memory, and as she gazed on us she seemed as one struggling, bewildered through mists and darkness back toward the dim light of other days. Through the tangled maze of present grief, and through long sad years of suffering, she appeared to trace her way painfully back to the far past, to the scenes and the days when that name was familiar. The mystery at length cleared away, and the full light of recognition beamed in her eye.

It was with a painful interest that we gathered up from one source and another, the history of this family. We lay it before our readers as the history of one, the discovered mystery of ruin in one small circle. It is the history of many. All through the West, in city and in country, such instances abound. In high places and low, through all classes of western society, may be found those who once stood with the foremost in their profession and practice of temperance, now heartless, recreant, lightly toying with principles they once held dear, many of them ridiculing and denouncing the whole theory of abstinence as vain and impracticable. Under ten degress of more Puritanic skies they once shone in the ranks of the pledged and faithful. While many of these still retain some damaged relics of their former convictions and practice, others, scattered through the forests and over the prairies, and struggling with the difficulties and diseases of a new home, have fallen utterly and forever. And if a considerate search were made into the notions and influences that have led to this result, one of the chief would be found in

the so common use, and insidious effect of alcoholic medicines. They are, to an extent beyond all that has ever been conceived, the victims of that popular and seductive delusion, which would thrust on every ailing child of Adam, some form of strong drink as a remedy of unfailing virtue.

James Lewis was the model youth of his native town. Sober, industrious, enterprizing, few gave such promise of worth in maturer years as he. A vein of Yankee omnificence ran broadly across his nature, and blending gracefully with his weightier qualities marked him for a prevalent and successful man. Few stood on so broad a basis of character, or seemed so well fortified against temptation. And as he stood forth firmly and prominently as a leader of his young associates in the cause of temperance, it would have been difficult to imagine that the spoiler could ever reach him.

At an early age he won the heart and hand of Eleanor Williams. A few bright and happy years they lingered in the old home of their youth. But the story of the West, of its broad rich prairies, its ocean wheat-fields and forests of corn, was then rife on all tongues, and found a ready reception with young Lewis. Soon with wife and child he fell into the current and floated westward, leaving the old homestead in more contented hands.

They were soon floating on the canal. Here commenced the insidious process of depravation and ultimate ruin. The damp, chill night-air—the morning fogs—the unwholesome and unpalatable water, as they crept slowly through the long levels of central and western New York—what should shield them from these pestiferous influences? The remedy was at hand, well established—brandy, to be sure—just a little—every tongue prescribed it, and clouds of witnesses corroborated its claims from personal experience. With as pure intentions as any man ever

swallowed an unwelcome but needful potion, he swallowed the popular all-healing draught. The water was corrected—the damp bilious malaria was disarmed—the stomach was fortified—daily they found many salvations in brandy. The case became still more imperative when they reached Buffalo, that limbo of lost New-Englandisms, when so much of Eastern faith and practice gets left behind. The raw breezes of the lakes demanded a continuance of the Brandiopathic regimen. It was sovereign for sea-sickness—in short, at every step a recurrence to the panacea became more indispensable than ever.

At length this West was reached, and the location achieved. With a strong heart he plunged into the forest, and with a company of adventurers like himself began the battle. And had stern forests been their only foe, the victory had been easy.—Slowly these log-dwellings arose, and patches of corn and plots of wheat were springing up around them. But the victory tarried and was lost. Melancholy agues came, palsying the arm and saddening the heart; and all the billious ills that pioneers are heir to observed their order. All these were heavy—but all these have yielded to the brave patience of thousands less brave than this man. These did not conquer him, but *the remedy* for these! The poison had taken effect. The remedy was loved, and appetite now demanded what custom had made familiar. The history need not be minutely followed. It was one ever-recurring struggle with disease too often cured—the deep disease, in a word, of morbid thirst, cleaving to its victim, and ever seeking and finding the occasions for a cure so welcome. And all through that settlement the same cause had wrought the same desolation.

The rest is briefly told. In virtue of his native tact and leadership, Lewis had become the medical adviser and druggist general of the little commonwealth. Of late he had spent much of his time in the neighboring city, or vagrantly dispensing his

bitters and concoctions—a lost man, but faintly protesting now against perdition. The Cholera panic increased his practice and finished his career. For months he had been specially fortifying himself against that malady, even to the verge of delirium; and when we met him, he was fleeing in wild alarm—to what issue we have seen.

In a week the scanty relics of these wasteful and woful years were gathered up; the three little hillocks beneath the solitary linden were bathed, for the last time, in tears; and the wife and daughter were on their way to the old New England home.

To you, reader, these glimpses at the downward career of one gifted and safe beyond most, can have but a feeble interest compared with ours. And yet, if you will look around you, if you will search a little beneath the surface, you too may find this very process of perdition repeating itself in every essential feature. This is but one glance we have shown you into a great deep of ruin, concealed, almost unsuspected, into which, one by one, a multitude are dropping in silence and mystery from our side. We have shown the process in a single instance—a process which has more to do in furnishing the victims of intemperance than any suspect. Here is an influence of a nature so secret and subtle as almost to escape suspicion, yet ever at work, in the past and now, baffling our efforts, ruining our hopes, thrusting back the reformed, ensnaring the unwary, and infecting whole classes and regions with false notions and a fatal practice. The fruits of all this we have long lamented, while the process of the mischief has never been sufficiently explored and adequately estimated. Let us better consider this. It is not an occasional thrust the enemy is making in this sort—it is the operation of a well-devised and settled system, old, wide-working evasive of all pledges, eluding the decisions of the judgment and perverting the conscience, and in the name of health and life ministering the worst of diseases, the most terrible of death.

THE VOICE OF THE CHARMER.

AN APOLOGUE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

THERE was once a child, a noble and beautiful boy, who, despising the pastimes of his companions, found all his pleasure in the woods and wilds. The more inaccessible was the mountain pass, the better he loved to tread its rugged way: the deeper the mountain torrent, the more tempting seemed its cool waters. Gentle and docile as a babe in all things else, in this he was not to be curbed by the will of others, but would wander for days in the deep forest, and heap his bed of dried leaves on the brink of the most frightful precipices.

Wearied and heated, he entered one day into a dark and narrow dell, whose sides were so precipitous and so thickly clothed with trees that only at noon-day could the sunshine glitter on the threadlike stream which wound its way through the deep ravine. The cool freshness of the place, the shadowy twilight diffused around, the soft thick turf, which the moisture from the hill-side kept as green as a living emerald, all invited him to repose. So the boy flung himself beside the rivulet, and resting his head on the roots of a gigantic oak was fast sinking into slumber, when he was aroused by the faint murmur of music. Like a chime of fairy-bells came that sweet, low ringing tones,

so faint, yet so distinct upon his ear. Yet it roused him not from his repose; it chased away the heavy vapors from his brain, and brought sweet delicious dreams, but it did not fully awake him. His heart seemed melting within him, and a tremulous and thrilling torpor was fast creeping over his limbs. But even while the inarticulate singing of that wonderful melody was in his ears, he felt, rather than saw, a marvelous light shining before him. The starry-diamond, the wave-lighted emerald, the heaven-tinted sapphire, the sunset-hued opal, the shadowless chrysolite, and crimson-hearted ruby, all seemed melted and blended with that ray which flashed and faded, and again gleamed gloriously before his half-shut eye. The boy grew faint with delight. The music and the shifting splendors of that ray seemed to him one and the same. He knew not whether his eye beheld those charming bells, or his ear was blessed with that rich harmony of colors. Sometimes he struggled faintly to arouse himself, and then he ever caught sight of a dimly outlined form, coiled and twisted like the cable of a mighty ship, which seemed hiding itself behind that wondrous light. But the music would ring out a sweeter peal, the changeful tints of that marvelous splendor would flash athwart his sight, until the boy sank back again upon his mossy pillow, dazzled and sick with beauty and delight.

Noon came and went—sunset gilded the green earth—night flung her shadowy veil over all nature—the quiet stars looked down into the deep dark dell where the boy was lying; yet the music paused not, and those wondrous hues were fadeless. For him nature had but one voice, and life but one aspect. All was beauty and bliss in that deep intoxication of soul and spirit.

On the morrow an aged man who had gone forth to meditate at eventide, found the boy still lying on the soft turf, with his head yet resting on its mossy pillow. But the warm breath

stirred not now those clustering curls, and his glazed eye was strained wildly open, as if some brief and terrible agony had roused the sleeper in his life's last hour. He was dead—that young and gentle boy—he had died in that dream of beauty, but upon his lip was a purple spot, and a single drop of blood had fallen upon his white bosom.

Then said the sage, "He hath slept upon the den of the basilisk, and it is the queen of the serpents who hath bewildered and slain him."

As he spoke, the flashing of those marvelous tints troubled his aged eyes, and a creature of strange beauty, bearing upon its head a crown from whence came this wondrous light, reared itself from the root of the old tree, while the chiming of those mystic bells now came with articulate voice.

"I slew him not," sang the voice—"I slew not, I breathed a dream of beauty into his spirit, and his human nature sank beneath its sweetness. I did but kiss his fresh lips, and lo! his soul came forth from its prison house."

"Child of perdition!" cried the sage, "the hour cometh when thy dazzling crown shall be torn from thy serpent brow, and thy voice of music shall be changed into the wail of everlasting despair."

"But till then," sang the sweet and melancholy voice, "till that evil time cometh, will men listen to my singing, and look upon my beauty, and die in the madness of their dream."

Dagpe by Brady

Engrd. by T Bobrey

DANIEL H. SANDS, P. M. W. P.

It is now nearly thirty years since Mr. Sands had his attention drawn by providential circumstances to the great evil of the drinking customs, then almost universally prevalent; and early in 1821, he came to the decision to discountenance by his example the use of ardent spirits, and the practice of offering it to others, he did not then perceive the danger of fermented drinks. But he was not long in discovering that the great enemy could operate as certainly through wine, ale, cider, &c., as through ardent spirits, and he comprehended in his decision, all beverages that could intoxicate.

When the Washingtonian movement commenced, Mr. Sands was much impressed with the belief, that not only might the sober be preserved from falling, but that drunkards were not irrecoverably, and hopelessly lost. He rejoiced in the success of the Washingtonians, and was happy to aid them according to his means and opportunities. His heart warmed and expanded with zeal for the extension of the reform, and when, in 1842, the organization of the Sons of Temperance took place, Mr. Sands was one of the first to enter heartily into it, and was chosen the first W. P. of the first Division of the Order. He was also the first G. W. P., and the first installed M. W. P. of the National Division.

Mr. Sands is a man of great simplicity and integrity of character, and though quiet and unobtrusive in manner, his influence has ever been valuable to the Cause.

THE RECHABITE'S VISION.

(Suggested by the 35th Chapter of Jeremiah.)

BY REV. C. B. PARSONS.

Loud rose the song in "Igdaliah's" hall,
Where Bacchus crown'd, presided o'er the feast;
There, "wine and wassail" spread their mad'ning thrall,
And frenzy rolled from king to cowled priest
As Judah spoke. To "Jaazaniah" speed,
And bear unto the Rechabitish seer,
The king's command—no stern denial heed,
But bid him straight before us here appear.
That ancient chief who, scorns the "vinal" grace
And brands the wine-cup, as a guilty thing,
Shall here abjure his vow before our face,
And "Jonadab" shall know that we are king.
Speed thee, slave, speed—while yet the fountains play
And rich red streams proclaim the king's behest,*
Quick bring the seer, that on our natal day,—
But stay, he comes—hail! thou, of heaven blest.

* It was not uncommon in ancient days, for kings and nobles on their birth days to supply the fountains with wine instead of water.

Welcome to this, our ancient festal hall,
Yea, doubly so on this our natal day
For now, no strife of war, no trumpet-call
Shall snatch from "Festa," vino's power away.
Fill high the sparkling bowl—fill full the wine,
Yea, fill, till flood-like it o'erflow the brim;
We drink to Rechab's race, whose vow and mine,
Be now dissolved in this our pledge to him.
So bid the minstrels sound their loudest strain,
And let the revel banish each control,
"The wine is red;" come drink and fear no pain,
Let Rechab's pledge be buried in the bowl.
Hold! mighty king;—'twas Rechab's clarion voice,
And instant hushed was every noisy breath,
"In Jonadab" be still our cherished choice,
For true "the wine *is* red;"—'tis blood—'tis death.
No vow be broken by our humble race,
No poison streams defile our healthful life,
No Bach'nal routs our peaceful vales disgrace
For drunken orgies lead to deadly strife.
No! sacred be our ancient holy vow,
Which still protects, from every fear and dread,
And stamps on each glad hour from past till now,
"Look not upon the wine-cup, when 'tis red." *
From God himself the fearful warning rings,
That "they have wo" who tarry at the wine,
The serpent's bite, and fatal adder's sting
Are in the cup,—the counsel is divine.
Hast thou forgot the Persian and his fate,—
The hand and writing on the garnished wall?

* Proverbs, chap. xxiii.

The death of Empire and the wreck of State,
Swallowed and lost in wretched "Bela's" fall?
What was there, stronger than his brazen gate,
What more powerful than Euphrate's tide?
Not the "Mede,"—no—the wine-cup was the fate,
The wine-cup slew the monarch in his pride.
Dost thou not see along the lengthened line
Where Grecia's hero also yields his breath!
"The wine was red,"—and e'en the "youth divine,"
"Young Ammon,"†—though a god lies cold in death.
Vainly now Timotheus strikes the lyre,
And vainly "Lais," strives her lord to save,
"Long at the wine," hath set the fatal fire,
And Phillip's son sinks to a drunkard's grave.
And canst thou, King;—of great Josiah's race
Thus calmly justify the withering ban?
Dost thou not tremble?—destiny to face,
And hear the stern reproach,—"thou art the man!"
There treason lurks,—there rapine, fraud and death,
In clust'ring fury madden 'round the bowl;
There friendship withers,—there the Simoon breath
Of Zamiel fires—fierce torment the soul.
'Tis Circe's cup—'tis Hecate's deadly bane,—
'Tis well begun;—"the worm that never dies,"
Let Liberty,—nay life itself be ta'en,
But never said, that Rechab's conduct lies.
Hear me, David's son, and mark the tale
Of Rechab's sojourn in thy mountain dell,
He came no pauper, fortune to bewail,
But clad in steel, thy foemen to repel.

* Alexander in his madness, claimed to be the son of Jupiter Ammon.

When Syrian Cohorts crossed the Jordan's wave,
And shuddering, seized on peaceful Salem's throne,
Then Rechab came,—to strive,—to fight,—to save,
His valor thine;—his vow to God alone.
And wouldst thou now corrupt old Rechab's name
And brand the falsehood on his aged brow;
To be like Sampson,—cruel sport and shame
For "weird" wantons;—these around us now?
No; e'er that Pledge which our great father gave
Shall be dishonor'd in his distant son,
We'll court the cold embraces of the grave,
And end in virtue, as we first begun.—
But hear O king, what God has deign'd to show;
The veil is lifted off the weight of years,
And triumph gleams with gratulation's glow,—
The fire-stream dies and sober joy appears.
As in my tent I sat on yester-e'en
And mused and mourned o'er this, thy wicked day,
A vision rose, upon whose face were seen,
Things which shall be, though yet they're far away.
A city shone,—bright,—mark O monarch great,
'Twas not our Sodom,—neither yet Gomorrah,
But clearly there I saw the drunkard's fate;—
The spirit glar'd, and told of gloomy sorrow.—
And yet it was not all so dark and drear,
For hope was smiling there,—was glad,—serene;
The "Lion of the Isles" in mad career
Had met his fate;—the Eagle swept the scene.
The wind was wing'd with stripes, and stars revolv'd
With billowy splendor, in a sea of blue;
They told of "Union" ne'er to be dissolved
While honor lived, or God—or heav'n was true.

'Twas a new land, where glory brightly beamed,—
Where Freedom, regal sat,—and slaves were none,
High amid the glory, glittering, seemed,—
A name. I read that name;—'twas WASHINGTON.
The vision pass'd, when lo another sight;
Midst teeming thousands,—borne aloft in air,
Was RECHAB's Vow, adorned in spotless white,
The chorus swelled, and honor glistened there.
And now as "snow flakes" resting on the night
Or orient pearl in swarthy Ethiop's ear,
Those collar'd hosts of love,—all glorious, bright
As bands of angels show, in their career.
When Moses smote, in desert land the rock
And Israel's crime was in the flood forgiven,
A single fountain answered to the shock,
But now they're many as the stars of heaven.
The Sons of Temperance, each a living spring
Of moral power;—I see them in the strife,
They drive the foe,—they seek,—they save and bring,
The poor—the withered heart, again to life.
Hail holy throng, inspirited with "LOVE,"
Be "PURITY" thy watchward and thy guard
While "FIDELITY," peerless from above
Leads to crowning victory and reward.

* * * * * * *

Like statues all, sat "Festa's" guests around;
The wine untasted on the crimson board.
A charm had fix'd them spell-bound to the ground,
'Twas Israel's hope of ancient faith restor'd,
For God had bade the Rechabite to stand
Example of what Israel should have been,

To lift the voice of warning in the land,
And bid them flee from wine and shame and sin.—

* * * * * * *

The music ceased,—the rout,—the revel done
Both king and courtier stole them swift away,
And left the champion seer, enwrapt, alone,
The friend of cause,—the conq'ror of the day.
* Far in Islam's land, lives his spirit-still,
For Rechab's vow is holy prophets faith,
There Moslems fierce, the word of God fulfil,
"Look not upon the wine," 'tis red with death.

* Beni Khaibir asserts that the Rechabites exist to this day, as a distinct tribe, and bearing the name of Jonadab their great ancestor,—among the Arabians of the desert. And that they rigidly observe their ancient vow

ADULTERATIONS OF LIQUORS.

BY E. C. DELAVAN, ESQ.

During the many years my attention has been directed to the subject of Temperance, a great variety of facts have come to my knowledge from authentic sources, in relation to the adulterations of strong drink, which I have from time to time published and scattered broad-cast throughout the country. I could fill a volume with these facts, and yet there still appears to be great incredulity on the subject.

It is my opinion, could the real truth be known, the whole community, with the exception of those whose appetite has already become depraved by indulgence, would abandon forever the use of intoxicating drinks.

Much has been said and written on the subject of pure unadulterated intoxicating wine. Some good men have contended that the Bible sanctions the use of such wine as a beverage, others have denied that it does so, and have insisted that the only wine, the use of which is sanctioned by the Bible as a beverage, is the juice of the grape as it exists in the cluster, the press, and the vat, the unintoxicating wine of the Bible.

Not now to review this dispute: I wish to call the public attention to the consideration of one great truth on which all parties appear to have been entirely agreed—to wit: That the

Bible does not favor the use of wines in which distilled spirit or poisonous drugs have been mixed, against "THOSE ADULTERATED FACTITIOUS COMPOUNDS FALSELY CALLED WINES," even the advocates of pure fermented intoxicating wine arrayed themselves. Here there is one point on which the friends and opposers of total abstinence can unite. Here is common ground, and my object in making this communication is to present a few, and only a few, of the many facts I have in my possession, going to establish the truth, that in this country there is little or none of the wine contended for by the opposers of total abstinence; and that the "*Wine question*," as it has been called, was hardly worth discussion in this country, however important such discussion might be in wine-producing countries.

Most if not all of the facts which follow, have been scattered through the publications which I have put forth during the last twenty years: my object is now to gather from these, and other publications, such as appear worthy of republication, and to present the same in a condensed form, in the hope that they will tend to arouse attention, and induce all classes to abandon a beverage so destructive to mind, body, and estate.

My attention was first called to wine and spirit adulterations in 1833. An acquaintance of my own who was engaged in the manufacture of spurious wines, and who, in one year sold thirty thousand casks, stated to me, in substance:—That few persons who drink wine have any conception what they drink. For every gallon of wine imported from abroad, ten or more are manufactured at home. Frauds committed in the adulteration of wine and spirit in the City of New-York alone, amount, it is supposed, to at least three millions of dollars annually. A cargo of wine arrives in New-York, is at once purchased up, and even if factitious, in twenty-four hours its whole character is changed. To effect this it is emptied into large vats, and then

mixed with whisky, cider, sour beer, and drugs. Let the country merchant require ever so great a variety of wines, they can all be supplied from the same source, and though the real cost is only from fifteen to twenty cents per gallon, the same is sold from fifty cents to five dollars. The greater part of the wines sold in this country, cost the manufacturer only from fifteen to twenty cents per gallon.

Prof. C. A. Lee, of New-York, in 1836, made the following statement :—

"A cheap Madeira is made here by extracting the oils from common whisky, and by passing it through carbon. There are immense establishments in this city where the whisky is thus turned into wine; in some of those devoted to this branch of business, the whisky is rolled in in the evening, but the wine goes out in the broad day light ready to defy the closest inspection."

A grocer, after he had abandoned the nefarious traffic in adulterations, assured me that he had often purchased whisky one day of a country merchant, and before he left town, sold the same whisky back to him, turned into wine, at a profit of from 4 to 500 per cent.

Prof. Lee further states, that "The trade in empty wine casks in this city, with the custom house mark and certificate, is immense; the same casks being replenished again and again, and always accompanied by that infallible test of genuineness, the custom house certificate. I have heard of a pipe being sold for twelve dollars. There is in the neighborhood of New-York an extensive manufactory of wine casks, which are made so closely to imitate the foreign as to deceive experienced dealers—the custom house marks are easily counterfeited, and certificates are never wanting."

"I have heard," said Dr. Lee, "dealers relate instances in

which extensive stores have been filled with these artificial wines—and when merchants from the country have asked for genuine wines these have been sold them as such, assuring them there could be no doubt of their purity."

M. P. Orfilla on Poisons, page 198, says, "Wines are adulterated by various substances, the object is to mask defects, to give color or strength." Page 199, "Wines adulterated by lead, sugar of lead, and still more frequently litharge, are mixed with acid or sharp tasted wines, and in order to render them less so, and these substances do in fact give them a sweet taste. Of all the frauds this is the most dangerous." The effect of sugar of lead is described page 74 and 75.

Accum on Culinary Poisons—Phil., page 74, says, "It is sufficiently evident that few of the commodities which are the object of commerce are adulterated to a greater extent than wine. A mixture of spoiled foreign and home-made wines are converted into the wretched compound frequently sold under the name of genuine *Old Port.*"

Extract from the Domestic Chemist—London, 1831, page 14, "Many kinds of liquors are frequently adulterated by the addition of *sugar of lead.*"

At one time it was a common practice to adulterate wine with lead, in Paris.

Dr. Warren—Medical Trans., vol. ii. p. 80, states an instance of twenty persons having become severely ill in Paris after drinking white wine that had been adulterated with lead. One of them died and one became paralytic.

It is now a well ascertained fact that no wine can cross the Atlantic without spoiling, in its natural state, it must be enforced by drugs or ardent spirit.

A friend of mine ordered some wine from Madeira with the positive injunction that no ardent spirit should be put in the

wine. The wine came but as strong as ever—the question was asked of the shipper—did you comply with my order? The answer came—"We complied with the letter but not with the spirit of your order: we put no ardent spirit in the wine, but we put the wine into the ardent spirit, had we not made the addition the wine would have spoiled before reaching you."

A friend purchased, in New-York, a bottle of what was called genuine Champaigne of the importers, and found it to contain *one quarter of an ounce of sugar of lead.*

The Rev. Dr. Baird informed me that he had been assured while visiting and residing with the proprietors of Vineyards, in France, that little or no wine was drank in that country or shipped from it in a pure state. The dealers purchased it in a pure state at the Vineyards, but in their hands its character was entirely changed, either by being enforced by distilled spirits or drugged.

Horatio Greenough, our distinguished countryman and eminent Sculptor, wrote me from Florence, Italy,—"Though the pure juice of the grape can be furnished for *one cent* a bottle, you who have studdied the matter know very well that the retailers choose to gain a fraction of profit by the admission of water or drugs." And he remarks,—"How far the destructive influence of wine as here used is to be ascribed to the grape, and how far it is augmented and aggravated by poisonous adulterations it would be difficult to say."

In the year 1812, Dr. Henderson shows from the Custom House Books of Oporto, (whence the term *Port*) that while 2512 pipes and 162 hogsheads of Port Wine were received in London from the Island Guernsey, only 135 pipes and 20 hogsheads were shipped from Oporto to that Island. Again, during the years 1826, '27 and '28, 210 pipes were exported to the Channel Islands; during the same period 467 pipes were exported

from these Islands to London as *Port Wine.* In the five following years, from 1829 to 1833, not ONE pipe was exported to the Channel Islands from Oporto, yet some ingenious merchants managed notwithstanding to export to London, *fifteen hundred and fifteen pipes of Port Wine!*

But how could this be accomplished? "The Wine Guide," published for the convenience of wine *brewers* and wine *doctors* tell us.

"Recipe for making Port Wine. Take of good cider 4 gills; of red beets 2 quarts; brandy 2 quarts; logwood 4 ounces; rhatany root bruised, half a pound. First infuse the logwood and rhatany root in brandy and a gallon of cider for one week, then strain off the liquor and mix the other ingredients, keep it in a cask for a month, when it will be fit to bottle."

An important instance of Port Wine making was brought to light in Birmingham, England, on the 24th August, 1842, where one Adolphus Blumenthall, wine and spirit merchant, was summoned before the Magistrate for pretending to sell to W. H. Bond a *Pipe of Port Wine*, and obtained from the same W. H. Bond £57 sterling, (about $250,) when in truth and in fact he did not sell to W. H. B. any Port Wine at all, but a certain deleterious mixture of *cider* and other ingredients, not consisting of Port Wine, with intent to cheat and defraud the said W. H. B. of his money. In the invoice sent with the wine it was stated "*A pipe of fine Port Wine.*" And in a note accompanying it, that it was of "*good quality*, and I hope will insure your further orders."

The said Adolphus Blumenthall was convicted of this case, and numerous other instances of the like fraud.

A friend calling one day upon an innkeeper, in Croydon, England, was received by the host with his sleeves tucked up, and both his arms of sanguineous hue. Upon inquiring the

cause of such appearance, he answered privately, that there was to be a great dinner of all the volunteer corps of the neighborhood the following day, and that he was then brewing the Port Wine.

There is no kind of wine but what can be imitated by the wine brewer.

George IV. had a wine he greatly prized, and so did his servants, and they drank it freely. On a particular occasion he ordered this wine to be supplied to his guests, but there was but one bottle left, one of his household understood the practices of the wine fabricators, the remaining bottle was sent to the wine brewer, and he the next day furnished his Majesty's table with a full stock of the same, as to flavor, &c., &c. The deception was not discovered by his Majesty.

The laws of the State are severe on frauds committed by adulterating strong drink,* every dealer should refer to them.

To show the great strength of liquors sold as wine in this

* *Art.* 11, *Title* 2, *Chap. XVII. Part I. Revised Statutes of New-York.*

Sec. 193. Every person who shall adulterate any distilled spirits, or spirits in a state of distillation, with any poisonous or unhealthy substances, and every person who shall sell such spirits, knowing them to be so adulterated, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor punishable by fine or imprisonment, or both, in the discretion of the Court by which he shall be tried; the fine in no case to exceed one thousand dollars, nor the imprisonment the term of four years.

Sec. 194. Every person who shall fraudulently put any thing whatever into any cask of distilled spirits branded by an Inspector, for the purpose of attesting the real or apparent proof, or the bead or nature of the spirits contained therein; and every person who, without first obliterating the marks of the Inspector, shall put in any such cask, after the same shall have been emptied, in whole or in part, of the spirits contained therein when inspected, any other spirits or spirituous liquors whatever; and every person who shall sell, or in any manner dispose of any such cask, when emptied, without effacing the marks of the Inspector, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, punishable by fine or imprisonment.

country, over liquors sold as such on the continent of Europe, in

a letter on the subject, J. Fennimore Cooper remarks, "Five and twenty years since when I first visited Europe, I was astonished to see wine drank in *tumblers*. I did not at first understand that the half of what I had been drinking was brandy under the name of wine."

A Chemist of known character in New-York, obtained four samples of wine advertised by the importer, as pure unadulterated wine; a kind of wine which could not have contained over 15 to 20 per cent. of the strength of spirit if free from foreign ingredients. It was found to be over 37 per cent. of proof spirit. Of course its strength was increased over 100 per cent. by the introduction of the offspring of the distillery.

Dr. Lewis Beck devoted much time to the examination of my stock of wine, about the time I abandoned its use.

My Port which was as imported was found to contain 42 per cent. of the strength of brandy, and my Madeira 48 per cent.

The above tests were only to ascertain the proprotion of spirit, not to detect drugs. The two samples examined by Dr. Beck were imported wine, or said to be. The Port cost $4 the gallon, the Madeira about the same.

When Dr. Hewitt visited France, he was surprised to see so much drunkenness on what he supposed the pure fruit of the vine. Perhaps he was not aware of the extent of adulterations in wine countries—and the adding of poisons even more destructive to health and life than Alcohol.

"The common people," he remarks, "in France are burnt up with wine, and look exactly like the cider and brandy drinkers of Connecticut."

Louis Phillipe assured me "That the drunkenness of France was on wine."

His son, the late Duke of Orleans, stated to me that it would be a great benefit to France, could the grape be used only as

food, for in the wine districts were to be found the greatest amount of destitution and insubordination.

Lord Action, Supreme Judge of Rome, (now Cardinal Action) assured me that nearly all the crime of the city could be traced to the excessive use of wine.

I once urged a respectable grocer to give up the spirit part of his business, he replied, "Let me sell a bill of $1000 to a country merchant, tea, sugar, coffee, &c., &c., to the amount of $800, and strong drink to the amount of $200; on the $800 I should not make enough to pay for the salt in my porridge, while on the $200 I would make enough to render the whole sale of $1000 an excellent one."

This fact clearly indicates how difficult it is for the grocers, not selling strong drinks, to compete with those that do, also the enormous profits made on factitious liquors.

I know a large dealer who having obtained the recipes for making all kinds of fraudulent liquors, brandy, gin, rum and wine, went to work on a large scale and was making a fortune rapidly. He was so elated at his success that he mentioned it to his family Physician and showed him his various recipes. The Physician, after examining them, informed him that some of the ingredients were deadly poisons, and to sell such mixtures to the public was as bad as murder. The dealer was alarmed, for he had accumulated a large stock; he came to the conclusion he would give a notorious drunkard of the place a gallon or two of it, and if it did not kill him he would continue to sell! The poor drunkard had the precious present, he drank it, it was not a swift poison, he did not die immediately, the dealer continued his wicked traffic, died rich and has gone to his account.

While traveling in a public conveyance with a gentleman whose aid I was anxious to secure for the Temperance cause, the adulteration of liquors was discussed. I stated to him that in

order to be sure he was drinking pure liquor and not a mixture of poisons, he would require a Chemist with his laboratory constantly in attendance. After giving him a great variety of facts on the subject, he replied, "*I cannot credit what you say; you have been deceived; such things could not exist without exposure so long:* if true or even half true those liquor forgers deserve the State Prison ten times more than he who writes another man's name, without his knowledge, on the back of a note, for the purpose of raising money thereon." Here is Mr. ——, sitting beside us, he is an extensive importer of wine, let us appeal to him. Is what Mr. Delavan relates true? "Yes," replied our fellow passenger, "all that he says is true."

And here let me remark, that while the Temperance press, as well as the religious and political, have teemed with these charges against the liquor trade, to my knowledge there has not yet appeared the *first* denial.

Some years since a great mass of testimony was brought before the British Parliament, to show the practices of the spirit dealers in drugging wine, beer, and spirits of all kinds.

On the premises of one dealer over 2000 pounds of drugs were found, to be used in making wine. This man was convicted of the practice and severely punished.

Says President Nott, in his admirable lectures, "I had a friend who had been himself a wine dealer, and having read the startling statements, some time since made public, in relation to the brewing of wines and the adulterations of other liquors generally, I inquired of that friend as to the verity of these statements. His reply was—

'GOD FORGIVE WHAT HAS PASSED IN MY OWN CELLAR, BUT THE STATEMENTS MADE ARE TRUE, ALL TRUE I ASSURE YOU.'"
—*Page* 174, *bound vol.*

"That friend," says Doctor Nott, "has since gone to his last

account, as have doubtless many of those whose days on earth were shortened by poisons he dispensed. But I still remember and shall long remember both the terms and the tone of that laconic answer, "THE STATEMENTS MADE ARE TRUE, ALL TRUE, I ASSURE YOU."

"But not on the evidence of that friend does the evidence of these frauds depend. Another friend informed me, that the executor of a wine dealer in a city which he named, assured him, that in the inventory of articles for the manufacture of wine, found in the celler of that dealer, and which amounted to many thousands of dollars, there was not one dollar for the juice of the grape."

"And still another friend informed me, that in examining as an assignee, the papers of a house in that city which had dealt in wine, and which had stopped payment, he found evidence of the purchase during the preceding year, of hundreds of casks of cider, but none of wine; and yet it was not cider but wine, which had been supposed to have been dealt out by that house to its confiding customers."—*Dr. Nott, pp.* 174–175, *bound vol.*

A letter from Madeira from an officer in the army states, that "but 30,000 barrels of wine was produced in the island, and 50,000 claimed to be from thence, drank in America alone." —*Ibid.*

"In confirmation of this statement, a friend of mine, James C. Duane, Esq., (of Schenectady,) informed me that having been induced to purchase a cask of Port Wine, by the fact that it had just been received direct from Oporto by a house in New-York; in the honor and integrity of which entire confidence could be placed, he drew off, and bottled, and secured the precious contents, to be reserved for the especial use of friends; and that having done so, and having thereafter occassion to cause the cask to be sawed in two, he found to his astonishment,

that its lees consisted of a large quantity of the shavings of logwood, a residuum of alum, and other ingredients, the name and nature of which were to him unknown."—*Dr. Nott's lectures, page* 178.

The last cask of wine I purchased, and which was tested by some of the best judges in the country and pronounced to be *good wine*, I afterwards discovered to have been made in the loft of the wine dealer, and did not contain a drop of the fruit of the vine, but *doctored* whisky.

Within the past year an individual assured me, that while acting as assistant to a wine brewing establishment, he had frequently seen $100, made on a single cask of liquor sold as wine, which did not contain a drop of the juice of the grape, but was made from whisky and drugs.

A dealer in strong drink once residing in Albany, assured me, that when he purchased imported liquors in New-York on shipboard, he felt no security in receiving the imported article unless he watched it from the ship to the Albany vessel himself. A large number of pipes of imported brandy were purchased of the importer while on the dock, removed the following night, the casks emptied, and factitious brandy substituted, the casks replaced in their old position before morning, and the whole sold at auction *the next day* as pure imported brandy.

A dealer once said to me, if you will purchase my stock of wine at cost, (which he valued at $5000,) I will give up the trade; I replied, I will purchase every gallon you will warrant pure. After some hesitation he answered, "I have not one, it is all enforced, else it would not keep."

Medical men advanced in life have assured me, that the effect of using intoxicating liquors *now*, is much more fatal to health and life than thirty years since, then liquors were comparatively pure, the alcohol in them was usually the only ingredient that

the constitution had to contend with, and then a habitual drunkard, if he lived so long, frequently did not become a known drunkard under twenty years, but now it frequently occurred that the same amount of habitual drinking produced disease and intemperance in three years; this change, these medical gentlemen attribute to the presence of other poisons than the poison of alcohol in the intoxicating liquors used by the people in such quantities.

I could fill a volume with facts going to show that as to wine, it is next to impossible to find any in this country pure, I mean pure fermented unenforced wine, and I believe the same in regard to distilled spirits. Drugs are used in the manufacture of most, if not all kinds, for the reason that with drugs the commonest whisky can be turned into rum, brandy or gin. I have been assured, that *arsenic* is used in whisky to restore the bead, after having been diluted with water. So with beer, when poisonous drugs are cheaper than hops, to increase the intoxicating power, and money is to be made by it. This is often done, of which I have proof as *positive* as that the most *filthy water* has been, and still is used in malting and brewing.

A large druggist in New-York made no secret of the fact, that he sold tons of poisonous drugs to brewers, and opened his ledger to a friend of mine, and gave him the brewers names who purchased them in large quantities.

But I forbear, if a single fellow mortal, now on the highway to ruin through the use of the vile compounds above described, can be induced to abandon them, and place himself out of the reach of danger, I shall be richly compensated for sending you this article; and I cannot but hope that this will be the case with many; now that it is known that these liquors contain an element of death; now that statistics have shown that their use shorten human life on an average eleven years! now that

Oriental tree in Malabar, whose branches, too vast for self-support, return themselves into the parent earth, and take root, so that the daughters grow about the Mother Tree, in Milton's language,

> "A pillared shade,
> High over-arched, and echoing walks between,"

And yet all one and the same tree. So this mighty reformation, in all its vast movements, all its wondrous spreading growth, must return into the same Christian Principle, and take from that, as from the parent earth, its continual support; otherwise the branches, instead of being a refuge from the heat and a hiding-place from the tempest, will trail worthless on the ground, and have their foliage wasted by the boar out of the wood, and the wild beast of the forest.

We rejoice, then, to see a christian reaction and return to the true source of power in this enterprise. The pledge is a great thing, but it must be reinvigorated by Christian Principle, must have the heart of its being there. For this movement, as a great benevolent movement, needs not only to be set successfully a going, but it must be continually renewed. It is not like the endowing of a hospital or an orphan asylum, which, when benevolent men have once established it, and secured its funds, and fixed its charter and its laws, will go of itself, will endure and prosper, into whatever hands it fall; there is no such permanent endowment and management of the Temperance Reformation possible, but by the perpetually renewed force of Christian Principle. The funds are voluntary offerings, and not permanent endowments. The power of the tide of this Reformation depends upon the ten thousand rills that shall continue to flow into it, and those rills themselves come from the dew of Heaven. The pledge itself, indeed, is in one sense an endowment, and makes the enterprise a sort of chartered institution;

but the charter is one, the continuance of which depends upon the virtue of the people, by whom the pledge must perpetually be renewed and spread, with a permanent depth and breadth of principle. There must be, at the heart of it, as its sustaining vitality, its security of life and permanence, the power of Christian Principle, as in the Church of Christ; Temperance linked with Perseverance, as the two midway Christian virtues, in Peter's chain of eight.

Men may perhaps enter this Christian chain for the first time, *as* a Christian chain, by taking hold on these golden links. Many a man has become a true Christian, by beginning here midway at Temperance; and then, from this point, men may go backwards to knowledge and faith, where Peter begins, and forwards to godliness, brotherly kindness and charity, where Peter ends. But all must be in Christ. Temperance is a good thing in itself, but by itself it is not Christianity. It is one of the fruits of Christianity, and a man getting hold of this fruit, and following it along the branch, to the root, may come to Christ. But if he knows nothing but that fruit, it will be gone with that season.

There is another view, also, that may be taken of this pledge, in reference to its temporal benefits. It is a policy of life-insurance for ourselves and our families. Fulfill its conditions, and you are positively and unfailingly insured against one of the greatest, most dangerous, most destructive pestilences, conflagrations, and wide-wasting ruins, with which human society ever was, or ever will be afflicted. You and your family being entered in this policy, you are absolutely secured, if its conditions be fulfilled on your part, against the entrance of this plague, against the possibility of this ruin. It cannot get in, under any form. A thousand may fall at your side, and ten thousand at your right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Of this terror by night,

and this arrow that fleeth by day, of this pestilence that walketh in darkness, and this destruction that wasteth at noon-day, thou shalt not be afraid. It shall not touch thee, it shall not come nigh thy dwelling.

Assuredly, this is a great thing. To be insured against the horrid vice and calamity of intemperance, were this life alone in view, would be, for this life only, an unspeakable blessing. But when you look at this pledge, this insurance, through that sentence of God's Word, "That no drunkard shall ever inherit the kingdom of Heaven," then its value rises infinitely above earth, then it is lost in eternity. Every other sin may, possibly, be repented of at a very late hour, yea, at the last hour; but if a man dies a drunkard, he dies in the impossibility of repentance, dies in the life and death of that very sin of drunkenness; he dies in a state which precludes the hope, because it shuts out the possibility, of repentance unto life. The Temperance pledge *may*, therefore, in every case, take hold on heaven; and if it be maintained as growing out of that cardinal grace in Peter's chain of Christian principles and virtues, it always *does* take hold on heaven. Every man of true Christian Temperance is a follower of Christ.

PHILIP S. WHITE, P. M. W. P.

This distinguished, earnest, and powerful advocate of the Temperance Reform, was born in Frankfort, Kentucky, in 1807. His father was among the first of the influential families of Virginia, who emigrated to that State, and formed a conspicuous part of that bold and vigorous character which gave Kentucky an enviable position in the confederacy. By the advice of his brother, Joseph M. White, who had just commenced his brilliant career as a Delegate in Congress from Florida, the subject of this sketch became a matriculate in the University of Virginia in 1824, whence he removed to and entered the University of Harvard as a Resident Graduate in 1826. Three years thereafter he located in Florida; and in 1830, with an excellent knowledge of the Spanish language, he visited the Island of Cuba, with the view of collecting documentary evidence in the celebrated claim of the heirs of John Forbes to 13,000 acres of land.

On his return to the United States he went to Kentucky and finished his legal studies with that eminent Jurist, the present Judge Monroe. After participating in the Seminole war, by which his health was much impaired, he took a tour through Europe with his family, spending nearly four years there, and visiting the principal places of interest. In 1839 he was ap-

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pointed by Governor Dodge, District Attorney of Wisconsin. In 1841 he located in Philadelphia, where he signed the pledge, and enlisted for life in the cause of which he has since been so distinguished a champion. Associated as he was with those who enjoyed the luxuries of life, and who thought there was no danger of excess in the indulgence of a *good* glass of wine, with a highly cultivated mind and superior social qualities, it required no ordinary degree of moral courage for Mr. White to tear himself away from the convivialities of his associates, and denounce the vices of fashionable life. He had seen the youthful and the promising fall around him, and he recognized the deadly fangs of the serpent which coiled around the wine-cup, and from that day forward he struggled against "principalities and powers" to arrest the destroyer.

He was among the first to enter the Order of the Sons of Temperance, was the first G. W. P. of Pennsylvania, and the second M. W. P. of the National Division. On the occasion of the first National Jubilee of the Order in the City of New-York, he made a speech in the Park to near 40,000 persons which made a deep and lasting impression.

From the moment Mr. White enlisted in the cause he took a firm stand against the traffic. He made arrangements with the Pennsylvania State Temperance Society to prosecute all the violators of the licence law in Philadelphia in 1842–3, and prepare for publication all matters that Society might suggest—the principal of which were appeals to the Medical Faculty. About the same period he published a most thrilling story, "The Maniac," the scene of which was laid in France, and founded on fact, and under his personal observation. Another story entitled "The Indian Payment," was extensively published, and several other pieces, all illustrating the evils of intemperance.

At a more recent period he published his work, "The War

of 4,000 Years," containing a history of Intemperance and its desolating march, and an account of the various Temperance organizations from time to time instituted, including the Order of the Sons of Temperance.

For a period of eight years Mr. White has been speaking and writing continually in behalf of the Temperance Reform. He has made an impression upon his generation, and deservedly ranks among the Most Worthy of those, who have given themselves to "The cause of all mankind."

As a speaker his eloquence draws its life from the heart-felt earnestness with which he treats his subject. No man has done more for the advancement of the Order of the Sons of Temperance. From all parts of North America which he has visited—from the cold regions of Her Majesty's dominions to the far sunny south, the Temperance papers teem with eulogies upon him as a man, a philanthropist, and an orator. And whether by the side of the veteran John Chambers in the pulpit, or the humblest advocate of the reform in the market-place, he is the same zealous, earnest, unflinching, delineator of intemperance, as the greatest enemy of God and man. May he long live to inspire the public with his noble zeal in this God-like cause.

PROEM.

BY MISS PHŒBE CAREY.

Knowing how all who live are bound together
By the sweet ties of one humanity,
How all are fellow-pilgrims journeying thither
Where shines the city of eternity;

And seeing that he, to whom no brother lendeth
A helping hand to bear his weight of ill,
Oft falters on the pathway which ascendeth
Up the beautiful summit of life's hill:

And turns to follow by-paths and forbidden,
Winding, and winding back from virtue's goal,
'Till where the sin-cryts of the world lie hidden
Lost and bewildered walks the human soul!

We who have yet with sin maintained resistance,
And tempted, have not wholly turned aside;
Would come with love, with counsel, and assistance,
To all whose spirits are more sorely tried.

If there be any, who would turn and perish
Because no friend has whispered words of cheer,
Any whom yet no heart has learned to cherish,
To us their sufferings and their hopes are dear.

If there be any falt'ring, and no longer
Equal to life's most toilsome marches found—
O, lean on us, until your feet grown stronger
Are firmly planted on a vantage ground.

And then, forsaken one, who darkly weepest
Over a lost one gone from virtue's track,
For thee, even where sin's shafts are sunken deepest,
We will go fearlessly, and lead him back.

Yea we will save him, even though the hisses
Of baffled demons mock us as we come—
Love's lip is sweeter than the wine-cup's kisses,
Love's smile is brighter than the wine-cup's foam

And daily thus, to bless our efforts, bringing
Some soul that turned or might have turned to death,
We shall go up life's hill together singing
The sweetly solemn hymns of love and faith.

And from its summit viewing, but not sadly,
The peaceful valley where shall end our strife,
We will walk downward willingly and gladly
To the last bivouac on the plains of life.

For, knowing death is but the door of heaven,
We shall press joyfully to meet the hour;
Not with locked-step like cringing felons driven
Under the gateway of their prison tower!

THE CIRCEAN CUP.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

The leading incidents of the following story were related to me by a gentleman whose long continued, consistent and humane efforts in the Temperance cause, are worthy of the highest praise.

In a certain district, (said he,) it became my duty to visit the poor, and relieve such as were needy by a distribution of food and fuel which a benevolent association had provided. One very cold day, while seated in my office, a child not over seven years old—a bright-eyed, fair-faced boy—came in, and timidly approached my chair.

"Well my little fellow," said I, speaking in a tone of encouragement, "what is wanted this morning?"

"Does Mr. ——— live here?" asked the child hesitatingly.

"Yes, my boy, I am Mr. ———."

His face instantly brightened.

"Then won't you give us some wood to make a fire, and won't you give us something to eat. We've got no fire and nothing 'o eat. Mother sent me."

"No fire and nothing to eat!" said I, touched instantly by the sad artlessness of the child.

"No, sir. And we're all so cold and hungry."

"Where do you live?" I inquired.

"In Baker's Court," replied the child.

"Your mother sent you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who is your mother?"

"She's my mother, sir," returned the boy, innocently, after hesitating a moment or two, evidently in doubt as to how he should answer my question.

"What is your mother's name, I mean?" said I.

"Mrs. Clark," he answered.

"And you live in Baker's Court?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know the number?"

The child did not understand what I meant.

"How can I find your house?" I asked.

"I'll show you the way," he replied quickly.

"Is your father living?" I next inquired.

The little boy looked me earnestly in the face; and then, without replying, let his his eyes fall upon the floor.

I was about repeating my question, but, thinking that it was the common case of a drunken father, I refrained from doing so, lest I should cause a blush of shame to mantle the cheek of a tender child.

"I will go with you in a moment," said I, rising and taking down my warm overcoat.

What a light came, instantly, into the face of the little boy!

As I drew on my heavy surtout, I could not but notice the thin garments of the child, and a shiver passed over me as I thought of his encountering the cold biting air of a January morning, with the thermometer down to within five degrees of zero. Through his rent shoes and ragged stockings were visible, here

and there, the red, shining surface of his little feet, and, as he moved towards the door I saw that he limped from chilblains.

"Have you no warmer clothes?" said I.

He shook his head and murmured, "No."

"You will freeze if you go out as you are."

"Oh, no sir," he answered: "I didn't feel *very* cold when I came. I ran all the way."

"Run back, then, as fast as you can," said I.

"Ain't you coming?" he inquired, a shade of disappointment falling upon his face.

"Oh, yes: I'm going with you. Only do you run to keep warm."

And so, on before me the boy ran, while I walked after with long and hurried strides. Right good care did he take never to be more than a few paces in advance. On reaching Baker's Court, he conducted me to an old brick building, that had formerly been used as a sugar house; but which had more recently been fitted up, roughly, with apartments to rent out to poor families. Along its dirty landings and high, steep stairs, I followed the child up to the fourth story, where, in a room partitioned off from the main loft, by rough boards, every seam of which was open to admit the chilling air, I found a mother with a babe in her arms, and a girl younger than the child who had been sent for me, hovering over a few dying embers that gave no warmth to the surrounding air. They turned towards me with a hopeful, pleading look, as I entered.

"Is it true, madam, that you have neither food nor fuel?" I asked.

I was answered only by tears.

Humanity prompted to a speedy relief of the suffering before me. It was no time to pause for inquiry beyond this.

"You shall have both," said I, turning quickly away and

going down stairs. A few blocks distant was a stove-maker, who was under contract to furnish a small cheap stove to the order of the Society, by which I was authorized to make certain distributions to the poor.

To this person I went, and at my request he immediately sent a man with a stove, and fuel enough to kindle a fire. I then ordered half a ton of coal to the same direction. After this was done, I procured a few articles of food and directed them to be taken immediately to the destitute family in the old sugar house. I accompanied the porter who carried them, and, taking the basket from his hands at the door of the room occupied by Mrs. Clark and her children, entered with the relief I had brought.

The stove was up, a fire kindled, and, already a genial warmth was beginning to diffuse itself around.

"Here is some food ma'am," said I, handing her the basket of provisions. "In a short time there will be brought here a half ton of coal."

Her tearful thanks I will not repeat.

During the short time I remained in the room, I observed this woman more closely. She was not over thirty years of age, and there were many traces of beauty on her care-worn face: while something in her manner showed the existence of a certain degree of refinement and cultivation. Moreover, her face had a familiar aspect; but, if I had seen her before, memory not did recall the fact. I made few inquiries as to the reason of her being in so destitute a condition, but her replies were evasive. I asked if her husband were living. She let her eyes rest in mine for a few moments. Then they sunk to the floor. But she did not answer my question. Promising to call around in a few days and see her again, I went away.

One morning, some three days after this occurrence, I was on my way, early, to market. It still remained extremely cold,

the thermometer having fallen to within three degrees of zero. As I passed Baker's Court, I glanced my eyes down towards the old Sugar House, and, as I did so, saw a man come out of the building with a stove in his arms. He paused a moment, with a hesitating air, as he reached the pavement, looked back, then all around, listened, and then came hurriedly out in the direction of the main street. His movements awakened my suspicion that something was wrong. I was satisfied of this as he drew nearer, and I saw that the stove he carried was similar to the one I had procured a few days since for the poor woman named Clark. The surprise occasioned by this incident was still further increased, as I recognized in the tattered, bloated, debased looking creature, a young man by the name of Clark, who had fallen into intemperate habits soon after his marriage with the daughter of a man, now dead, an old friend of my father's. For a time Clark retained an excellent situation as clerk, in which he had been for a number of years, but his departures from sobriety became so frequent and hopeless, that his old employers were forced to part with him. From that time his declension, which appeared to begin with his marriage, was still more rapid. For nearly four years I had lost sight of him. Now he came before my eyes, so utterly degraded, that few traces of what was really human remained visible. I now understood, without need of explanation, the meaning of what was before me. This was the husband and father of those I had a short time before relieved. But, what was he doing with the stove? The moment he saw me, the change in his countenance betrayed his purpose, for I was recognized.

"What is the meaning of this, James Clark?" said I speaking sternly. "What are you doing with that stove?"

The poor wretch stammered out something that I did not hear distinctly, and seemed overwhelmed with confusion. A moment

or two he stood irresolute, and then turning from me, he went back towards the place he had left, staggering under his burden. I watched him until I saw him enter the house where he lived. I then went on my way, but turned back on reflection, after going a block or two, thinking it possible that Clark might make another effort to carry out his purpose of selling the stove, provided by the hand of charity to keep his wife and children from freezing. On reaching the old Sugar House in Baker's Court, I went up to the room occupied by the family of Clark, and tapped at the door. It was quickly opened, and the mother stood before me with the tears rapidly falling over her pale face.

"Is your husband here?" I asked, and as I spoke I leaned forward to get a view of the room.

"Can it be possible!" I exclaimed, now seeing that the place where the stove had been standing was vacant. "Has he, then, succeeded in his purpose?"

"Alas, sir! it is too true," sobbed the wretched woman.

I waited to see and hear no more. Hurrying down to the street, I went in pursuit of the wretched being, who had become so lost to human feeling, as to do an act of such cruel selfishness. Entering the main street, I looked up and down, but could see nothing of him. I passed to the corners, gazing thence in all directions. But he was no where in sight. Then I came back to the Court and walked up and down there for some time in expectation of his return. Not appearing after the lapse of ten minutes, I went to the main street once more. Running my eyes far down the line of pavement, I saw him two blocks away, slowly advancing along the side-walk. With a quick pace I hurried forward to meet him. He saw me, as I approached, and averting his eyes, tried to pass me. But, I laid my hand upon his arm with a sharp grip, saying as I did so, in an angry voice,—

"Wretch! What have you been doing?"

"I don't know;" he answered, with assumed surprise, but looking away from me as he spoke—"what right you have to address me in this way Mr. ——, I'm no more a wretch than you are."

"Wretch!" I repeated, and still more severely. "Where is that stove?"

"I took it back again. You saw me do that," said he with confidence.

"Not so. That was a mere pretence to deceive me; I have been to the room in which your poor wife and children are freezing, and there is no stove there."

His countenance instantly fell.

"Now," said I, and I caught firmly hold of his arm; "take me to the place where you sold or pawned it, or I will instantly have you before a magistrate on the charge of stealing. That stove was not your property."

My manner as well as my words alarmed him. After some moments of embarrassment, he stammered out—

"Its no use, Mr. ——; the stove is sold, and there is no help for it."

"Very well. If it is sold, where is the money?"

"I didn't get any money."

"You didn't?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I owed a dollar and a half—and—and—"

He mumbled out the rest of the sentence indistinctly.

"Let the balance stand on a drinking account," said I.

His silence confirmed this suggestion.

"Yes; I understand exactly how it is." I went on. "Wretched man! Is it possible that you, James Clark, can have fallen so low!"

His eyes were now on the pavement, and he stood rebuked before me.

"Where is the stove?" I continued. "That I must, and will have, I don't care who has it in his possession. Go with me to the place at once. I will be satisfied with nothing less."

Some further hesitation was evinced, and then the man turned back and conducted me to a low grog-shop, in a small by-street, kept by an Irishman.

"It's in there," said Clark, pausing a few houses away and pointing to the drinking-shop. "But it's no use trying to get the stove. Its sold out-right to McClutchen, and he'll never give it up."

"Come along," I replied—"And we'll see about that."

But Clark drew back.

"Why don't you come along with me?" said I.

"Its no use. McClutchen won't give up the stove."

"I'll see to that. Come. I want you to face him. I want you to say to him, in my presence, that he bought the stove. I'll see to the rest."

I was forced, at length, almost to drag the poor degraded man into McClutchen's den. The room we entered was long and narrow, with a low ceiling, black with dust and smoke. It was divided into two parts by a venitian screen, reaching to within a few feet of the wall on either side. Occupying the front part, was a short, high counter, behind which, upon shelves, were arranged decanters of liquor, with lemons between them for ornament, and to suggest the idea of punch. Bottles of liquor were also in the window. Two or three tables and chairs, with a few newspapers, occupied the back part. Theatre bills were nailed against the walls, and fastened to the screen I have mentioned.

Behind the counter of this drinking den, the air of which was,

to me, stifling, from the fumes of tobacco and bad whisky, stood the keeper, a low-browed, sensual, bull-dog looking Irishman. Clark shrunk behind me as we entered. The fellow seemed to comprehend the nature of our visit, for a most repulsive expression came instantly into his face.

"You know this man, I presume," said I, stepping aside to exhibit Clark, who really seemed in terror of the grog-seller, and tried to keep out of his sight.

"How should I know him?" was the growling answer.

"Every man is presumed to know his work," I could not, at the moment help saying, even at the risk of personal abuse.

A flash of anger went over the Irishman's face. There was a motion of his lips as if he were about to reply, but not, probably, finding a retort that suited him, he remained silent.

"You bought a stove of this person, a little while ago," said I positively.

This was received with a dogged silence.

"It was not his stove." I added.

There was a change in the Irishman's manner.

"Did not you swear to me on the Bible, Jim Clark," said he, coming around from his counter and facing poor Clark, "that the stove was yours?"

"If he did, he swore to what was not true," said I. "And so," I added, sarcastically, "you have a commission from the State to swear your customers! Verily! this is a new feature in the dram-selling business."

"My friend," replied McClutchen, with forced calmness, raising one of his huge hands as he spoke, to give force to his words, and looking at me with a lowering countenance, "If you are not more careful of your words I will pitch you into the street."

"That might be a bad day's work for you," I as calmly replied. "And so you swore this poor creature!"

"Not on the Bible Mr. ———! Not on the Bible," said Clark earnestly.

"On what then?" I inquired.

"It was only a dictionary," replied Clark.

McClutchen, with an uneasy gesture, retired again behind his counter.

"A dictionary!" said I, half amused at this declaration.

"Yes, Mr. ———, it was only a dictionary. I wouldn't have sworn on the Bible," responded Clark, who now seemed anxious that I should not think he had taken a solemn oath on the Holy Book.

"But you swore to a lie, it seems, you drunken thief!" exclaimed McClutchen angrily. "Swore to a lie and cheated me into the bargain."

"I don't know about the lie," said Clark, rallying a little. "It was my wife's stove; and what is her's is mine."

"Your wife's ha! And is that all?" cried the Irishman, instantly brightening. "Your wife's! Oh, ho! Troth! and be sure what's her's is your's! So its a *bony fidy* sale after all."

"So I think," said Clark.

"And so I don't think," was my firm reply. "The stove was only loaned to your wife, and, as it was loaned through me, I shall see that it goes back again to the place from which you removed it."

"You'll have to prove your ownership," said the grog-seller, impudently. "All a trumped up story."

"Is there an Alderman's Office near by?" This I said in a resolute tone, addressing Clark, and taking a step towards the door as I spoke.

"An Alderman! What do you want with an Alderman?" he asked with a look of alarm.

"I merely wish to have you arrested for theft, and this man as an accomplice and receiver of stolen goods."

My hand was by this time on the knob of the door. I saw an instant change in the countenance of McClutchen, and heard a low sentence of blasphemy from his lips.

"Clark!" said he, and his eyes glittered with impotent rage as he spoke. "Go back in the yard and get your stove; and mind ye—don't show your cursed face in this shop again! If you do, I won't be answerable for the consequence."

Clark passed out through the back door, while I remained awaiting his return. He was absent three or four minutes, during which McClutchen took the poor satisfaction of abusing me roundly. This I bore quite patiently, having accomplished my purpose. So soon as Clark came back, carrying the stove in his arms, and looking more ashamed than he had yet appeared, I opened the door for him, and as he passed out, I turned my eyes upon the grog-shop keeper, and said—

"See here my friend; if your license happens not to be all right, I would advise you to see to it as quickly as possible, as it is more than probable you will hear from me before many hours pass. It doesn't seem exactly right for any man to tempt a poor wretch, who has lost all control over his depraved appetites, to steal from his wife and children, in mid-winter, their stove and sell it for rum! It doesn't seem right, I say; and I cannot but think that there is a power vested somewhere in our civil authorities to punish so flagrant an act. It can do no harm at least to see how the case stands. So, my friend, look to yourself."

And I passed forth into the street, and once more breathed the pure air. Clark, staggering along under the stove, had already gone the distance of half a square in the direction of his home. I followed, keeping a few rods behind. Not content, this time,

with seeing him enter the old building where he lived, I went in also, and kept him under my eye until he opened the door of his own room.

Believing that the check Clark had received, would effectually prevent his again attempting to sell the stove, I concluded not to show myself to his family just at that time, but to go on to market, and, after breakfast, to look in and see if there was any hope of making a good impression on the mind of the poor inebriate.

It was near ten o'clock when I called around again. I found Mrs. Clark alone with her three children. The stove was in its place, and the air of the room at a genial temperature. She looked up from her sewing as I entered, and I saw the tears glistening on her pale cheeks.

"Where is your husband?" I asked, as I took the chair she offered me. There were but two in the apartment.

"Gone out," she returned with a heavy, fluttering sigh.

"I had hoped to find him at home," said I.

"He is seldom here," she answered, with another deep sigh.

"Has he any employment?"

Mrs. Clark shook her head.

"Unhappy man! How low he has fallen! And in so short a time. I could not have believed it."

"And it is all my fault!" exclaimed Mrs. Clark with a sudden wildness of manner. "All my fault! I tempted him and he fell! Would to heaven I had died ere that fatal hour, when, like a Syren, I lured him from the way of safety, and placed that cup to his lips to drink, which changes the human into the bestial."

Surprize at so unexpected a declaration kept me for some time silent. Mrs. Clark wept passionately for many minutes.

"Surely, madam," said I at length, "you blame yourself too severely."

"I was young and foolish," she replied, mournfully. "Ah! little dreamed I that consequences so awful could flow from so small an act. Little dreamed I that there was such a power of evil fascination concealed in the stimulating cup, I so madly placed to his lips. But"—and her manner changed—"I am speaking vaguely."

"Will you not speak in plainer language?" said I, after waiting for some time for her to resume.

She lifted her eyes to my face. Their expression was sad beyond all conception.

"Do you remember James ten years ago?" she asked.

"I remember him well," was my answer.

"Few better men lived. I do not think he had a fault. In all his habits he was regular, even to abstemiousness."

"I never heard of his touching liquor before his marriage," said I.

A shade of agony went over the poor wife's face; her lips quivered, and the tears came again to her eyes.

"Let me tell to you, what I have never told to a living soul before," said she, at length, calming the wild motions of her heart by a strong effort. "That fatal secret has been locked up for years in my bosom. James has never upbraided me in words—but, oh! has not his fall been to me a daily rebuke beyond the power of language to convey? But, I will compose myself, while I relate to you an act of folly and madness, the direful consequences of which, in all their varied forms, it is hardly within the power of the imagination to conceive. From my father's house, intoxicating liquors were never banished. My father, as you know, was a man of even passions, and great self-control. He had a strong will, by which he was able to limit

himself in any indulgence of mind or body. His theory was, that a little brandy taken now and then, was good for the system, and, in his own case, he carried out this system. From childhood, my eyes were familiar with decanters, and glasses; they formed the chief ornament of our sideboard. When the public mind began to be turned toward the evils of drunkenness, efforts were made to enlist my father on the side of the temperance reformation. But, he met the overtures with a strong repulse. In fact, he was offended. He spoke of these overtures in his family, and his strong expressions of contempt for men too weak in the head to bear a glass of brandy, fixed themselves in my mind, and had their effect upon my feelings.

"As I passed up from girlhood to womanhood, young men began to visit at my father's house. Among them there was Mr. Clark, toward whom my feelings of preference leaned from the beginning. As was the custom with my father, brandy was set out on the occasion of James' first visit. But he respectfully declined taking any. 'What!' exclaimed my father; 'Are you one of these cold water men.' There was a tone of derision in his voice.

"I saw a bright spot burn on the cheek of James. He merely answered, 'I never drink brandy.' 'Take some good old Irish whisky, then,' said my father. But James declined touching any thing, and my father, in an under tone, muttered something about 'Milk and water chaps,' that I did not hear distinctly.

"To me, the refusal of James to drink with my father, seemed a little strange, and I felt annoyed by it. I liked him, and, therefore, felt the more annoyed that he should do any thing that did not fully harmonize with the views and feelings of my parent. At subsequent visits, in the presence of other young men who took brandy and water with my father, James steadily maintained his abstemiousness, not, however, without subjecting

himself to railery, and to the imputation of being a little weak-headed. All this worried me, especially, as he continued to be my favorite.

"On a certain occasion, a gay cousin plagued me a good deal about James, and was particularly sarcastic on the subject of his water-drinking habits. I became, at last, so much fretted, that I secretly resolved to reform him in this particular, if there were power in a woman over one who, it was plain, regarded her favor as no light thing. So, at his next visit, I brought him a waiter on which was a decanter of brandy, a tumbler, and a small pitcher of water. 'You'll take something from me, I know,' said I with a smile, the most winning and irresistible I could put on. 'No, not even from you,' he replied, without hesitation, smiling in his turn. 'Not from me!' I affected to be surprized, and slightly hurt. He shook his head, still smiling pleasantly. 'Do take some, just for *my* sake!' I urged. But I could not move him. I was disappointed at my failure, and could not help showing what I felt, even though I tried to hide my real feelings. That was the most uncomfortable evening we had yet passed together.

"My woman's pride was now piqued. I had miscalculated my power over James, and was hurt and mortified at my failure. It seemed like such a little thing. What harm was there in taking a glass of brandy? Was he any better than my father? The more I permitted my thoughts to brood over the matter, the more uncomfortable did I feel.

"Not many weeks after the failure of this attempt upon James, I received from him a proposal for my hand. Had there been no inclination but my own to regard, the response would have been immediate. But my parents were to be consulted on so grave a matter; and so I asked a few days for reflection. I remember, as if it were yesterday, the evening he came to re-

ceive my answer. It was favorable, of course. My father said something about his queer notions, but had nothing serious to object. The character of James stood fair, he was industrious and sober, and was in the receipt of a good income as clerk. In our family the match was considered a very good one. So, I was prepared when he came, to answer in the affirmative.

"I was sitting in our little parlor, when he came in. As soon as my eyes rested on his face, I saw that suspense had taken away its usual bright, cheerful expression; and, instantly, I formed the thoughtless resolution to take an advantage of him. I saw, with a woman's quick intention, that he was far enough in earnest on the subject of his application for my hand, to be willing to make some sacrifices to gain it. I, therefore, received him with more than usual reserve. A few minutes were passed in an exchange of the common-places of the day. He was, evidently, under a pressure. His voice had lost its clear, musical intonation; and what he did say was uttered in an absent manner. I was perfectly at ease, though I affected embarrassment and reserve.

"James had been seated only a few minutes, when I arose, and going to the sideboard, set a decanter of liquor with glasses and water on a small tray: These I presented to him, assuming, as I did so, a certain gravity of manner. 'Try a glass of father's fine old cogniac,' said I.

"Poor fellow! He hesitated only a moment; but the struggle in his mind was violent, though brief. Pouring out a small portion of the brandy, he added a little water, and drank it down. An expression of natural disgust flitted over his countenance as he removed the glass from his lips. 'How do you like it?' said I, with an approving smile. 'I don't profess to be a judge of these matters,' was his reply. 'I should never be a drunkard from the love of liquor.'

"There was a glow of triumph at my heart—weak, foolish heart!—as I moved away to replace the tray upon the sideboard. I stood for a few moments with my back toward him, hurriedly debating whether I should at once announce the favorable result of his application, or wait until he asked for my decision. Deciding not to wait, I turned, and placing my hand in his, said, in a low voice, that trembled with the agitation of my happy heart—'It is yours.'

"Quickly grasping that hand, he raised it to his lips and kissed it fervently. And yet, I felt a slight chill of disappointment. His reception of my answer was not so full of enthusiasm as I had been led to anticipate. Many happier evenings had we passed together than that one proved to be. I was conscious of having taken an undue advantage over him, and he seemed to be thinking of the same thing. Once he referred to the act, in these words—'Your experiment was a dangerous one, Mary. It might have been tried on one whose appetite needed any thing but excitement. Happy is it for both of us that I have a natural dislike for stimulating drinks.'

"His words rebuked me, and I was ashamed of what I had done. I felt, that I had acted unfairly, and that I must be a sufferer in his good opinion. That night, I cried for an hour before going to sleep. It seemed as if a cloud were over me, and a heavy hand laid upon my bosom. What would I not have given to have recalled that act. In the midst of my unhappy feelings came intruding itself the thought that James, from this little beginning, might go on, step by step, and fall off, finally into intemperance. I shuddered as I pushed this thought aside. But, it returned again, and from that time, haunted me day and night.

"When James called in on the next evening, my father was

in the parlor. 'Well, my young man,' said my father, 'so you have taken a strong fancy to this young lady of mine.' Well, all I can say is, that I hope she will make as good a wife as she has been a child. As for you, we welcome you into our family with a right good will. And now, I shall insist on your taking a glass of brandy with me, if you never do the like again. Oh! how intense was my sudden desire that James would finally decline this invitation. Not so. Without the slightest apparent hesitation he stepped to the sideboard, and joined my father in a glass of brandy.

"From that time the door was open. At his next visit, my father did not happen to be present. Once or twice during the evening I saw the eyes of James wander toward the sideboard; but, I did not invite him to take any thing. When next he met my father, the invitation to drink was renewed, and accepted without hesitation. As I made it a point, when alone with him in the parlor, not to offer him any thing, only a few weeks elapsed before he made free to help himself without an invitation —and this he continued to do regularly at every subsequent visit. I cannot tell you how much I was troubled at all this. Yet, what could I say?

"On the night of our marriage, James indulged himself so freely as to attract attention. I was deeply mortified, and troubled still more. A well supplied sideboard was one of our housekeeping appendages, and regularly at dinner time James took his glass of brandy, I soon became alarmed, and ventured to remonstrate, but, alas! It was too late!"

Mrs. Clark here burst into tears, and sobbed for some moments, while her little children, who had gathered around, gazed upon her with looks of wonder.

"I will not," she resumed, "trace down the successive steps of his declension. Enough, that we have, now, the dreadful

result; and that I am guilty of having tempted him from the path of safety. His blood is on my head. Oh, Mr. ———! Physical degradation and suffering are nothing to the anguish of mind I endure in view of the fearful responsibility under which I am crushed down in spirit. By all this ruin, I am the guilty agent. The curse with which my poor husband is cursed, I called down upon his head. What would I not suffer; what would I not sacrifice to save him? Even life itself I would cheerfully lay down, would that restore to him what he has lost."

At this moment the door was opened, and Clark came in quickly. There was an expression of alarm on his face. He nodded to me slightly; then glanced earnestly around the room.

"What is the matter James?" asked his wife; her countenance reflecting the look of fear that was in his.

"I don't know I'm sure," he returned, in a half absent way. And, his eyes wandered from side to side, with a restless motion.

Suddenly, as his gaze fell to the floor, near his feet, he started with a low cry of fear, and retreated behind the chair in which his wife was sitting.

Poor Mrs. Clark did not comprehend the meaning of this; but I understood it too well.

"James! James! What ails you?" she exclaimed, her pale face growing paler; "Are you loosing your senses?"

"I believe so. There! It's coming right over your shoulder after me!"

And he sprung away and crept behind the bed close in to the wall, crouching down almost to the floor.

I shall never forget the look cast upon me by Mrs. Clark at this moment. Her face was like ashes.

"What *does* it mean? What has come over him?" she eagerly interrogated me, catching hold of my arm, and looking up at me with an imploring look.

"He must have a physician immediately." I replied, "I will go for one."

"Oh! don't leave me! Don't leave me!" she cried, clinging to my arm. "For mercy's sake don't leave me!"

"Can your little boy find the way to Doctor M——'s?" I asked, after reflecting for a moment.

"Yes sir; if you will direct him," she answered.

Taking a scrap of paper from my pocket, I wrote a hurried note, and gave it to the child, who had come to my place of business a few days before, desiring him to take it to the office of Dr. M——, and give it to any one he might find there. As the little boy left to go on this errand, Clark came out from behind the bed, and moved towards the centre of the room, looking anxiously and guardedly around him.

"Mr. Clark," said I, going up and taking his hand, which I found to be trembling with a low, nervous thrill, "Don't let your imagination deceive you. There is no reality in this."

But, my words did not reassure him. He still glanced, fearfully, from side to side. Suddenly, while I yet held his hand, he flung himself backward, with an exclamation of terror still wilder than he had yet uttered, retreating towards the wall, and with his hands eagerly endeavoring to beat off some terrible object conjured up by his diseased imagination.

"Oh, what does it mean! What does it mean!" came anxiously from the lips of the poor wife, while tears gushed from her eyes.

"Nothing shall hurt you," said I, going up to where Clark had shrunk into a corner of the room, with every limb trembling like an aspen.

"Oh! take it off!" fairly yelled the miserable creature. "Take it off! Don't you see that it is strangling me?"

Affecting to remove something from his neck, I said:—"There; I have taken it away."

This satisfied him for a moment, but, only for a moment; looking down towards his feet, he gave another cry, and, starting up, ran to the bed, and throwing himself thereon, buried his face amid the clothes. Here he lay and panted like a frightened child.

Briefly and hurriedly, I now explained to Mrs. Clark, the nature of her husband's malady, and how it would progress to a crisis, which might end in death. I never saw such a look of mingled anguish and fear upon any countenance as was exhibited in hers.

With his face covered up by the bed clothes, Clark now lay until the appearance of his child, who brought with him a student from the office of Dr. M——; the Doctor himself being out on his regular professional visits. I then retired for the purpose of procuring a suitable person to remain with Clark during the progress of his fearful malady. On reflection, however, I deemed it best to have him removed to the Alms House, and accordingly obtained a permit for that purpose. On my return, I found him in a paroxysm of terror. It was with the utmost difficulty that the young student could keep him in the room. This excitement subsided after I came in, and while the sufferer lay exhausted upon the bed, I held a consultation with his wretched wife about removing him across the Schuylkill. To this she, at first, objected positively; but, as the nature of the disease and the character of its terrible development was more fully explained to her by the student and myself, she at length reluctantly consented. I immediately procured a cab, and, in company with the young medical attendant, conveyed him to the Blocklay Alms House.

The history of this man's fall, as related to me by his wife,

affected me deeply, and more than usual interest in the case was awakened in my mind. Every day I sent over to the Alms House for intelligence as to his condition, and, on the second day was pleased to learn that he had passed the crisis of the disease, and was safe. Safe! Alas! no! There were fearful dangers yet ahead. Safe from death; but not safe from the master-vice in whose power he had been for so many years. But, I had, ere this, resolved to drag him out of the horrible pit and miry clay into which he had fallen, if that were in the range of human power. So, on the third day I went out to see him. Exhausted from the fierce struggle through which he had passed, I found the wretched man. I sat down by his side, and taking his hand inquired as to how he felt. Instead of answering me, he turned his head away.

"I am glad to find you so much better," said I.

A long sigh breathed from his lips, and then he murmured in a low, sad voice,—

"It would have been better if I had died."

"No, no, Mr. Clark, do not say that," I returned quickly. "You have much to live for."

"Me!" My remark seemed strange to him, and he turned upon me a look of surprise.

"Yes, you, James Clark! you have much to live for."

"My wife and children," he said, after a pause, sadly.

"Yes."

"Little good have I done them, so far. Better, far better, that I had died!"

"Let the past evil suffice, James. The future is all before you. Live a new life."

"Impossible!"

"Why do you say so?"

"This cursed appetite!"

"Resist and deny it."

"I cannot. Its power over me is entire. Have I not striven against it a hundred and a hundred times?"

"Try again. Go forth from this sick bed, sustained by the power of a strong resolution."

"I have no power in myself. I am weak as a child. In a little while, the fiery thirst that has been consuming me will return, and then I will be swept away as by the force of a down-sweeping current."

"You have said truly," I replied: "You have no power in yourself to resist evil. No one has. All power of resistance comes from God. Repose in his strength and you are safe."

"God help me!" exclaimed the unhappy man, with a sudden, despairing appeal, as he lifted his eyes upward.

"And God will help you," said I confidently. "He is ever ready to help all who look to him."

"Oh, if I could indeed live a new life!" was exclaimed eagerly. "If I could bring light and comfort back again to my dark, desolate dwelling, I think I would be the happiest man alive."

"You can! You can! Use but the means to strengthen the good resolution of the present hour. Show by your acts, that you are in earnest, and then both God and your fellow men will sustain you in your weakness."

"What shall I do?" he eagerly inquired.

"The first step for one like you to take," said I—"for one who has lost the power of rational self-control, is to sign the pledge. Then you come at once into the sphere of temperance, and will have a hundred supporters where you would not have one without. The act will bring you into immediate association with temperance men, and they will hold you up until you are strong enough to stand yourself."

"Bring me the pledge, and I will sign it," he cried eagerly, as if he felt this to be his last hope.

I was prepared for him. Drawing forth a pledge, a pocket ink-stand and a pen, I put it at once in his power to act upon his good resolution. Without a moments' hesitation, he subscribed his name.

"There are brighter days in store for you," said I, grasping his hand and shaking it warmly. "You can now say, with one of old time—Rejoice not over me, O, mine enemy! For, though I fall, yet shall I rise again."

I left him soon after, promising to call in a carriage on the next day, and take him home to his family.

The meeting between Clark and his wife—to the latter I had conveyed intelligence of her husband's good purposes—was affecting in the extreme. I left them in each other's arms, promising to call in during the day to have some talk about the future. When I did call, I was prepared to offer Clark a place at four hundred dollars a year, so soon as he was well enough to accept of it.

That place he has filled ever since, and now receives seven hundred dollars, instead of four. But of all, he has religiously kept his pledge. I need not describe the change at home. That can be readily imagined.

Let the story be a warning to all. Seek not to draw aside any one from the way of temperance, for that is the only path of safety.

As for the grog-seller, McClutchen, so soon as leisure gave the opportunity, I turned my thoughts toward him; but he had taken counsel of prudence, and was not to be found. Not being, in all probability, a legalized poor-house and jail-populator, man-killer and maimer, he deemed it prudent to avoid meeting the offended justice (!) of the state.

THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.

BY MRS. JANE C. CAMPBELL

Of all the wo, and want, and wretchedness, which awaken our compassion; of all the scences of misery which call so loudly for sympathy; there is none that so harrows up the feelings as the *Drunkard's Home!* Look at him who began life with the love of friends, the admiration of society, the prospect of extensive usefulness; look at him in after years, when he has learned to love the draught, which, we shudder while we say it, reduces him to the level of the brute. Where is now his usefulness? Where his admiration, where the love, that once were his? Love! none but the love of a wife, or a child, can cling to him in his degradation. Look at the woman, who, when she repeated "for better for worse," would have shrunk with terror had the faintest shadow of the "worse," fallen upon her young heart. Is that she who on her bridal day was adorned with such neatness and taste? Ah me, what a sad change! And the children, for whom he thanketh God, at their birth; the little ones of whom he had been so proud, whom he had dandled on his knee, and taught to lisp the endearing name of father—see them trembling before him, and endeavoring to escape his violence.

Oh God, have pity on the *Drunkard's Home!* The artist has well told his story, and who that looks upon it but would fearingly turn aside from the first step to ruin?

We too have a tale to tell, which it pains us to acknowledge, contains more truth than fiction.

James Boynton was the first born of his parents, and a proud and happy mother was Mrs. Boynton, when her friends gathered around her to look at her pretty babe. Carefully was he tended, and all his infantile winning ways were treasured as so many proofs of his powers of endearment.

In wisdom has the Almighty hidden the deep secrets of futurity from mortal ken; when the mother first folds her infant to her heart, could she look through the long vista of years, and see the suffering, the sin, the shame, which may be the portion of her child, would she not ask God in mercy to take the infant to himself? Would she not unrepiningly, nay, thankfully, bear all the agony of seeing her little one, with straightened limbs, and folded hands, and shrouded form, carried from her bosom to its baby-grave? And yet, not one of all the thousands who are steeped in wickedness and crime, but a mother's heart has gladdened when the soft eye first looked into hers, and the soft cheek first nestled on her own. And, still more awful thought! not one of all these Pariahs of society but has an immortal soul, to save which, the Son of God left his glory, and agonized upon the cross!

James grew up a warm hearted boy, and among his young companions he was a universal favorite. "Jim Boynton is too good-natured to refuse doing anything we ask," said Ned Granger one day to a school-fellow who feared that James would not join a party of rather doubtful character, which was forming for what they called a frolic. And this was the truth. Here lay the secret of Boynton's weakness—he was too good-natured;

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THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.

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for this very desirable and truly amiable quality, unless united with firmness of character, is often productive of evil. But we pass over his boyish life, and look at him in early manhood.

He has a fine figure, with a handsome intelligent countenance, and his manners have received their tone and polish from a free intercourse in refined circles. He passed his college examination with credit to himself; but, from sheer indecision of character, hesitated in choosing a profession. At this time, an uncle, who resided in the South, was about retiring from mercantile life, and he proposed that James should enter with him as a junior partner, while he would remain for a year or two to give his nephew the benefit of his experience. The business was a lucrative one, and the proposal was accepted.

James left his home at the North, and went to try his fortunes amid new scenes and new temptations. His uncle received him warmly, for the old man had no children of his own, and James was his god-child. His uncle's position in society, and his own frank and gentlemanly demeanor, won him ready access to the hospitality of southern friends, and it was not long before he fell in love with a pretty orphan girl, whom he frequently met at the house of a common acquaintance. That the girl was portionless was no demerit in his uncle's eyes. Not all his treasures, and they were large, had choked the avenues to the old man's heart, and the young people were made happy by his approval of their union.

After a visit to his friends in the north, James returned with his bride; and in a modern house, furnished with every luxury, the happy pair began their wedded life. And now, who so blest as Boynton? Three years pass away, and two children make their home still brighter. Does no one see the cloud, "Not bigger than a man's hand," upon the verge of the moral horizon?

Boynton's dislike to saying "No," when asked to join a few male friends at dinner, or, on a party of pleasure; his very good nature, which made him so desirable a companion, were the means of leading him in the steps to ruin.

"Come Boynton, another glass?"

"Excuse me, my dear fellow, I have really taken too much already."

"Nonsense! it's the parting glass, you must take it." And Boynton, wanting in firmness of character, yielded to the voice of the tempter. Need we say, that, with indulgence, the love for the poison was strengthened.

For a while the unfortunate man strove to keep up appearances. He was never seen, during the day in a state of intoxication; and from a doze on the sofa in the evening or a heavy lethargic sleep at night, he could awake to converse with his friends, or attend at his counting-room, without his secret habit being at all suspected.

But who, that willingly dallies with temptation, can foretell the end? Who can "Lay the flattering unction to his soul," that in a downward path he can stop when he pleases, and unharmed retrace his steps? Like the moth, circling nearer and still nearer to the flame, until the insect falls with scorched wing, a victim to its own temerity, so will the pinions of the soul be left scathed and drooping.

Soon Boynton began to neglect his business, and he was secretly pointed out as a man of intemperate habits. At last he was shunned, shaken off, by the very men who had led him astray. Who were most guilty? Let heaven judge. Here let us pause, and ask why it is that so many look upon a fellow-being verging to the brink of ruin, without speaking one persuasive word or doing one kindly act, to win him back to virtue? Why is it, that, when fallen, he is thrust still farther down by taunt-

ing and contempt? Oh, such was not the spirit of him who came "To seek and to save that which was lost." Such was not the spirit of him who said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." How often, instead of throwing the mantle of charity over a brother's sin, instead of telling him his fault "Between thee and him alone," is it bared to the light of day, trumpeted to a cold and censure-loving world, until the victim either sinks into gloomy despondency, and believes it hopeless for *him* to attempt amendment; or else stands forth in bold defiance, and rushes headlong to his ruin. Not one human being stands so perfect in his isolation, as to be wholly unmoved by contact with his fellows; what need then, for the daily exercise of that God-like charity, which "Suffereth long and is kind," which "Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." Seven years have gone with their records to eternity—where is James Boynton now?

In one room of a miserable, delapidated tenement, inhabited by many unfortunate victims of poverty and vice, lives he who, on his wedding-day, had entered a home which taste and luxury rendered enviable. Squalor and discomfort are on every side. His four children are pale and sickly, from want of proper food, and close confinement in that deleterious atmosphere. They have learned to hide away when they hear their father's footsteps: for, alas! to his own, he is no longer the *good natured* man. Fallen in his own esteem, frequently the subject of ribald mirth, his passions have become inflamed, and he vents his ill-humor on his defenceless family. He no longer makes even a show of doing something for their support; and, to keep them from starving, his wife works whenever and at whatever she can find employment. A few more years, and where is Mrs. Boynton? Tremble: yet who set an example to your families of which ye cannot foretell the consequences! Tremble, ye whom

God has made to be the protectors, the guides, the counselors, of the women ye have vowed to love and cherish! Mrs. Boynton, like her husband, has fallen! In an evil hour, harrassed by want, ill-used by her husband she tasted the fatal cup! It produced temporary forgetfulness, from which she awoke to a sense of shame and anguish. Ah, she had no mother, no sister, no woman-friend who truly cared for her, to warn, to plead, to admonish! Again was she tempted, again she tasted, and the squalid home was rendered tenfold more wretched, by the absence of all attempt at order. However great may be the sorrow and distress occasioned by a man's love for strong drink, it is not to be compared to the deep wretchedness produced by the same cause in woman; and it is matter for thankfulness, that so few men drag down their wives with them in their fall.

Providence raised up a friend who took the barefooted children of the Boyntons from being daily witnesses of the evil habits of their parents; and so dulled were all the finer feelings of his nature, that James Boynton parted from them without a struggle.

Like the Lacedemonians of old, who exposed the vice to render it hateful in the eyes of the beholders, we might give other and more harrowing scenes from real life; but let this one suffice.

Thank God, for the change which public opinion has already wrought! Thank God, for the efforts which have been made to stay the moral pestilence! Oh, it is fearful to think how many homes have been made desolate—how many hearts have been broken—how many fine minds have been ruined—how many lofty intellects have been humbled! It is fearful to think of the madness—the crime—the awful death—which follow in the *steps* to *Ruin!*

THE WINE-CUP.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

Dash down the sparkling cup! its gleam,
  Like the pale corpse-light o'er the tomb,
Is but a false, deceitful beam
  To lure thee onward to thy doom.
The sparkling gleam will fade away,
  And round thy lost bewildered feet,
'Mid darkness, terror, and dismay,
  The ghastly shapes of death will meet.

Dash down the cup! a poison sleeps
  In every drop thy lips would drain,
To make thy life-blood seethe and leap,
  A fiery flood through every vein—
A fiery flood that will efface,
  By slow degrees, thy godlike mind
Till, 'mid its ashes, not a trace
  Of reason shall be left behind.

Dash down the cup! a serpent starts
  Beneath the flowers which crown its brim,
Whose deadly fangs will strike thy heart
  And make thy flashing eye grow dim.

Before whose hot and maddening breath—
More fatal than the simoom blast—
Thy manhood, in unhonored death,
Will sink, a worthless wreck at last.

Dash down the cup! thy father stands
And pleads in accents deep and low,
Thine anguished mother clasps her hands
With quivering lips and wordless woe.
They who have borne thee on their breast
And shielded thee through many a year;
Oh, would'st thou make their bosoms blest,
Their life a joy,—their pleading hear!

Dash down the cup! thy young wife kneels—
Her eyes, whose drops have often gushed,
Are turned, with mute and soft appeal,
Upon thy babe in slumber hushed.
Didst thou not woo her in her youth
With many a fond and solemn vow?
Oh, turn again, and all her truth
And love shall be rewarded now!

Dash down the cup! and on thy brow,
Though darkened o'er with many a stain,
Thy manhood's light, so feeble now,
shall, bright and steady, burn again.
Thy strength shall, like the fabled bird,
From its own ashes upward spring;
And fountains in thy breast be stirred,
Whose waters living joy shall bring!

LAKE SUPERIOR AND THE NORTH-WEST.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

Away, far away toward the sunsets of June, stretches the peerless, majestic Superior, the largest, the deepest, the purest, the coldest body of fresh water on the surface of the globe. With a length of four hundred miles, a mean breadth of one hundred and fifty, a total circumference (without regarding petty indentations) of not less than fifteen hundred, with its surface six hundred feet above and its depths three hundred below the heaving surges of the two great oceans on either hand, with its rock-girdled, slightly timbered shores abandoned by the savage whose thinly scattered bands once found here a scanty and precarious subsistence, and hardly as yet invaded by the white man's merciless axe, Lake Superior lies to this day the most cleanly and lovely expanse of waters that embosoms the moon's cold glances and returns gaze for gaze as stately and unmoved.

It was early in June, 1847, when our boat cast loose from Detroit, and headed west north-west up the broad, short, placid Detroit river through the small, shallow Lake St. Clair, up the river so named into and across the magnificent Huron, centre and pride of the great chain of lakes which form so striking and beneficent a feature of our continent. The evening shadows

were deepening as we entered the lake, and all that night, next day, and far into the following night, our good boat pursued her north-west way to Mackinac, her immediate destination. The weather was stormy, alternating from pouring rain to thick, drifting mist— so thick that frequent soundings were essential to safety, for Huron has more than her share of the twenty-two thousand islands embosomed by the great chain of lakes and rivers which forms our northern boundary. They lie mainly in the north, so as to leave clear the usual track of our steamboats and vessels mainly destined to Lake Michigan, for the greater part of the way; but as you approach Mackinac, the Michigan coast and its islets on one side, the islands half filling the north end of the lake on the other, with Mackinac itself directly in front, render the navigation in a dense fog somewhat critical. Our first shallow soundings indicated land on the Michigan side and pretty near, as the water shoaled fast; so our boat was headed off; but a short time sufficed to indicate land on the other bow, so no safe course remained but to anchor. With night the fog and storm took leave, and broad day showed Mackinac but a few miles distant, directly in our onward course. We had anchored just in time.

A stroll at Mackinac is worth a day in any man's life. The island lies in the mouth of Lake Michigan, which, but for it, would be but a magnificent bay or arm of Lake Huron. It is an out-crop of limestone above the two lakes it thus separates, covered with a gravelly loom which the crumbling and sweating of the rock renders decidedly fertile. The potato especially grows here in rare luxuriousness and excellence—but cultivation is very scantily attended to. The arts most in vogue are fishing and drinking whisky, which are carried to great perfection. The shoals of fish passing by it into and out of Lake Michigan made it a favorite haunt of the Red Man from time immemorial; its

command of the entrance into Lake Michigan dictated the establishment here of a Military post several generations ago; and where Indians and soldiers do congregate, there liquor is apt to be in requisition. Missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, were long since attracted to this savage emporium; but about the only trace of their labors now visible to the naked eye is 'The Mission House,' by far the best hotel on the island. I did not taste it, but understood that the liquor it dispenses is a decided improvement (in taste) on the 'Fire-water,' for which the Indians of the last century were each too happy to pay a dollar a pint in beaver-skins at half a dollar a piece, thus keeping himself most royally drunk until the last skin, which should have bought bread for his hungering babes, had been drunk up, and then departing in sullen silence, with a headache like a young volcano, for his bare-walled lodge in the distant wilderness, there to mope and starve through a six months' unbroken winter.

I note the improvement, as tested by the palate, in the liquor procurable at Mackinac, because improvement is there a rarity. In the heart of the thrifty and rapidly growing West, here is a mart done-over, *passeé* decaying—an embryo Tadmor or Nineveh. The Red Men, having been swindled and fuddled out of all their lands within a summer's journey, have been pushed farther and farther back into the still unbroken wilderness, rendering it no longer convenient nor practicable for them to come hither to receive their annual payments; the Missionaries and the whisky-dispensers have accompanied or followed them; even the soldiers, save a very few, have been drawn away to some point where soldiering is not so glaring an absurdity and futility; and Mackinac is left to the fishermen, the steamboats, the few wiser travelers for pleasure who make a stop of a day or two at the Mission House, the sellers of 'Injun curiosities,'

and the dozen families of loiterers of diverse hues who remain here, apparently because they know not how to get away. By these its fall from its high estate is not redeemed; it is scarcely retarded: Mackinac *was*.

Yet it might be, may be, an inviting summer residence for invalids. Its atmosphere is of the purest; its breezes from the cold surrounding lakes hardly intermitted; its 'nine months' winters' are divided from each other by 'three months' cold weather'—to wit, from the middle of June to the middle of September—just the season least endurable in milder climates. On the 8th of June, 1847, the few apple-trees here had not blossomed, but were thinking about it; they had accomplished it before my return on the 1st of July.

We left Mackinac in the fair, fresh morning, and bore northeast some ninety miles to the 'Grand Detour,' or great elbow made by the St. Mary's River in discharging the waters of Lake Superior into those of Lake Huron. Both river and lake are in this quarter studded with islands, and I never hope to see on earth a fairer sight than here lay spread out beneath the genial midday sun of June, which reminded me of an evening May-day in Vermont or New-Hampshire. The islands and shores rose in graceful swells from the very edge of the water, which here hardly rises or falls a foot in a century; the poplar and white birch, which mainly line the pebbly, rocky shores, were in their early, light-green tender leaf, contrasting strongly with the dark evergreens in the background, and giving the impression at first sight of grassy meadows sloping down from the woods to the water and filling up the space between them. In some places, a close scrutiny was needed to dispel the natural illusion. Many of the tiny islets appear to rise but a foot or two above the surface of the broad and tranquil St. Mary's, and would seem in constant danger of being submerged, but their timber

bears testimony to their perfect immunity from that peril. No mountains nor cliffs obstruct the breeze nor the vision, and the passage of the generally deep and placid but in some places swift and shallow St. Mary's is a succession of magnificent pictures, wherein the serenest and deepest blue of heaven is fitly reflected in the clear cold depths below, and the scarcely indented forest, in its impressive silence and grandeur, fitly blends and harmonizes with both.

We got aground when a few miles from the Saut St. Marie, running on a bank in the darkness of the night, and were unable to work off till next morning. An hour of sunshine brought us safely to the wharf at the Saut, where the waters of Lake Superior leap and foam over a bed of rugged rocks, perhaps half a mile wide and rather more than a mile long, in which they descend some eighteen or twenty feet, into a wide, still basin below, forming an excellent harbor for all manner of craft, and a hundred times as many of them as have ever yet been attracted to that rude region. There is no perpendicular fall of any account, and sometimes, when strong western gales blow for a day or more down the lake, doubling the volume of water discharged and covering up the channel rocks therewith, I understand that the appearance is very little different from that of the St. Lawrence at some of its larger rapids not deemed absolutely barriers to navigation. On these rare occasions, the only obstacle to the passage of light, strong steamboats down or even up is the shallowness and intricacy of the channel, but that precludes the idea, not exactly of success but of safety. Sailing vessels of light draft have been run down without injury, after years of service on Superior, and one small steamboat is now in Superior which formerly plied on the lower lakes, but I think that was taken up over land. 'Mackinac boats,' calculated for propulsion by oars or light sails, of one to three feet draft, and of five

to twenty tons' burthen, are wearily dragged with ropes up the less impetuous current by one or the other shore, and then run down by skillful navigators for the excitement and eclat of the adventure—a fool-hardy caper at best, which sometimes proves fatal to those engaged in it. The day before I reached the Saut on a second visit, in August, 1848, a heavy, hard-bitted boat, overloaded with nine Indian and white bare-brains, attempted this feat, but she struck a rock just under water when in full career, and pitched her human cargo first into the air and then into the foam, where three of them were drowned and some others fished out of the eddies below barely alive and utterly insensible. By prompt and efficient efforts they were resuscitated, and I presume they have since left the passage of the Saut to men who have bought their wit cheaper.

I suspect the Saut St. Marie is the oldest existing aggregation of human dwellings on this continent—north of the city of Mexico at all events. As the easiest of fisheries, constantly visited by white-fish, trout and siskoweit from the three mighty lakes below with their intermediates and tributaries, it must have early won the Red Men to build their lodges on its banks, roaming thence in quest of game through the dense forests around and the fair prairies lying beyond them in the south. The sugar maple abounds on either hand, and this, with the berries of the wood and the fish of the river, would afford to the hunter's wife the means of eking out a subsistence during his long absences on the chase or on the war-path. Columbus, the Red Men's evil genius, laid bare this continent to European adventure and avarice, and, before the Mississippi was discovered or the Ohio traced to its mouth, French explorers, soldiers and missionaries had pitched their tents beside the fishers' cabins at the Saut. A century has nearly passed since French ascendency in this region was completely overthrown and supplanted, but French charac-

ter and manners, more plastic and genial than the Anglo-Saxon, still hold their ground. The Catholic Church is, I think, the best attended of any at the Saut, and I fear I was the least edified of any among the worshipers within its walls on the Sabbath I attended it. Its frequenters, of Indian, French and intermediate origin, maintained a general demeanor of gravity, propriety and interest; and the Latin Mass was quite as intelligible to them as it would have been to an Irish or Yankee congregation. Throughout the north-west, I believe the Catholic Missionaries, in spite of English and American domination, are the most successful of any in acquiring and maintaining an influence over the minds of the untutored Aborigines, though a philosopher would naturally anticipate that simple forms and less mysterious or recondite dogmas would secure their preference. I think, too, the Catholic Missionaries enjoy a general reputation of superiority in talents, while all are men of exemplary character and earnest devotion. If not, why should they have thus buried themselves for life in a hyperborean wilderness?

The Saut is now a cosmopolite village. The Red Man has been superseded in dominion by the French; they by the English; and the latter, so far as the southern shore is regarded, by the Americans; while 'the meteor flag' still waves over the smaller though older village on the north bank, which is deeply indented by a bay at the foot of the fall, whence, I understand, the route for a ship canal into the lake above is decidedly shorter than that on the American side—easier it hardly could be, since a mill-race was formerly cut through the whole extent on our side by a small body of United States troops posted here, merely in order to turn a mill for the grinding of their grain into flour. The mill long since vanished, but the race remains, showing the feasibility of a canal which would open the great reservoir above to the thousand keels now plying on the lower lakes, greatly

diminishing the cost of transportation, and in effect bringing the Superior region a fourth nearer the seaboard than it now is. The cost of such a canal, of ample size and thoroughly constructed, would be Half a Million of Dollars; its value to the Nation would be many Millions. It cannot much longer remain a project unexecuted.

But I linger too long at the Saut. Farewell, ye swamps of evergreen, stretching interminably southward from the Fall! Adieu, Indian huts and whisky-selling cabins, the latter more numerous than the private dwellings, lining the level road on our side from the foot to the head of the fall! I did my best to cripple your deadly traffic by a Temperance Address to full half the people of the place, while I was with you; but, I apprehend, you can well afford to forgive me that. The River of Alcohol that flows down the throats of the savage or semi-savage thousands who here obtain their annual, only glimpse of civilization, is still broad enough, impetuous enough, to drown all hopes of their speedy disenchantment from the infernal sorcery which is rapidly destroying them, mind, body and estate—and what more can a rum-seller, what more could a demon desire?

The means of conveyance on Lake Superior are yet primitive —they were more so in 1847–8. The solitary Propeller wherein we took passage from the Saut had no genius for rapid locomotion, even in good weather; in the other sort she very properly refused to go at all, unless driven by the wind and waves. She had a rival on the lake—the steamboat already mentioned; but she was older and more dubious than the propeller. The two started together on a dull, hazy June morning, favored by a raw, heavy east wind, which soon blew up a driving rain, the counterpart of an April north-easter on the coast of New-England; and this closed, during the succeeding night, with a smart gale from the west, wherein the schooner Merchant, which left

the Saut with us, conveying a military company of fifteen persons, went down with all on board, and was never again heard of. This storm caused us to miss the Pictured Rocks, one of the lions of the lake, situated on Grand Island, in the south-east quarter, and so out of the path of vessels passing up the lake. Not having seen the Rocks, I shall not attempt to describe them.

You cannot see Lake Superior from the Saut—only a circuitous strait or bay leading thence and gradually narrowing down to the width of the outlet I have described. Not till you have passed White Fish Point, thirty to forty miles up, does the lake open to your gaze in its vastness and solitary grandeur. Thence you soon pass out of sight of land and sail on for hours and hours, alone with God and the mirrors of His immensity in the transparent depths above, around, beneath. I have traversed the lake in storm and calm; the latter is by far the more sublime. The mighty ocean is a tumbling chaos, but here is a serene creation. A sail is rarely descried as yet; the fish are quiet in their depths far below, disdaining the vain displays of the porpoises and dolphins of the brine; few birds inhabit these shores, and rarely one, unless it be birds of passage, in their annual migrations, ever darken its depths with their flitting shadows. Beside your bark and its contents, nothing of man or his doings is visible or suggested as you pursue your trackless way.

The waters of this lake never forget their proximity to the Arctic circle. Though their great depth and volume prevent their freezing, except for a few miles next the shore, yet the same influences prevent their yielding to the sun's summer fervor as well, and, though the fair days of July and August are as hot on its shores as in New-York, yet an experienced navigator of Superior observed in my presence that he never knew a hot day thereon. Even without wind, the evaporation from her cold

bosom counteracts and baffles all the power of Sol's fiercest rays. The melting of ice over a vast body of water scarcely less cold than ice is a tedious operation, and the spring is later by weeks than it would be if the lake were not here, as, on the other hand, the winters are less rigorous. Winter is preceded, in September and the fore part of October, by the loveliest Indian summer ever known; which is followed by storms, first of rain, then of snow, in rapid succession, until *thirty feet* of snow, by actual measurement, have often fallen in November and December, covering the earth with six to eight feet, well packed down—the result, perhaps, of thirty days' steady snowing out of the sixty. By this time, the water of the lake has been chilled to something like the temperature of the air above it; evaporation slacks off, and a season of fair, steady, but not extreme cold succeeds. The mercury in the Fahrenheit's thermometer often stands nearly at zero for weeks without once falling much below that point. The spring's approach is heralded by prodigious rains, very similar in extent and duration to the snows of early winter, whereby the ice of the lake and the snowy mantle of earth are gradually wasted away, leaving a tenacious residuum of ice beneath the evergreens of the swamps and lower grounds generally. The soil is thus saturated like a sponge for a couple of months, to the serious impediment of mining and nearly every other branch of industry. The lake slowly yields its ice, but continues obstinately cold, covering the surrounding country with frosts up to a late period in June. I first landed at Eagle Harbor on the 15th of June, and the following night ice formed there to the depth of a quarter of an inch. Ten days before, fresh ice had formed over a part of the harbor, of such thickness as seriouly to cut and deface the sides of a small schooner that was impelled through it. And all through the summer, though the fair days are abundantly hot,

the succeeding nights are so cool that the gnats and mosketoes, though horribly plenty and savagely blood-thirsty by day, are absolutely quiet and inocuous after night-fall, and I do not believe a mosketo ever hummed after dark in any cabin within miles of Lake Superior. The blessedness of this dispensation none but the infinitely bitten can appreciate.

I thought till I tried that the common report of the impossibility of bathing in the waters of this lake was an exaggeration; so, during my second visit, late in August, 1848, I determined to test it. Stealing away alone to a cove in which the transparent lymph gradually deepened from the shore outward, I disrobed and walked in; but common rumor was right and my skepticism wrong. For a short distance, the cold was endurable; but at the depth of five feet it stung like a hornet—and this on the 25th of August. After a very brief essay, I traveled shoreward and gave it up. Let the lake be entirely still through a long, bright day, and the sun's rays will warm into endurability the contents of some of the shallow bays of shining sand; but the water of the lake generally was never warm enough for bathing, and never will be this side of the general conflagration.

Two hundred miles or over due west from the Saut is Point Keewenaw or Kee-wai-wenon, the terminus of a promontory which bears its name, with the little isle Manitou and two or three surrounding rocks jutting out into the lake in a direct line beyond it. The Point or promontory is thrown out north-eastward obliquely from the southern or American shore of the lake, from which it bears much like the thumb from a human hand held naturally open. Between the Point and the main land S. S. E. of it is of course a deep bay, having an Indian village known as L'Ance at its head, with a Catholic and a Methodist Mission, a United States blacksmith, &c., &c. Here is a saw-mill and some cultivation. The potatoes grown at L'Ance (and

indeed any where about the lake) are capital, their only fault is that they are too few. They ought to be planted in the fall, so as to vegetate before the saturated earth can be made ready to receive them in the spring, by which course they are pretty surely allowed to ripen before the serious frosts of early September. The yield of all roots suited to the climate is very good, but winter grains are smothered by the deep snows, and Indian corn cannot abide the short summers and chilly nights. I believe some has been grown to be eaten green on the Ontonagon, to the south-west; but all the stalks I saw on the Point looked as if frightened out of their growth by nightly dreams of a hard winter at hand. They remind me of the mathematical definition of a line—extension without breadth—the length (two or three feet) being rendered remarkable only by the absence of breadth. Grasses and the spring-sown grains will yet flourish here; fruits never.

I once offended an old sea-captain with whom I was traveling by stage, and who had beguiled a part of the way with sea-yarns, by volunteering one of Lake Superior in turn—for though I had not then seen the mother of lakes, she was and had long been a theme of interest and wonder to me. My story was of Capt. Ben. Stannard, a pioneer in her civilized navigation, who, in the absence of charts, buoys, bells, light-houses, &c., &c., which are yet very scanty but twenty years ago were unknown, used to employ his rifle during a dense, protracted fog in lieu of compass and quadrant, firing it at intervals and judging by some peculiarity of the reverberation from the hills bordering the lake on his practiced ear how near to and on what part of the coast his vessel was. *My* captain felt insulted that I should think of putting such a story on him for a fact; yet as such I had received and still credit it. I won't say how efficient or reliable this rifle observation may have

been; but I can easily credit a resort to it by a ready, ingenious Yankee, thoroughly befogged on a jagged, rock-bound coast, yet perfectly familiar with every crook and turn of that coast if he could only see it, and acquainted also with the influences of proximity or remoteness, eminence or depression, in modifying the reverberations aforesaid. But, perceiving no adequate motive for risking the extra disfigurement of my visage, I tacitly yielded the point to my testy captain, lapsing into moody silence.

Point Keewenaw, though but a few miles across, and almost separated from the main land by a chain of lake and outlet, is traversed by the 'Little Montreal' and 'Eagle' rivers, as they are termed, being decent mill-streams only, with many smaller rivulets. No part of earth is more beautifully nor more bountifully watered, whether from clouds above or springs beneath. From the outward or north-western shore the hills rise in the course of two to four miles to an altitude of five to eight hundred feet, sending down at intervals of not many rods sparkling, brawling torrents of the purest cold water, warranted a healthful beverage for man or beast. Through this range 'Eagle River' makes its way, turning from east to south, and falling into the lake some twenty miles from the extreme Point, while the Little Montreal follows its southerly base and falls into the lake or bay several miles south of the Point. The valley of each, though elevated, is in good part level and arable, well timbered with sugar maple, white pine, black birch, &c., with hemlock, black ash, &c., on the level wet grounds. On their gentler tributaries, above the decaying beaver-dams which bespeak their origin, are frequently seen small meadows, whence the traveler, after long and tiresome wanderings in the enshrouding forest, obtains welcome views of the clear blue heavens, which seems nearer here than elsewhere. An autumn day

in these forests, the rank wild grass of the meadows waving in the gentle breezes, with glimpses of the blue lake at intervals as you emerge upon the north-west side of the eminences, is not to be disdained by an emperor. The lake, though three miles away, and six hundred feet below you, seem but a few steps off, quiet and shining like a kingdom of rock crystal. "They get up superb storms here in their season," coolly remarked my companion, as I silently contemplated the prospect with which he was familiar. I could not contradict him.

The Mines are of course the great feature of Lake Superior, but I shall not here describe them. The Iron region lies near the coast, sixty to eighty miles E. S. E. of the Point, and its hills of ore not surpassed as to quantity or quality by any in the world. Their working has barely begun, and at a period unfavorable to their rapid development. Of the Copper Mines, the most productive as yet are those near Eagle River on the Point, which yielded over one thousand tons of pure copper in 1849. Those on the Ontonagon are hardly opened yet, but are said to be not less promising. But what reader of an Annual will care to descend with me, candle in hand, the slender, slippery stair-rounds of a mine, with dirty water dripping on his head and the dark ooze hitting him at every turn, and the comfortable assurance that any misstep or giving way would probably land him in eternity? No, the Cliff Mine (the only one fairly opened) is a wonder, with its immense galleries blasted out of the solid rocks down to hundreds of feet below, not merely the foot of the cliff but the bed of the creek, and still going down, down, toward the nadir. Clink, clink, sounds the sledge on the drill-head or the cold-chisel, far down in those cavernous recesses, where roughly accoutred men are moving about like ghosts (if ghosts carry lighted candles) in the far profound, while hoarse voices are ordering hither and thither, and

every few moments the cry of warning followed by the roar of a blast break the monotony of this ten-story cavern. And there lies the dull yellow metal, blasted down after the patient removal of some feet of the rock beside it, in masses of one to fifty tons, the larger being slowly, laboriously cut into manageable pieces by long, sledge-driven chisels, and then hauled up to daylight exactly as nature fused it—a mighty column of mingled copper and quartz, reaching from the surface down, down beyond the scope of conjecture,—here nine-tenths quartz and there seven-eighths copper, fit to be run into cannon or coined into cents on the instant. The world has many marvels, but you must travel far to find the counterpart of the Mines of Lake Superior.

Perhaps the most striking feature of this mineral region is the unconscious testimony it bears to the truth of Solomon's apothegm that, essentially, 'There is nothing new under the sun.' The pioneer lands on a wild and rugged coast, bearing no trace of human labor or residence save that of the few idle savages now departed who from time immemorial barely subsisted with difficulty in certain widely scattered localities on the products of their rude fisheries and the far scantier products of the chase —for these fruitless, nutless, almost berryless woods, with their six months' drapery of engulphing snows, famishing or repelling nearly every animal but the rabbit, can never have been a favorite haunt of game. Debarking at some point convenient to his contemplated destination, the pioneer 'prospects' or carefully explores the woods for miles in every direction, but especially the faces of cliffs and all abrupt declivities where the rocks in position are exposed, for traces of mineral veins, which, being found, he proceeds to open by digging, drilling and blasting, so as to determine as soon as may be whether they, or any of them, will probably justify the heavy expense of opening

in due form, by shaft and drift in the hard trap-rock. Probably the first, second, and even third essay results in disappointment; the vein is thin and poor; the rock, which was fair amygdaloid at the outset, changes to conglomerate or green-stone, or a tough, leathery, chloritic trap in which mineral veins will not hold, but thin out as he descends to a mere trace, not worth the powder required to open them. But at length—and it may not be the first year, nor the second—he strikes a vein of the right sort, widening rather than narrowing as it descends in a nearly perpendicular direction, with walls of the genuine trap clearly defined, while the vein-stone itself is unequivocal quartz, diversified by prehnite and crystals, with traces of silver and an abundance of native copper, showing a tendency to form masses, even within a few feet of the surface. Joy! joy! the miner's heart dilates and exults with all the pleasure and pride of another Columbus. But hold! what is that indentation in the earth's surface just above and below and in line with his rude excavation? It seems as if cut by a mountain rivulet, yet no water courses through it, and upland trees grow giant-like in its sides and bed. No, it is no water-worn channel, but the bed of an ancient excavation, which time, gravitation and the ever-active elements have so nearly filled up—a place where copper was worked for and obtained before Solomon wrote Proverbs or Samson smote the Philistines. Cut down the venerable trees—they are as stately and as gnarly there as anywhere—dig out their roots, throw out the earth which has slowly tumbled or crumbled in, and you will come at length to the rock bottom and sides, with the yellow mineral gleaming through the former, surrounded by stone boulders of a peculiar hardness, unlike any thing originating in the neighborhood, and evidently brought from a distance to be used as hammers in liberating the copper from the enclosing rock—each boulder

having an incision or ring laboriously cut around it to retain the withe or handle whereby it was unquestionably wielded and impelled. There are indications that the ancient miners employed fire (having no powder) to overcome the stubborn resistance of the enclosing trap, probably heating it intensely hot by burning logs, and then dashing on water to calcine or crack it. A few scraps and implements of copper were lost or left by them, leaving no doubt of the nature or drift of their operations. In one place, a giant mass of solid copper, of several tons' weight, after having vainly resisted all their efforts to separate or fuse it, was left in their excavation as impracticable and useless—a windfall to their successors of our day—after having obviously cost many of the primitive miners the labor of months if not years.

But I grow tedious. Adieu! mighty reservoir of waters, the purest, the clearest, the coldest, within the dominion of civilized man. I thank the good Providence that enabled me to see thee in thy native, solitary grandeur and beauty, before the swiftly approaching tread of Industry and Commerce shall have covered thy bosom with sails and smoke-pipes, disrobed thy shores of their all-embracing forests, supplanting them with grass and vegetables, filling thy ports with the hum of thrifty Traffic and the manly tones of the anchor-lifting seamen's chorus. Around the mouths of those prolific mines shall gather larger and larger villages of hardy miners, daily sending up from sunless recesses a thousand yards below even the lake's blue surface the inexhaustable treasures of this Sweden of the New World. Who shall then know or care—indeed, what will it matter?—that I, a tired wanderer from the city's ceaseless strife, once roamed along these shores, patiently turning over the pebbles and sand, just above the line of the breaking

waves, in search of agates and cornelians, or joyously gathering in autumn the red berries of the mountain ash, and all for thee, dear son of my heart! polar summer of my rugged life! then so anxiously awaiting me in our distant cottage home, as now more calmly in the radiant Land of Souls. God keep me worthy of thy love and presence through the weary years, few or many, till I meet thee and greet thee in that world where the loving rëunite to be parted no more forever!

THE TEMPERANCE HOME.

BY MRS. E. JESSUP EAMES.

CHAPTER I.

HOME.

Wine, wine thy power and praise
Have ever been echoed in minstrel lays—
But water I deem hath a higher claim
To fill up a niche in the Temple of fame.

"HOME sweet Home!" there is no place like it, be it ever so humble so long as it is a Temperance Home. Of course there are all sorts of homes, and there is a vast difference between their merits, as we are too painfully made aware by contrast—Look on *this* picture, then on *that!* Fortunately it is the more favored of the two we are called upon to describe, and we repeat there is no place like the Temperance Home. We are almost sure to find health, happiness, prosperity, order and intelligence in a home, whose inmates have "taken the

Pledge." Behold how good and pleasant it is to see them dwell together in unity. The Angel of Good sheds the incense dew of Heaven from his fanning pinions over the charmed circle of kindred, who united in the social bands of reciprocal love, are found moving harmoniously in their sphere of delighted duty. All gentle offices, and useful charities are practised *here*. *Here* in the quiet temple of Home is the exclusive shrine of the affections; and *here* are the household gods worshiped with a true devotion. Thrice blessed is the home, over which the pure genius of Temperance presides.

CHAPTER II.

A RHAPSODY.

And *here's* to Thee! thou bright eyed and blooming Daughters of Health, fair Temperance. Not in richly cut crystal—in golden and silver-chased goblets, of ruby, red and amber colored wine, do we pledge *thee; that* were profanation indeed! But in the purer, more delicious element that sparkles in the depth of streams, and shady springs, in the valley broklet, the meadow rill, and forest fountain. In such cooling nectar, as fills the perfumed urn of the white water Lily—and the Iris-hued vase of the Tulip—in the crystal bowl of the Lotus, and the pretty globe of the Amaranth—in the fairy cup of the Bluebell—and the honey sweet chalice of the rich Rose Balm—in such consecrated draughts only, is it meet that we pledge thee, O, loveliest of Water Nymphs! And we challenge ye too, O beautiful Creations of the Elder Time, whose birth was amid the fresh-

Designed by T.H. Matteson.

Engd by H.S. Sadd.

THE TEMPERANCE HOME.

Printed by Nicole & Fute.

ness of the World! Ye Fauns and Fays—bright dwellers by sylvan streams—Oreades and Dryades of the Dorian Valley—Maid of the glossy fountain—Nymph of the waterfall—Come, one and all, ye long forgotten children of the Green Solitudes!—Thou fountain lover of fair Arethusa! and thou bright haired, and wayward Undine! come from your Ocean caves, all ye bright lingerers, and join us in a cup of the life giving element, to our chosen friend Temperance!

CHAPTER III.

THE TRIBUTE.

All stainless in the holy white of thy pure appareling, thou goest forth, the meekly earnest messenger of Truth and Goodness,—omnipotent in the cause of Virtue. Surely there was joy in Heaven, when thou wentest forth on thy great and God-like mission, and the rapturous chant of Angels followed thee, as encircled by thine own beaming and beautiful light, thou earnest (like the blessed bearer of glad tidings on the mountain tops,) with healing on thy wings for the nations of the earth.

O! firm and faithful Temperance on thy head
Blessings of Heaven and earth, a thousand fold be shed!

CHAPTER IV.

FATHER MATHEW.

We were oblivious indeed to pass *thee* by unnamed, thou Savior and regenerator of hundreds and thousands of poor unfortunates of both sexes; victims to that cursed "*drink.*" Deep, and pure, and living, is the fountain thou hast stired, and mighty are the gushings of its waters. Threading thy way to the sons and daughters of fallen humanity—how faithfully dost thou warn, how earnestly entreat,—how tenderly dost thou plead with those erring ones, who on the broad ocean of intemperance—have wrecked every prospect that brightened their better days. How eloquently thou persuaded those who tarry long at the wine, that it is a mocker: that strong drink is raging—that who so is deceived thereby is not wise. And in the solemn darkness and despair, that broods over the mental anguish of the stricken family, thou standest like an Angel of Mercy, administering the Pledge of peace, comfort and hope. Here in this Eden picture before us—we behold traces of thy foot-prints, *they* have listened to thy words of "Truth and *Soberness*," and laid thy lessons to their hearts. Long be it thy peculiar mission to elevate the down-trodden spirituality of man's imbruted nature—to waken his blunted sensibility—to repair the beautiful moral edifice, that sin has made a ruin—and to restore unsullied to the altar, the Divine Image of the Creator. Truly the blessings of all who were ready to perish be on thee:—thou who, hast so nobly combatted with the great destroyer, the hydra headed monster, Drunkenness.

CHAPTER V.

THE TEMPERANCE HOME WITHOUT.

This thank Heaven! is no Drunkard's Home. No miserable falling hut, with its weed grown patch of ground—its broken walls,—and rag stuffed windows. No idle inebriate of a husband whose reeling step, strikes sorrow and dismay to the hearts of his family:—no pale, grief-worn despairing wife—with a squalid brood of half starved, half clad children! Thank Heaven I say—this Book has but *one* such Picture!

Let us pause awhile, and contemplate the scene that is spread without the Temperance Home. This is a pleasant enough looking place half hid in a grove of elm, maple and flowering ash; with a richly-fruited orchard in the rear, and a gay flower garden in front. The surroundings betoken a family not rich, but possessing a competency, and everything wears the appearance that a well ordered temperance home should present.

Climbing plants and creeping vines (for which the poets has no name) twine and twist in graceful profusion around the rustic pillars of the pretty porch, running over the long roof in every direction, and weaving above the attic windows, a green and fragrant curtain of leaves and blossoms. Roses and honeysuckles—the white clematis, and purple morning-glory, are tastefully trained along the front windows; and the bright flower-beds beneath send up a "wilderness of sweets."

Yonder is an arbor, built between two graceful weeping willows, whose slender boughs with their silver-fringed tassels, meet over the arching roof. The purple and white fruited grapevine clusters along the trellised sides of the arbor, and within are disposed romantic seats of green and golden mosses.

Farther on in a sunny spot among the sweet clover, is ranged a row of bee hives — whose golden belted inmates, like their owners, "improve each shining hour." Mark how tastefully the little dove cotes are painted and perched among the trees: and those two milk-white lambs (pet ones, are they?) frisking and frolicking through the scented grass. To make the picture complete,—off there in the shade of the poplars, is a well—a real old fashioned well, with the "moss covered iron-bound bucket" and all. Is it not the very poetry of rural life?

CHAPTER VI.

FAMILY DEVOTION.

YES, one can very well see that this is a Temperance Home, but anxious as we are to make nearer acquaintance with its inmates, we could not think of disturbing the sanctity of their present position—

For there serene in happy age
Whose hope is from above,
A Father communes with the page
Of Heaven's recorded love.
Pure falls the beam, and meekly bright
On his grey holy hair,
Touching the page with tenderest light
As though its shrine were there.
Some words of life, e'en now have met
His calm benignant eye—
Some Ancient Promise breathing yet
Of Immortality.

And silent bend his children by,
  Hushing their very breath
Before the solemn sanctity
  Of thoughts o'er sweeping death.

Surely if happiness is to be found on earth it is in a home like this, when the morning and evening thanksgiving ascends to heaven—and where the bliss of its members is cemented by the renovating influences of piety, temperance and virtue. What a perfect picture of domestic bliss has the artist's pencil portrayed in this interesting group. Through the open window of this pretty family room, we can distinctly count them—ten in number. A large family indeed—but all well fed and cared for, as we can see. Those two little prattlers, each on a parent's knee, are held for the better sake of quiet I dare say, while the two at the father's feet seem meek and devout listeners of the word. That tall slender boy beside his mother is her summer child—her darling he! is

Faithful and fond with sense beyond his years
And natural piety that bears to Heaven.

Then there are the parents, and grand parents—and Mabel too, ah!—We must enter this privileged abode; we have a particular, and we hope a pardonable curiosity, to see the inside of this Temperance Home.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TEMPERANCE HOME WITHIN.

HERE we are then, in their very midst, and welcomed with the simple but sincere cordiality of people unfettered by the shackles of artificial society—who never wear company faces, and set manners for reception days. If we were enchanted with the scene without, how is our admiration brightened by a closer survey within.

It is true no costly luxuries adorn this room of the household; no splendid paintings—no superb cases of gold and crimson bound books, decorate the smooth white walls; no expensive bijouterie—no magnificent modern furniture of any kind is here—only a few rare old prints, snug pictures and choice gems of literature, some rare shells and curious corals, that father brought from sea; these with three or four simple pearl colored vases filled with fresh wood flowers, indicated the refined tastes of the occupants. Specimens of the industrial habits of the Temperance Home are to be seen in the tasteful chintz-covered settees, and the soft backed easy chairs, stuffed expressly for the elders—meantime these bright cushione seats of mosaic patch-work, claim our especial regard, because they are not too fine for use—and great is our relief that we can tread on the pretty green, home-made carpet without the fear of Wilton, or Brussels before our eyes! That society basket of "work cut out." must be for the Daughters of Temperance, and this box of delicate embroidering must be Mabels', cousin Mabel of whom we would know more.—What a paradise of pure delight, is such a home; where infancy, youth, manhood, and age are linked in one connecting chain of mutual affection. Surrounded by

dutious and affectionate children, whose reverential care supplies every want and wish, of the aged patriarch, and his half century companion, they are waiting patiently till their change come. They have set a bright example of good works, through a long life of truth and soberness.

> Their work has well been done,
> Their race is nearly run.

Their only surviving son, once a wild sailor youth (and something more) returned to his home—took the pledge, and after one year's probation, a wife. He is proud of his position as a great temperance advocate abroad, and total abstinence at home. The neatness, order, harmony and prosperity that surrounds him are the fruits of his perseverance in well doing—his wife—ah, her price is far above rubies! She opens her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness—her children rise up and call her blessed, her husband also, he praiseth her! —Sixteen years have they been man and wife, and years as happy for them as the most complete uprightness, and sobriety on his part, and the most perfect confidence, and loving submission on hers could make them. Those cherry-cheeked urchins are one and all bright, intelligent, industrious, well-mannered children; just such as one might expect to find in a well ordered home, and as had the happiness to be taught by a cousin Mabel. Yes, *she* is the childrens, good fairy! Cousin Mabel is always doing something for their pleasure and profit—*she* sympathizes in all their little joys and sorrows—and is their refuge in times of trouble. She not only dresses the girls' dolls, and cuts paper figures for them, covers balls for the boys, and decorates their kites, but she takes part in their play out of doors. She is a dear good cousin Mabel, she is—and tells them *such* stories, not only in prose but poetry too: and above all

there is one *one* beautiful ballad that they never weary of hearing, it is called "Mabel's song," and have we "ever heard it," "No"—then they will ask her *presently*, but *now*, will we *look* at.

CHAPTER VIII.

COUSIN MABEL.

O, YES! to please the children we *will* look. That young girl there is Mabel, raven-haired Mabel! with eyes "darker than the ash-buds," with the clear olive complexion; the broad intellectual forehead; the sculptured cheek and classic mouth. Mabel, with the still grace of a statue or the perfect form, and pensive face, and with such exquisite simplicity of attire, as well as demeanor, that one might deem the freshness and beauty of the early time had returned. Though there is, as one can see, nothing rustic about cousin Mabel; on the contrary, she has that indescribable air of elegance and ease, which is the result of early intercourse with the most refined society. She is young too, not more than seventeen; and, there is an expression not wholly sad, but touchingly subdued, on her clear calm face, as for some remembered sorrow, some former trial, passed away. We hope cousin Mabel is happy, as she ought to be, in her Temperance Home.

We have made neither mystery nor romance of our simple theme, and have availed ourselves of none of the attractions of fiction, to embellish our picture; for it has been our intention more to point a moral than adorn a tale; and while we would fain linger forever, were it possible, in a scene that has

awakened our highest sense of pure and rational enjoyment, it is only left us to add our entreaties to these little coaxers—that cousin Mabel will, as a parting favor, gratify us by a recital of that "*One* beautiful Ballad."

MABEL'S BALLAD.

A SHORT and simple tale, dear friends, yet I will tell it you;
A simple tale of household love, and household sorrow too.
I dwelt in a fine mansion once, a noble one to see,
With parents and three brothers dear, a happy group were we.
My father was a stern, proud man, not *always* stern to me;
For oft he strok'd my silken curls, and held me on his knee.
My mother, she was very fair, like an Angel, sweet and mild,
O, God! with what deep tenderness, her blue eye on me smil'd.
My brothers three, were goodly youths, with spirits bold and free;
They loved me well, but most *I* loved, the youngest, twin with me.
Our house was filled with company, a gay and jovial throng,
The dice was thrown—and the wine—ah, me! at the revel loud and long:
My mother's gentle heart was wrung, I know it grieved her sore,
But she might not check her husband's guests, and therefore she forbore:
But soon a time of trouble came—dark grew my father's eye,
Now the cup was ever at his lips to drown his misery!
Still swifter did misfortune come—the brother twin with me
Did pine away from day to day—until we saw him die.
And then it was, I first observed my mother's hollow cheek,
Her sunken eye, and wasted form, and her pleasant voice grew weak:
One early morn I stole alone up to her quiet bed,
As I kissed her icy lip and brow—I knew that she was dead!

Then loud was the outbreaking of my father's sudden grief,
But he quenched it in the cursed drink! and it made his sorrow brief.
Through *this*, my brothers turned out wild, and 'mid the profligate
They crept into all evil ways—I know not *now* their fate!
Houses, and lands, and friends, were gone, and very poor were we,
And father went from bad to worse, still drinking desperately!
It was a miserable time, of pain, and want, and woe!
And how the hopeless hours went on, I do not care to show:
May God forgive me! that I wept not when my father died
A sudden death! they brought him home one stormy eventide.
My heart was heavy as a stone, as all night long I sate,
And thought *what* awful household vice had made me desolate.
But God gave mercy in my need; my kindred heard of me,
And bade me come and dwell with them, if I content would be.
And I *am* comforted: though long the daughter of despair;
Amid these loving friends my grief pass'd like a dream of care.
Even from these little ones I do such daily lessons learn,
As might have saved my father's house, ah! how my heart doth yearn!
God's blessing and His holy peace, be on this house and hearth,
For we have ta'en a solemn pledge, the mightiest on earth,
Never to handle, touch, or taste, or put to human lips,
The cup that works such woe, as doth all other woes eclipse:
Thrice blessing, and thrice blest are we, whatever ills may come,
The heavy curse of Drunkenness haunts not the Temperance Home

THE SPARKLING BOWL.

BY REV. J. PIERPONT.

Thou sparkling Bowl! thou sparkling bowl!
Though lips of bards thy brim may press;
And eyes of beauty o'er thee roll,
And song and dance thy power confess,
I will not touch Thee! for there clings
A Scorpion to thy side, that stings?

Thou Crystal glass! Like Eden's Tree,
Thy melted ruby tempts the eye,
And, as from that, there comes from thee,
The Voice, "Thou shalt not surely die,"
I dare not lift thy liquid gem,
A snake is twisted round thy stem!

Thou liquid fire! like that which glowed
On Melita's surf beaten shore,
Thou'st been upon my guests bestowed,
But thou shalt warm my house no more!
For, wheresoe'er thy radiance falls,
Forth from thy hea' a viper crawls.

What Thou of gold the goblet be,
Embossed with branches of the vine,
Beneath whose burnished leaves we see
Such clusters as poured out the wine,
Among those leaves an adder hangs!
I fear him;—for I've felt his fangs.

The Hebrew, who the desert trod,
And felt the fiery serpent's bite,
Looked up to that ordained of God,
And found that life was in the sight
So. The worm bitten's fiery veins
Cool, when he drinks what God ordains.

Ye gracious clouds! Ye deep cold wells!
Ye gems, from mossy rocks that drip!
Springs, that from Earth's mysterious cells
Gush o'er your granite basin's lip,
To you I look;—Your largess give,
And I will drink of you, and live.

THE LAST REVEL OF BELSHAZZAR.

BY REV. J. TOWNLEY CRANE, M. A.

On the Euphrates, about four hundred miles from the Persian Gulf, a singular scene is spread before the wondering eye of the traveler. The majestic river winds through an extended plain. In some places, its banks are fringed with groves of the palm and the tamarisk, and thickets of the oleander, and in others by extensive marshes, where the bittern utters its mournful note, and the heron builds her nest among the thick reeds. As the voyager advances against the sluggish stream, he observes upon the left, or western shore, an object which at once arrests his attention. In the midst of a barren plain, an uncultivated waste, rises an immense mound. Its circumference is nearly half a mile; and its height, at the point of greatest elevation, is about two hundred feet. On its top stands a pile of masonry, apparently the ruins of some lofty edifice. The traveler commands his Arab boatmen to bring the vessel to the shore. Though they obey, yet they are evidently reluctant; for, from time immemorial, superstition has pointed to this spot as the haunt of evil spirits, and the wandering Arabs fear to pitch

their tents there, or to linger within its borders, especially after nightfall. As the traveler begins to ascend, with much labor, the hill before him, he finds the whole to be a massive ruin, deeply channeled by the storms of centuries, and strewn with fragments of brick, sandstone and marble. Here and there, the strata of well laid walls appear, and all around are pieces of broken pottery, and other indications that this lonely heap was once swarming with human life. The summit of the mound is covered with fragments of shattered walls, tumbled in immense heaps, and fused together as if they had felt the power of some fearful conflagration. On the side farthest from the river, the solid pile of brick work rises above the surrounding ruin, as the sentinel of desolation; and its broken jagged top shows that it is only the remains of a loftier structure. The fine bricks of which it is composed are covered with characters which no learning is able to decipher, and which hold in eternal silence, the story of those whose hands traced their ever during lines.

From this momento of human labor, the traveler casts his eyes south and west, and beholds a wide plain, whose solitude is broken only by a chance cluster of the black tents of the wandering sons of Ishmael. But to the north and east mounds rise, and uneven ridges stretch along the plain, heaped here and there with piles of bricks, as if remains of fallen buildings.

Here, then, if history tells a sure tale, or if tradition be in any wise worthy of regard, stood, three thousand years ago, the mighty city of Babylon. These mounds are the vestiges of her fallen grandeur, her palaces and her temples, and these lengthened heaps mark the course of her broad avenues. A nation's dust is under our feet. What utter desolation reigns, where more than a million of human beings once had their home. Miles in length, and miles in breadth, the ruins lie beneath the eye of the thoughtful observer, as he views the scene from the top of

Birs Nimrod, as the roving Arabs call the mound first described. But another mound, at the distance of six or seven miles to the north, across the Euphrates, is the most striking object in sight. This, too, is a massy ruin. The fallen walls are in some places composed of burned brick, and in others, of bricks dried in the sun, having a layer of straw or reeds, cemented with bitumen, between the courses. In one part of the summit are the ruins of a tower. The declivities of the mound are furrowed deeply by the rains; and the water, sinking down among the fallen walls, has washed out cavernous depths, in which poisonous serpents lurk, and beasts of prey make their dens; and where owls and bats hide themselves from the sun. The scattered bones of animals lie among fragments of alabaster vessels, and fine earthenware; and the hyena has his den, and utters his startling wail in the chambers of royalty. This mound, with its wall, and tower, and solitary tamarisk, is named by the wanderers of the desert *Mujelibé*, or the "Place of Captivity." It may have been a palace erected for their lords, by the captive bands of Judah, when by the rivers of Babylon they sat down; and wept when they remembered Sion. Here was once disinterred a coffin of wood, containing human bones; and here, too, curious explorers from a distant land uncovered a colossal lion of stone, which once perchance, stood in the halls of Semiramis.

But let us roll back the wheels of Time, through twenty-five centuries, and view the city in its original grandeur. Babylon the Great, "the Golden City," the "Lady of Kingdoms," "the Beauty of the Chaldees excellency," was built upon both sides of the Euphrates, and surrounded by a wall two hundred cubits high, and so thick that it might have furnished a course for the chariot races, were it not that towers, at intervals along its broad top, broke the level, while they imparted additional grandeur to the massy structure. The city was twelve miles

square, and the wall upon each of the sides was pierced by twenty-five portals, the ponderous gates of which were of solid brass. The western half of the city boasted the temple of Belus, whose fame has reached all ears. This wonderful structure was a furlong in length, and lifted itself to the enormous height of four hundred cubits. From various circumstances, antiquarians have inferred that it was built upon the foundation of the great tower, wherewith the sons of men, in the plains of Shinar, thought to set a second deluge at defiance. The tower of Belus was constructed of bricks, cemented with bitumen; and so durable have the materials proved, that the bricks, marked with inscriptions in the ancient Semitic tongue, may be seen in vast quantities to this day; and even the reeds and palm leaves laid between the courses, are as fresh as if the storms of a few years, instead of those of twenty-five centuries, had fallen upon them.

Instead of flights of steps, the dizzy height was ascended by a sloping terrace, winding round the outside, up and down, which beasts of burden, and even chariots, could pass. Upon the summit there was a magnificent shrine, or chapel, in which was a couch gorgeously adorned with gold and gems; and before this couch stood a golden table. The Chaldean priests taught the people that at night their God descended and reposed upon this couch. In another part of the temple was a golden statue, twelve cubits high, and of immense value. Before the door of the sacred apartment two altars were placed, upon which victims innumerable bled, and whence clouds of incense ascended. The incense burned at one festival was valued at a thousand talents. In this temple was the treasure house of Bel, filled with the plundered wealth of the many cities which had been sacked by the conquering Nebuchadnezzar. Among these heaps of treasure, were the golden and silver vessels which had been taken from the temple of Jehovah at Jerusalem, when the

warlike prince laid waste the Holy City and carried her children captive.

The banks of the Euphrates were connected by a bridge, and a tunnel; and at each end of the bridge there was a royal palace. The New Palace, on the eastern or Kasdim side of the river, was a most magnificent structure. The wall which encompassed it was eight miles in circuit, and its lofty gates were "gloriously adorned." Here were the royal banqueting halls, with their hangings of the famed Babylonian purple, their tables of embossed silver, and their pavements of the marble of Mosul. Nothing could be more imposing than a festal scene in these ample apartments. Hundreds of Chaldean nobles, in costly and picturesque array, glittering with gems and embroidery, sat down to the feast. A crowd of slaves, every feature of whose sorrow stricken countenances told of the lineage of Abraham, were gliding to and fro, bearing sumptous viands, and goblets of wine, which they presented, as they knelt before their haughty lords. A thousand perfumed lamps glittered among the rows of stately columns and shed their radiance upon the gay throng. The air was laden with the odor of flowers, and strains of melody, from unseen bands of musicians, floated through the chambers of mirth. Around the walls stood sculptured elephants and lions, of colossal size, intermingled with huge, mishappen images of Nebo, Nisroch, Derceto and Anammeleck, made of every variety of material.

Near the hall of banquets, and connected with it by flights of marble steps, were the renowned hanging gardens. Terrace rose above terrace, till they surpassed in height the walls of the city. This "Pensile Paradise," as the Jewish historian styles it, was erected by king Nebuchadnezzar, to gratify his queen Amytis, who wearied of the unbroken plain of Babylonia, and pined to behold the green hills of her native Media. The *arch*

being unknown, immense piers were erected, and joined at their summits, with broat flat stones. These again were covered with layers of bricks, cemented with bitumen. And upon the terraces thus formed, earth was spread deep enough to sustain not only the orange, the fig-tree and the vine, but even the beautiful tamarisk, and the tall and graceful palm. Upon these dizzy heights, the queen could walk forth and breath the balmy air of the summer evening, and muse over the lovely scene, as the moon, the goddess to whom she idolatrously bowed, was pouring a flood of pearly light upon the lofty towers and proud palaces of Babylon, and turning the broad Euphrates into a stream of molten silver. The solitary tamarisk, which still stands upon one of the heaps of ruins, is fancied by the Arabs to be one of the trees which flourished in the gardens of Amytis; and that it was miraculously preserved that the brave Ali might tie his war-horse to it, after the battle of Hillah. The mass of ruins which it crowns is called by them El-Kasr, or The Palace.

The interest with which we survey these heaps of ruins is heightened by the tangled mass of fact and fable of which their history is woven. No name in ancient story falls upon the ear with a more familiar sound than that of Semiramis, the warlike Queen of Chaldea; but when did she sway the sceptre? The learned labor and dispute over their conflicting dates, and wander doubtingly over a misty interval of fifteen centuries. Traditionary fables tell us that she was the daughter of the goddess Derceto; and being abandoned by her mother in her infancy, she was adopted and nourished by a flock of doves. She became the wife of Ninus, the king of Assyria, and when he died, or, as some say, was murdered by her command, she seized the sceptre with a resolute hand. She built the city of Babylon, the magnificence of which almost transcends belief. Then, putting herself at the head of her army, she marched

in triumph through the nations, and added Ethiopia and Lybia to her dominions. She then planned the conquest of India, the land of gold; but suffering a terrible defeat by the royal Stabrobates, she returned home, and being assassinated by her son, she was translated from earth, as it was asserted, in the form of a dove, and was seen no more. From this time, the Chaldean annals are filled with the names of sovereigns, whose united reigns are made to extend through twelve centuries, but whose whole line may be but a fable. The reliable history of the empire resumes with the names of Nabopolassar and Nebuchadnezzar, the latter of whom ascended the throne in the year 604 B. C. He reigned long and gloriously. He drove out the Syrians who had invaded his dominions. He captured Nineveh, the haughty rival of Babylon, and laid its glories low. He invaded Egypt, humbled its monarch in the dust, and reduced to his sway all the region between the Euphrates and the Nile. He then turned towards Judea, defeated its armies, entered Jerusalem in triumph, and returned home laden with the spoils of the Holy Temple, and leading the Jewish king captive. He now resolved to beautify and adorn his capital. Palaces and towers rose beneath his hand, and with every addition to the splendor of the mighty city, the monarch's heart swelled with new pride, till he could say, as he trod the lofty walls and looked abroad upon the work of his hands, "*Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?*"

But the proud monarch fell before one mightier than he, even the King of Terrors; and the saying went forth among his people that he, like Semiramis, had been conveyed away from earth, in a supernatural manner. His son, Evil-Merodach, ascended the throne, but soon perished by the dagger of the

assassin. To him succeeded Belshazzar, who found himself the undisputed lord of an empire in the meridian of its splendor. He might have reigned with honor, and left a name hallowed in the memories of a grateful nation. But, alas! he was an unworthy successor of the great Nebuchadnezzar. He loved wine. So intent was he on his degrading joys, that he even surrendered the reigns of government to his mother, Nitocris, that no serious occupation might disturb his dreams of indolence, or his pursuit of sensual pleasures. The wealth of kingdoms was lavished on splendid pageants, and luxurious entertainments. The nobles of the empire crowded to the capital, not to consult concerning the common weal, but to revel in the halls of Semiramis. The ill-starred Belshazzar plunged deep, and deeper still, into the degrading joys of wine and effeminacy, till his limbs tottered beneath his weight, while his inflamed countenance and bloodshot eye, spoke the monarch of Chaldea the slave of his passions and appetites. The courtiers were not slow in imitating their prince. Wine-bibbing and revelry reigned in the great city, "The Glory of Kingdoms." A historian, worthy of credit, assures us that "*Every class of society was addicted to habitual intoxication.*" It corrupted the court; it turned the halls of justice into scenes of mockery and oppression; it added to the rank licentiousness which marked the vile worship of the vile gods; and even in the camp, where discipline and rigor should be found, it stole away the skill of the general and the strength of the soldier.

But while the "Mighty Prince of Bel" and his wine-loving courties were drowning their manhood in the cup of the drunkard, a new power was rapidly rising in the East. The Medes and the Persians were beginning to gather might. The soldiers of Iran and Azerbijan, led on by the great Cyrus, were sweeping all before them. At the sound of their rushing horsemen,

their chariots of war, and the stately march of the solid masses of their steel-clad infantry, nations were dismayed, and kings threw their crowns in the dust, and humbly sued for peace. This army was not composed of the effeminate children of luxury, but of the hardy sons of toil, fresh from the mountains of the north. Like a strong-winged eagle from their native hills, they swept down upon the prey. Their general, too, had gained strength of arm in his youthful conflicts with the panther and the lion; and he was taught wisdom and temperance by the workings of his own powerful intellect. A little incident of his boyhood, as related by Xenophon, will illustrate the character of this noble son of Iran.

When he was about the age of twelve years, he with Mandane his mother, was summoned to the court of Astyages, his grandfather, a prince of Media. "O Sire," said the youthful Cyrus, one day, as they were seated at the banquet, "command this Sacian cup-bearer to give me the goblet, that I may show how well I can serve you." The king, amused at the request, assented, and the cup was placed in his hand. Cyrus, having received it, assumed a grave countenance, and very gracefully handed it to his grandfather, and then, laughing, threw himself into his arms, exclaiming, "O, Sacian, thou art undone, and I shall have thy office! For I gave the cup in better style than thou: besides, I did not drink the wine!" It appears to have been a common custom for the butlers of kings, when they presented the cup to their masters, to pour out a little of the contents into their left hand, and drink it, to show that no treachery had infused poison into the cup, in hope of destroying a tyrant or a rival. Astyages, remarking Cyrus' omission of this ceremony, inquired the reason: "Wherefore, O Cyrus, didst thou not taste the wine?" "Because, by Leus," replied the boy, "I was afraid that there was poison mingled with the wine.

When thou didst feast thy friends upon thy birth-day, I saw plainly, O Sire, that this wicked Sacian was poisoning you." "Child," asked the king, "how didst thou know this?" "By the effects," answered Cyrus, "I saw you tottering in body and in mind. What you had forbidden us children to do, those very things you did yourselves. You all clamored at the same time, each knowing nothing of what the others were saying. And then you sang, in a most ridiculous manner. Nobody listened: but each swore that he sang better than all the rest. Then, boasting of your skill, you all rose up to dance: but you were not only unable to dance according to the measure, but even to keep yourselves from falling. And you and your servants, alike, wholly forgot that you were a king."

But Cyrus was now a man, his acute mind trained to thought, and his vigorous body inured to toil. And this was the general, who, in carrying on his schemes of conquest, led his veterans against the voluptuous Belshazzar, and his effeminate troops. They met in the open field; and, the result was such as all must rationally have anticipated. The Chaldean army defeated again and again, was melting away before the lance of the Mede, and the scimetar of Persia, like snow-drifts beneath the sunbeams. The wine-loving Belshazzar, seeing nothing before him but continued defeat and ultimate ruin, in this warfare, gave up the plains to the spoiler, and took refuge within the mighty walls of his capital, "The Golden City."

Cyrus pressed on, with his powerful army, to the gates of Babylon, and showed his determination to lay her pride and splendor low. He stormed the brazen gates with his engines. He cut down the palm trees of the plain, and reared lofty towers, to over-top the walls; and tried all the modes of assault known to ancient warfare. But all was in vain. The massive gates were unbroken, and the walls still towered in their solid

strength. The citizens of the "Pride of the Kingdoms," could take their walks of pleasure upon their proud battlements, and scan, with curious eye, but careless heart, the camp of their foes spreading far and wide, and covering the earth like a cloud. From their inaccessible heights, they shouted defiance, as they saw the masses of infantry, clad in burnished armor, and drawn out in long array; or, as their eyes were dazzled by the brilliant lines of the cavalry of Media.

They felt secure. Why should they fear? They had a numerous garrison. Provisions for twenty years were stored up in the granaries of the city; and the space enclosed by the walls was so vast, that a considerable portion could be cultivated, should any emergency demand it. The extensive parks of the nobles could be made so productive, that no famine need be dreaded, though the siege should last a generation. Belshazzar, and his court, his army and his people, were so well satisfied with their defences that they seem to have banished all concern. They still pursued pleasure, and spent their days and nights in revelry. The songs of musicians and the lascivious performances of the dancing girls, still graced their feasts, and wine flowed as freely as ever. The army of the foe apparently labored for naught. Month after month wore slowly away in the prosecution of the seemingly hopeless task, until two years were gone; and proud Babylon still lifted its palaces and towers to the heavens, and stood unmoved upon her foundations.

But a new mode of assault now suggests itself to the active mind of the great Persian. While Nitocris swayed the sceptre, she had connected the two sides of the river, within the city by a bridge which spanned the rolling waters, and a tunnel lying beneath their bed. In order to construct these works, the waters of the Euphrates had been drawn from their channel into an excavation made above the city to receive them. When

the tunnel was completed, the stream was turned back into its former place, and the artificial lake, after a time, became dry. The query presents itself to the mind of Cyrus—Cannot the Euphrates be diverted from its bed again? If the waters were gone, would not the passages beneath the walls afford an entrance into the city? But the enterprise is fraught with danger. The banks of the river, within the city, are defended by strong walls and gates of brass, guarded by bodies of soldiery. If he were to enter the city thus, would he not be discovered while marching in the miry bed of the river? And would not discovery and consequent attack be defeat and utter ruin? And then, again, are not the armies of Babylon mightier at the feast, than in the field? Is not the Prince of Bel a lover of wine, a *drunkard?* And is not the Feast of Bel at hand, when all the city runs mad with riot, and is drowned in wine?

The probabilities seem to favor the project. At all events, the daring Cyrus resolves to adopt it. He sends a detachment of troops to the canal which leads into the lake, and gives them orders to break down the dam, at a given signal. Another strong detachment is stationed where the river flows beneath the wall into the city, and a third where it emerges again; and each general of division has orders to enter the city as soon as the failing stream becomes fordable. Night, the night of mirth, feasting and revelry, drew on. As the last rays of the setting sun faded from the summit of the Temple of Belus, lights innumerable flashed out from palace and festive hall; and the whole city was astir with the noisy carnival of heathenism, and the unclean rites of Nergal, Bel, and the "Tents of the Daughters." Careless multitudes were thronging the broad avenues, on their way to the banquet, the shrines of the gods, or the haunts of dissipation. The merry sound of the tabret, and the

softer notes of the dulcimer, were heard on every side, mingled with mirthful converse, or thoughtless laughter.

Thus was the mighty city "filled with feasting and drunkenness." But the foe was steadily moving on, in his unseen way. The embankment was broken down; and the rushing stream turned in the new channel, leaving the old one empty, in which the fish, left by the ebbing waters, lay gasping among the sands. The two divisions marched down into the bed of the river, and entered the city. As they had hoped, they found the gates leading to the water, deserted and open, their appointed guards being more intent upon the wine-cup, and the mysteries of Succoth-benoth, than watching against the enemy. Thus the army of Cyrus found entrance into the city in the siege of which, for two years, they had spent their strength for naught.

But where was the "Mighty Prince of Bel," at this moment of his ruined fortunes? The inspired record testifies; "Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand." The nobles assembled to drink wine, with their wine-loving prince. Let us endeavor to figure to ourselves the scene. Let conjectured probability supply the omitted non-essentials of history. We may suppose, then, that one of the halls of the new palace, on the eastern bank of the Euphrates, was the place of the royal banquet. Here, "high on a throne of royal state," sat the king in the midst of dazzling splendor. Far away stretched the rows of porphyry columns, till the sight was lost in the blaze of innumerable lamps, burning fragrant oil, and shedding a light as of noon day. A thousand lords throng to meet their master at an employment more congenial to them, than the cares of government, or the toils and dangers of the camp. A thousand lords reclined upon couches of Babylonian purple, before tables of

gold and silver, and drank wine from goblets sparkling with gems. The fragrant breath of flowers saluted the sense: and the soft and silvery notes of music floated round them. Beauty, too, added its witching spell. The many wives and concubines of the monarch, chosen from the congregated loveliness of many lands, were there. And ranged around the walls, each upon his lofty pedestal, stood the images of Nebo, and Tartak, and the unnumbered gods of the Chaldeans. Some like Anammeleck, were combinations of humanity and the brute, the body of a man with the head of an ape. Some were in the form of birds of various kinds. And others still were men or women with many arms, like the idols of the East, at the present day. The materials, too, were various; from the golden image with eyes of diamonds, to the brazen, the stone, and those of curiously inlaid wood. Thus Belshazzar drank his wine; and the song of mirth, and the sounds of revelry rose around him on every side, and rolled through the lofty hall. Belshazzar drank, and each goblet raised him to a loftier pitch of arrogance and pride. His fawning courtiers vied with each other in paying fulsome compliment; and the smiling king receives the honeyed words with willing ear.

A musician draws near the foot of the throne, and tunes his instrument in praise of the intoxicated monarch. "O Mighty Prince of Bel, live for ever. Thou rulest from the rising of the sun; to the place where he plunges into the waves of the Great Sea. Thou swayest thy sceptre among the snow-clad mountains of the North; and the foamy billows of the southern ocean, rolling over slumbering pearls, bow down and pay thee homage. The red lightnings obey thee; and the mighty thunder is but the voice of thy power. The robbers of Elam, and the spoilers of Persia, come up against thee; but thou shalt smite them. Thou shalt crush them, as the wild elephant tram-

ples his foe. Thou shalt rend them, as the hungry lion of the desert rends his prey." Another musician takes up the similitude, and prolongs the strain. "The lion of the plain is now still in his cavern. He utters not his terrible roar. He shakes not his mane, nor bares his white fangs. The Persians sees not the fire-gleaming eyes, and he counts him as the fearful fawn of Cashmere, or as the timid antelope of Kermân. But the lion crouches that he may spring: and soon will he dart upon his foes and scatter them, as the panther of Caucasus scatters the flocks of the shepherd."

"By the altar of Belus, and yonder sacred statue," exclaims the excited monarch, "the harper saith well, Let gold be given him." A slave presents the crafty musician with a purse filled with broad pieces. The harper prostrates himself and touches the marble pavement with his forehead; while the hall rings with the shout, "Hail, Belshazzar, live for ever, the Glory of Earth, and the Brother of the Sun."

The musician arose, placed the purse in a fold of his robe, and again touched his strings.

"Our Prince is the son of might. A strong lion was his sire. He trod the sands of Araby, and divided the spoil of Misraim. He lapped the waters of the Nile with his tongue. He uttered his roar in Palestina. He bounded over the mountains of Judah, and bore the rich prey to his lair in the green reeds of the Euphrates."

"By the golden image of Bel," exclaimed the monarch, "he speaks truth. Nebuchadnezzar spoiled the nations. He laid waste the cities of the West, even unto the sea. Here, slave, Jew, take the harp, and make us sport. Sing us one of the songs of Zion."

The captive cast himself down before his oppressor, and meekly answered; "Great King, how can we be mirthful, far

away from the sepulchres of our Fathers? And how can we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

"What!" cried the infuriated tyrant, "wilt thou not obey! Darest thou refuse, when Belshazzar commands! Guards, bear him to the prison. When we want for amusement, we will see him torn limb from limb by the panther of the mountain. Slaves, bring hither the vessels of silver and gold, which the hand of the great Nebuchadnezzar bore from the altar of the Jewish god, and placed among the offerings to Bel, the Renowned."

As the soldiers rudely laid hold upon the captive, and were dragging him away, he spoke in tones low, but full of energy, "O daughter of Babylon, who art to be destroyed; happy shall he be, that rewardeth thee, as thou hast served us!"

In a few moments, the vessels which had been solemnly dedicated to the service of the Lord of Hosts, were brought into the banqueting hall. Slaves fill them with the red wine of Chaldea, and place them before the band of revelers. The king arose, holding a sacred cup in his hand, and looked around upon the sculptured gods, whose varied forms were on every side. "Hail to thee, Mighty Belus, son of power. Hail to thee, Tartak, who rulest the stars. Hail, Ashtaroth, who lavest thy beauteous form in the silver stream of Euphrates. Hail, ye gods of Chaldee; of the empire that hath no end. Ye are mightier than the god of Judah, and to you we now devote the spoils of his fallen temple, and deserted shrine. Thus we defy his vengeance."

Belshazzar, with the unsteady hand of intoxication, raised the cup to his mouth; but as it touched his lips, a death-like pallor spread suddenly over his countenance; the cup fell from his grasp, and the wine flowed unheeded over the purple robes of royalty. He sunk powerless upon his seat, with his wide staring

eyes fixed upon the opposite wall of the banqueting apartment. There, a shadowy hand is seen writing words of mystery. And now the shadowy hand, holding the pen, fades and is gone; but there, with the blaze of many lamps falling bright upon them, are the characters which it traced,—MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. Mysterious words, "*Numeration, Weighing, Division.*" Each is familiar to the ear of king and courtier. Each is heard in the council chamber, at the feast, and even in the sports of children. The ordinary acceptation every body knows; but what mean they here, traced, in letters of fire, by no mortal hand? It is the fiat of Deity, the decree of Omnipotence; and what does it speak? Do they foreshadow good, or ill? And to whom are they the outbeamings of destiny, the Persian or the Chaldean, the mighty city or the mighty army around its walls?

The guilty soul of the wine-loving Belshazzar assured him that the writing could bode no good to him, or his kingdom. Perchance he calls to mind a scene which once transpired in the plain of Dura. He seems to behold the colossal image, and the multitudes prostrating themselves before it, at the sound of the sackbut and dulcimer. He remembers the faithfulness of the three Hebrews; the fiery furnace into which they were cast, in whose intense flames they walked unhurt, while one stood with them there in God-like form and glorious apparel. He remembers the royal decree which sped through the provinces, commanding the nations which owned the power of the great king, no more to speak against the God of Judah, lest the blasphemers be slain, and their dwellings be made heaps. Well might the monarch be overwhelmed with terror. He had insulted a God, before whom the great conqueror had bowed with reverence. He had wantonly polluted the sacred vessels of Zion, and thus defied the God of Israel. The royal drunkard

was now sobered by his alarm; and a deep dread of he knew not what, filled his soul. "His countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another." He cried aloud for the soothsayers and the Magi, to decipher the words and interpret their hidden meaning. The venerable priests, with snowy beards, and flowing vestments, are summoned in hot haste. Silence, as of the dead, broods over the awe stricken assembly, as they enter the place of the banquet. They advance, and gaze long and earnestly upon the fearful characters. But their boasted skill in supernatural things fails them utterly, and they stand confounded and silent. The king's terror grows with each moment's delay. He commanded a robe of the famed purple, and a chain of gold, to be brought before him; and he seeks to cheer the astrologers by declaring that he who should solve the mystic vision, should be invested with these insignia, and be made, on the spot, the third ruler in the kingdom. But the abashed magicians shrink from the task and own themselves vanquished. Then were the fears of the prince of Bel confirmed; and his trembling lords stood in dumb consternation, and in vain looked inquiringly into each other's pale countenances.

The silence was broken by the entrance of the Queen-mother, to whom a slave had fled with tidings of what had occurred in the Hall of Banquets. She approached her royal son, and addressed him thus:—

"O, king, live forever. Let not thy thoughts trouble thee; nor let thy countenance be changed. There is a man in thy kingdom, in whom is the spirit of the holy gods; and in the days of thy father, light, and understanding, and wisdom, like the wisdom of the gods, were found in him. Him the king Nebuchadnezzar, thy father, made master of the magicians,

astrologers, Chaldeans and soothsayers. Now let DANIEL be called, and he will show the interpretation."

The king gave command, and the officers of the Palace went in haste to summon the wonderful man. As the aged prophet of the Most High was led into the royal presence, every eye was fixed upon him. Nearly seventy years had passed since he first stood before the throne of Nebuchadnezzar. Those seventy winters had left their snows upon his flowing beard, but had not bowed down his venerable form, nor dimmed the fire of his searching eye.

As he drew near, the king eagerly addressed him:—"Art thou that Daniel which art of the children of the captivity of Judah? I have heard of thee, that the spirit of the gods is in thee. Thou canst make interpretations, and dissolve doubts. Now, if thou canst read the writing, and make known to me the interpretation thereof, thou shalt be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about thy neck, and shall be the third ruler in the kingdom."

The prophet, unawed by the scene around him, looked calmly upon the words still blazing upon the wall, and then turned toward the throne and replied:—

"Let thy gifts be to thyself, and give thy rewards to another: yet I will read the writing unto the king, and make known unto him the interpretation. O thou king, the Most High God gave Nebuchadnezzar thy father, a kingdom, and majesty, and glory, and honor. All people, nations, and languages, trembled before him. But when his heart was lifted up with pride, he was made to come down from his throne, and they took his glory from him. But thou, his son, O Belshazzar, hast not humbled thy heart, though thou knewest all this. Thou hast lifted up thyself against the God of heaven. They have brought the vessels of his house before thee; and thou and thy

lords, thy wives and thy concubines, have drunk wine in them. And thou hast praised the gods of silver and gold, of brass, iron, wood and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know. And the God in whose hand thy breath is, hast thou not glorified. Then was the part of the hand sent from Him, and this writing was written. And this is the writing that was written:—ENUMERATION; ENUMERATION; WEIGHING; DIVISION. And this is the interpretation. Enumeration; God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it. Weighing; thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. Division; thy kingdom is divided and given to the Medes and Persians."

The prophet ceased; he had fulfilled his mission. The prince, whose doom had thus been pronounced, commanded, with a trembling voice, the rewards to be given. The attendants invest the passive Daniel with the robe of royalty, and place the golden badge of office about his neck; and a herald proclaimed him the third in authority in the empire of the Chaldees. No smile of proud joy lights up the countenance of Daniel, as the insignia of power are placed upon him. Unresistingly, and as one whose deep thoughts are elsewhere, he suffers them to be put on, and then turns, and with a meek step, leaves the banquet hall.

But the music is silent; the reveling has ceased, and cannot be resumed. The light of the perfumed lamps falls every where upon anxious and awed faces. But the more reckless among the lords fix their eyes upon the fearful characters, they mark their fading brightness; and a faint gleam of hope and returning confidence comes back to their hearts. Soon the fiery tokens are gone. The lords begin to recover from their fears. They order the slaves to pour out more wine, and they call upon the dancing women, and the players upon the cornet and the psaltery to go on. But the daughters of music look upon

the fallen countenance of the king and remain motionless and silent. Suddenly a new sound from without is heard. It is not the noise of revelry, nor the notes of mirth. Nearer and nearer it comes, rolling up the broad avenue, till at last it breaks upon the ear in sounds not to be mistaken. It is the roar of battle. The clash of arms mingles with the fierce shouts of the combatants. The groans of the dying, and the cries of the wounded, as they roll upon the ground in their agony are heard. The trampling of rapid feet, and the wild shrieks of the unarmed multitude, flying from the foe swell the loud tumult. Soon the ring of armor, and the rushing tread of armed men, are heard in the court. The guard stationed there, incapable of resistance are butchered without mercy; and in another moment, the very gates of the palace trembled beneath the heavy blows of the battle-axe. And now they are burst through, and a crowd of soldiers, covered with blood, and mad with the terrible frenzy of battle, pour into the festive hall. In the last energy of despair, Belshazzar drew his sword, and a few of his thousand lords rallied around their sovereign. But resistance was vain. His friends are cut down by his side, and as the ill-fated monarch stood among the writhing wounded and the gory slain, and essayed to defend himself, his sword was dashed from his hand, and the traitorous scimetar of Gobrias, once his friend, pierced his breast. He sunk down upon the bodies of the fallen, and his blood poured over the marble pavement, mingled with the red wine which had brought sin and death upon him.

"Then slumbered not
Thy vengeance, Holy one. At that decree,
Morn came, and went, and came; but where was he,
Chaldea's haughty Monarch? He was gone
Where earthly princes are but earthly dust;
And Babylon was fallen."

A few years more, and the "Golden City" had become a mass of ruins. And now the woe denounced by the Prophet, when Babylon was in the height of its glory, is literally fulfilled. "It shall never be inhabited; neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. I will also make it a possession for the bittern, and pools of water; and I will sweep it with the besom of destruction, saith the Lord of Hosts."

DR. FREDERICK A. FICKARDT, M. W. S.

Frederick A. Fickardt, is a native of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. His family is German from a stock originally French. His father was a medical graduate of one of the German universities, and emigrated early in life to this country. His mother was the eldest daughter of a Southern clergyman of talent and repute. At a proper age the subject of our sketch entered upon the study of Medicine, and in due time graduated at the Medical University of Pennsylvania. An arduous pursuit of his profession in the flourishing town of Easton, of that state, proved eventually an overmatch for his constitution, and induced him to exchange that locality for the city of Philadelphia, where he now resides. From his youth, Dr. Fickardt has been a firm and consistent advocate of Temperance. In 1828, he actively engaged in the formation and support of the first Temperance Society in Northern Pennsylvania, of which he subsequently became an efficient President. Since then he has been associated with the reform in all its phases. On his arrival at Philadelphia in 1845, he was elected Grand Worthy Patriarch of the Grand Division of "Sons of Temperance," of Penn. In 1846, at the third annual session of the National Division, he was elected Most Worthy Scribe of that body; and in 1848, at the fifth annual session, was re-elected to the same honorable and responsible position.

THE ORDER OF SONS OF TEMPERANCE

OF NORTH AMERICA,

AS A SCHOOL FOR POPULAR DEBATE AND ELOQUENCE.

BY FREDERICK A. FICKARDT, M. W. S.
OF THE NATIONAL DIVISION, SONS OF TEMPERANCE OF N. A.

In attempting a theme so singular as that indicated by the title of this essay, I can have but little reason to be influenced by any sense of personal ability; but am induced to the work by the strong tendencies of the Order of Sons of Temperance, and the wonderful theatre for individual improvement in popular debate and eloquence which its numerous Subordinate, Grand, and National Divisions present.

I am free to declare the facts of this proposition stand out so definitely among the many indirect benefits of the Order, apart from its great primary principles, as to make them of much importance, and fairly to entitle them not only to the attentive consideration of every Son of Temperance, but of all other ingenuous young minds.

In a republic like ours, where all matters of a moral, civil, religious or social nature are determined by verbal expression.

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W. A. MUCKARDT M.D.

M.W.S. OF THE S. OF T. OF NORTH AMERICA.

for the most part oral; the true value of right eloquence, strengthened by a familiar use of the rules of debate, cannot be easily, over calculated. In view of these facts, after a not inconsiderable experience in the Order, I cannot forbear expressing my own regrets that I had not, in my youth, similar reliable opportunities of discipline and practice.

It is therefore a conviction of my own loss, as well as the prominent character of the Order as a gymnasium of the faculties preparatory to the great arena of the life and strife of intellect in the world, that impels me to earnestly impress on Sons of Temperance, and the young men of the country generally, the exceeding worth of the Order as an *educational organization.*

I speak it soberly, and not without serious reflection, when I state that in my judgment, no schools, or colleges; no societies for debate, however rigid, nor any other association, will equally advance so many young men to the attainment of power in debate, or a manly and straight forward eloquence.

This, to the "uninitiated," may sound a sweeping and magniloquent assertion. But if it were possible to submit a moiety of the facts to my readers, their candor would fully bear me out in my firm praise. To those who are members of the Order, I may at once appeal for support of my strongest expressions. Nor will I fear for the support of any, when we consider the original principles and active character of the Order; its various regulations, laws, and discipline; its many legal enactments and its equally frequent Judicial decisions; its excellent select and approved Rules of Parliamentary order and debate; the varieties of position in which Sons of Temperance are continually placed as members, and subordinate and presiding officers; its many moving incidents, and its frequent occasions of persuasive, spirited, explanatory and judicial discussions, habitually controlled by constitutional law and the great republican rule "of the

majority." This support moreover I fully challenge when I state the fact that more than *five thousand Divisions of the Order meet regularly every week*, for the transaction of business, and the advancement of the general cause. Do any still doubt? Then I state that these Divisions embrace a membership of over a quarter of a million of intelligent and sober men.

Beside these there are thirty-five Grand Divisions of States, Territories or Provinces, holding important quarterly and annual sessions, and a National Division, holding yearly Congresses of Representatives from the grand divisions, in all of which the happiest opportunities are presented either for close debate, or a full and generous expression of sentiments. In addition to all the "out of doors" speaking afforded by the Order is immense as it is free. Now, will any one look at this vast and rapidly extending moral intellectual school of ours and hesitate to pronounce it magnificently grand?

But to lead you still farther into the mysteries of this People's College, I proceed to state that the Order of Sons of Temperance is a charmed Brotherhood, erected in protection and advocacy of that great virtue, Temperance, and based socially on "Love, Purity, and Fidelity," its generous motto.

Its spirit in general matters is uncompromisingly *republican*. Before it, ages and outward conditions are fraternised and equal. Within it, wealth has no influence, station no prestige, nor profession any privilege. Pretensions sink quiet at the entrance of its rooms, and all with them are content under the salutary operation of an honorable and undeviating *level*.

In this, the Order is truly classic and noble, and fitly represents the dignity of human nature. Each individual is assured of the just respect of his fellows, and all have a desirable care. To the young and modest aspirant for self-cultivation, the best, because the most fruitful education of any, this excellent assu-

rance is matter of the first moment. Its effect is to give to all such, courage to be *themselves*. In this I mean more than the word expresses, I mean to be *natural*. Before a band of brothers who look indulgently and encouragingly on every true effort, young speakers do not long hesitate to take the floor in support or defence of the positions they may assume. A few trials, and the new debater, at first startled at the sound of his own voice, gains his speaking legs, and feels that he has arms and a body, as well as a head. The uncertainty of sight, the chaos of brain, the flutterings of his heart, and the debilitating *doubt* of capacity are passed away, and the debutant has learned a useful and becoming mastery over the elementary incidents of debate and oration.

Thus in a time, often surprizingly short, young speakers obtain a footing on the rungs of the ladder that leads to the higher exertions and rewards, of skilful debate and eloquence.

They soon moreover gain collectedness, promptness, and that enviable faculty of the right debater and orator, that "conditio sine qua non," with the American people, the power of "thinking whilst upon their feet," and speaking their thoughts firmly whilst looking in the eyes of their audience.

Accordingly, *our* young men reap great advantages, and go out into the general field prepared to do themselves, and whatever cause they may espouse, full and honorable justice. Under the guidance of their principles they become a public benefit, and at the same time are saved by their connection with the Order, from the destroying devil of our country, Intemperance.

It is indeed gratifying to observe this elevating influence so widely and universally diffused. It is not that the Order of Sons of Temperance is a school for the few—but that it exalts the *many*, that makes it admirable. It is not that the Order, under the concurrence of favorable circumstances, developes then and

there, some peculiarly bright and shining light in the divine art; but that it effects *beneficially, the general membership.*

I hold, and in the matter I reason as a lover of humanity and my country, that out of a quarter of a million of Sons of Temperance thus self-taught, learning to marshal their opinions under firm discipline, and extemporaneously, boldly and effectively to pronounce them, the cause of right, of truth and human happiness, will derive greatly more service, than from the few brilliant rhetorical Ciceros, Burkes and Sheridans whom the hot bed systems of the schools of elocution and colleges of the country, may force into artificial and ephemeral existence.

I do not in these remarks seek for a moment to depreciate unduly the excellent effects of a true literary education in many things; or even to undervalue it in the matter before us. But the schools in general, extinguish the nascent germs of eloquence in their pupils, by addressing their efforts to unnatural standards, and throwing their powers upon systems. Freedom, soul and nature, the great elements of *moving eloquence* are overlooked in disproportionate care for a set form of graces of composition and manner; and the alumnus, whose soul-like capacity, perhaps entered college a young Sampson, or comes shorn and powerless from the hands of the Delilah his alma mater.

Therefore I repeat, that in the great matter of real eloquence which persuades and moves men's minds to conviction and action; that honestest, bravest eloquence which "Feels its subject thoroughly and speaks without fear," the Order of Sons of Temperance is incomparably more *prolific* than all the colleges in the country combined.

This self-education of citizens, all educated and good men will admit, is beyond price; and thus the Order at once appears what it really is, in this respect as well as others, a proud means of good, and *a blessing to the country.*

To the individual Son of Temperance the intellectual opportunities of the Order thus described, readily impart a power applicable to his usefulness, interests and personal and social good, in a variety of ways.

To popularity indeed, eloquence is the sure key, and the man whose right hand holds it, commands to himself the avenues to influence and public respect. Let me assure the young, that *all* men look with respect and favor on him who can dauntlessly face the battery of a thousand pairs of eyes, and gracefully, firmly and effectually deliver his sentiments before them. Such a man is always, or speedily becomes, a man of mark with the people of the United States.

But to continue. The standard moral principles of the Order, under whose regulating influences this faculty is acquired, throw additional lustre on forensic debate, and the higher quality of a generous public eloquence. Temperance, Integrity, Virtue, Honor, Charity, Brotherhood and Benevolence are our controlling influences.

These double the value of those divine attainments to the country, for without them, eloquence and ratiocinative skill become mere matters of pence—at times a two-edged sword at the back and service of the baser passions, and too often are to be found in the market, a contemptible, when not a dangerous thing of *traffic*.

This condition of things additionally entitles the body of Sons of Temperance to the favorable consideration and support of good citizens.

But some now say, tell us more particularly the nature of that oratory of the Order in whose behalf you would impress us. This will be difficult from the nature of the case. I shall hardly be able to show it, and show it justice. I could wish rather that all doubters could pass with me through the Divisions and

Grand Divisions of the Order and *see* for themselves. I have often personally been agreeably surprised at results as I have portrayed them. The more than ordinary eloquence which frequently lights up the debates of the Order would please the plainest, animate the most indifferent and convince the most skeptical. Yet as in duty bound to my readers, I will endeavor, as well as I can, to hedge, *in words*, and frame to the sight, a thing which is spirit and sensation.

As an amateur observer both in and out of the Order, to a considerable extent, I do not hesitate to pronounce the oratory of the Order of Sons of Temperance of that sort *which is of the highest utility;* and that is, perhaps, the fullest praise that can be bestowed upon any.

The garnished trickery of the schools of elocution will not stand the test of the genuine tones and action of this natural, popular school. In style the oratory of the Order is plain, direct and practical; in substance solid; in tone earnest, manly and grave; in manner without pretense, and in action natural and free.

It is the considerate utterance of thinking, rather than the passionate declamation of emotional assemblies. It deals but little in figures and metaphor; perhaps too little; but its admirable liberty, its cogency, warmth and general vivacity, totally prevent *dryness*. In truth it is almost impossible that the internal oratory of the Order should be anything but what I have described it. Immediate contact, the eye set on eye, and the present interest of most discussions, prevent men however prone, if they have moderate sensibilities, from becoming indefinite or desultory. This closeness of encounter keeps men as *close to the point*. A few "ancients," whose style was formed under the disadvantages of "outside" fashionable training, sometimes *talk* without seeing or thinking; but no young Son

of Temperance, who has undergone a moderate noviciate, ever *proses*. It is then a true, sound oratory of the Reason, warmed, rather than made brilliant, by energetic feeling and a frank, firm and generous will. It is entirely honest. It has no fallacy of art—nor any flourish of old time preparation, but is prompt, extempore and direct.

The judgment of the Order is, as a general rule, adjusted to this standard; and although no enemy to brilliant modes of speaking when the gems are true and the light sparkles naturally, or to the most enthusiastic style even, when the inspiration is not second-hand, yet it undeniably holds the incidents of mere meteoric oratory at a palpable discount. In short, manliness, sincerity, earnestness, good sense and right intentions are the *essentials* of the oratory of the Order of Sons of Temperance;—an oratory whose popular origin and strong effect, coupled with the numerous and wide-spread extension of the Order, will before many years, mark it the "*fashion*" of *the country beyond appeals.*

Principles, as may already have been inferred, are of great consideration with the Order. Integrity of character has more influence before its bar than talent. An individual known to be deficient in that chief particular, may as well at once resign all pretension to esteem. "Thou art weighed" is the dark handwriting on the wall of the Division room, and the decree is inexorable. A plain hard sense speech from a man of right character, is listened to with more interest and sympathy than a far more glittering oratory unsupported by integrity.

The intellectual taste of the Order is as severe as its republicanism and its principles. In the older Divisions and Grand Divisions no "humbug" can flutter its wings twice. I must appeal to members of the Order for the amusing correctness of this remark. It matters not anything *who* the man may be, if he

displays a pomp beyond the propriety of nature, there is an indescribable something in the grave and silent look of the assemblage which leaves him no room to doubt his position.

An old established Grand Division of the Order of Sons of Temperance will "take the measure of a man" more quickly, and infallibly, than any assembly, short of the Senate of the United States, it has ever been my lot to scan; and if some Grand Divisions that I know of, had certain unruly members of the Senate in charge, they would mend their manners speedily. The reason for this peculiarity may be found in the earnest and practical character of the membership, and a firm high toned dignity imparted by the cause itself.

The Order is a reality; affectation dies before it. There is not, of the many eminent speakers known to myself, *one* among the whole number afflicted with *the vice of affectation;* and I will venture to say, knowing my ground well, that, of the thousands of passing good speakers and debaters, the Order may reasonably claim, there is not one who has been a member of the Order for a moderate period, who is stained with affectation in manner or style.

Will professors of the colleges say as much for any other institution of learning or practice? I think not. My own experience, and I presume it is in nothing singular, is greatly to the contrary.

The fields of moral progress and human rights, the churches and the political organism of the day, the halls of legislation and our noble country in all her policies and institutions, before a very few years shall have passed away, will alike advantageously perceive the effect of the principles and oratory of the Order.

And I predict, although predictions are not argument, and are not often in good taste, yet for the facts and as matter of

record, basing my claim to second sight only on observation and comparison of cause and effect, and the competency of the agents in the matter, *that in less than ten years* the Order of Sons of Temperance will furnish a large and wholesome proportion of sober, well trained, active and efficient Representatives for the State and National Legislatures, in some a moiety, and in others a working majority. This will happen by virtue alone of the causations noted, and without the remotest intention of political action on the part of the Order.

From the same intelligent causes, the Order will supply prominent and successful candidates for all other high walks of usefulness and honor; and the time will naturally fall due sooner than is generally apprehended, when Judges, Governors of States and Presidents of the United States will many of them be Sons of Temperance. It cannot be otherwise. The Order is rapidly absorbing throughout the country that active, bold and reasoning class of young men from whose ranks, as the rule, these dignitaries are drawn, men of the people, *they are the people*, have common sympathies with them, and being educated to proper fitness, will of course *represent them.*

This result, in the present condition of our Legislatures, State and National, is a thing "devoutly to be wished for;" not because those men of the future will be Sons of Temperance, but because they will be fit.

Now, let all remember that I speak of these things philosophically and as a man having a heart for his country, in "the right place," and not as a Son of Temperance. Let none, therefore, in pious or patriotic honor, roll up their eyeballs, and throw up their hands, and say, "I thought so!"—No! pray don't!

I have already said the Order has no conception of political action, I will now state that the Order of Sons of Temper-

ance is *forbidden by its express fundamental principles*, and if it were not, would be yet utterly precluded by the *universality* of its organization, from entering into any complicity of political action.

The most potent conjuror of the hearts of men, might as well try to whistle all the birds of heaven to fly in one direction, as to attempt a political flight with the Order of Sons of Temperance.

That I have so frankly spoken will be self-sustaining proof to all sensible men of the entire freedom of the Order from the possibility of political implication for improper purposes. Were it possible to convert this immense Temperance Benevolent Institution into a pestilent political party machine, I would be either honest enough to *leave it*, or shrewd enough to keep silence.

Now, if I have tired you, my patient, serious, amiable, or perchance lovely reader, I am very much disposed to ask your pardon; and if you will be kind enough to state your grievance and address, possibly, nay, very possibly, I may pick up my surpassing gold-nibbed, irenium pointed pen and make due apology. For your time so dryly occupied, I owe you assurances of much consideration; but I am not yet quite done. The subject interests me from my regard for the Order, and from the tangible character of the facts; to you, however, it cannot be nearly so interesting viewed through the dull medium of imperfect and general representation. I shall now—that is—*presently* conclude. I wish I could do so by blowing a fresh, sweet, *cheerful bugle note* over the hearts of the great Order, to make them *strong* in the faith of its vast and comprehensive future; and then again, a trumpet-blast that would stir it up to "gird its loins," like a giant awaked, and press forward strenuously to work out its high destinies to the good of man.

I wish too, I could, by some similar telegraph of sound, or magic of spiritual magnetism, communicate with every young,

right minded man in the United States and British Provinces, not in membership with "the Order," and state to them its grandeur and importance, as the embodiment of the great Temperance Reform, and the vast importance to *themselves individually* which it presents.

A sober life and an unsurpassed free school of intellect and good morals, and an immense Brotherhood, are the high offers it holds out to each young man, with the one hand; whilst with the other it opens the door to an honorable success to wealth, to character and *usefulness.*

Earnestly I call on my young brothers in the Order, to consider these things, and carefully to improve their present advantages as a duty to themselves, to their friends and families, their country and God. Personal opportunities of right good to ourselves, or others, and especially improvement to usefulness in the world, and Scriptural "*talents*" for which we are as much responsible, as for the personal talents or other means for the common benefit, *over which God has set us Stewards.* The great intellectual privileges of the Order should, therefore, be justly cultivated by all serious and high minded young men. Let them reflect that they themselves are just placing their feet on the threshold of life; and that if on that great stage they desire to enact an honorable and becoming part, one that shall move the hearts and minds of men to great and good actions, and continue to live deeply in their memories, they must *now, in youth, discipline themselves,* and bring all their faculties into a well adjusted self-managment and spiritual mastery.

A rigid determination to profit by the excellence of our organization, cannot fail to confer upon your future the greatest usefulness, happiness and respectability.

To those young friends, not members of the Order, I also cordially commend the Order of Sons of Temperance, for rea-

sons stated, and out of a sincere and truly friendly desire for their moral, intellectual and general welfare.

I heartily invite them, in the name of a quarter of a million of brothers, Sons of Temperance, to the great practical self-educatory, moral, social and intellectual *School of the Order*.

I can frankly, and conscientiously say to them, that I have long been a Son of Temperance, and have passed through its organization, with much satisfaction. As a Son of Temperance, although as properly jealous of my freedom in thought, word and deed, as any sensible person could be, I have had no reason to regret my membership with the Order.

The Order of Sons of Temperance, indeed, imposes no restraint but that which good sense, sound morals, and true religion dictate,—*total abstinence* from all crazing beverages. The pledge to do this is the mere public acknowledgment of what, *without the pledge*, is still equally every man's duty ; a duty, for the non-performance of which it is to be hoped, the community before long, as it is to be feared that God, hereafter, will hold men accountable.

The cause of Temperance is eminently the cause of God and humanity; and he, not only, who opposes it, but he who neglects his duty to it, does so at his risk. In this I am sure I am no bigot. I speak in no spirit of bigotry, but in a sense of true brotherhood towards all mankind; but I reason as I cannot help, on the proposition, that in all our lives, our possible influences, and our conduct, *we are God's "stewards"*

The pledge of the Order has thus no *additional obligation* in moral duty, but is merely the addition of our *word* of honor, where our honor and duty laid before. But unfortunately the habits of society, in regard to Intemperance, notwithstanding the light which has been, and is daily shed on their evil nature, are still such that the pledge of the Order of Sons of Temper-

ance, is a desirable safeguard to every man. If an individual is unfortunately addicted to the dangerous habit of "moderate drinking," the *only and guilty source* of all drunkenness; or is still more immediately involved in the fierce coils of Intemperance, the pledge of the Order, with God's blessing, will save him from his guilt or shame. If, on the other hand, he is not in such an imminent position, the ratification of the pledge will, perhaps, induce others worse situated, to take refuge under it, whilst the pledge will remain a strong wall of defence between himself, his hopes, his honor and the happiness of those he loves, and an ever lurking and fearful peril.

Finally young countrymen, I acknowledge to have personally experienced much important mental discipline, as well as to have received many exquisite gratifications through my connection with the Order. In its pleasant bonds of "Love, Purity, and Fidelity" I have found many warm-hearted, faithful and highly intelligent friends and brothers, and enjoyed many, and to myself, most memorable "white hours." I therefore commend to you, with my final words, the Order of Sons of Temperance of North America, as a most admirable school of popular debate and eloquence, of good morals and principles, of fellowship and brotherhood—a place of safety, the way to honor, and the post of duty to God, yourselves, your "neighbor," and your country.

HON. EDMUND DILLAHUNTY,

G. W. P. OF TENNESSEE.

The enquiring mind naturally turns to the history of the life, services, and private virtues of those who adorn and elevate the character of mankind. The history of every *good* man will ever stand as a beacon light to youth—pointing them to the paths of honor and renown. Among the distinguished names that have from time to time appeared, in connection with the Order of the Sons of Temperance, none, perhaps, has shone with a brighter lustre, or merits more the esteem of every lover of the cause, than the subject of the following sketch.

Edmund Dillahunty, of Columbia, Tennessee, was born on the 28th day of September, 1800, on Richland Creek, in Davidson county, seven miles south of Nashville. He was the fourth in descent from a Huguenot, one of a numerous family, who fled from France after the revocation of the edict of Nantes. He went with his father to Holland, remained there for a short time, and then, with other members of his family, went to Dublin in Ireland; and when still quite young, came to America, about the year 1715. He settled on Chesapeake Bay, in the then colony of Maryland, where he continued to reside until

the time of his death. He married after he came to America, and raised a family of several children, among whom was the Rev. John Dillahunty, who was born on the eighth of December, 1728. On the fourth of June, 1747, he married the daughter of Francis Neal, Esq., of Baltimore. In a few years after his marriage, he moved to the colony of North Carolina, about thirty miles from Newbern, where he continued to reside until the year 1796, when he removed with his son, Thomas, and settled on Richland Creek, where he remained during his life, his death occuring in the year 1816, at the advanced age of 87.

After he removed to the State of North Carolina, he received an appointment connected with the land office. His name in his commission was spelt as at this day, the French name being De la hunté. Under the advice of counsel, he conformed the spelling of his name to his commission. Whilst still a young man, he became impressed with the importance of Religion, and for more than fifty years, was a faithful, zealous and efficient minister of the Gospel, in the Baptist Church. He was a neighbor and friend of Gov. Caswell, and the Hon. Nathan Bryan, with whom he co-operated during all the struggles of the Revolution, and suffered the losses in property common to those who devoted themselves to the service of their country.

He was the first minister who established a Church south of the Cumberland river and west of the mountains. Though not liberally educated himself, he was well informed on all the great subjects connected with man, his duties and his rights; and few men, old or young, in his day, exerted so extensive and happy an influence throughout the whole course of his long life. His son Thomas, was reared amid the perils of the Revolutionary war, being a boy of only eight or nine years old, when the difficulties commenced between the mother country and the colonies. Finding, when he arrived at man's estate, his father's fortune

shattered, and but little prospect for retrieving it in the land of his nativity, he turned his steps towards the rich valleys of the Cumberland, and settled where the subject of this notice was born, when Nashville was a petty village, and the rich lands that now surround it, adorned as they are with elegance and taste, was one vast interminable cane-brake. Acquainted with difficulties, and inured to hardships and toil, he entered almost alone upon the subjection of the wild and luxuriant forest. He struggled for independence, and was successful.

Edmund was too young to know any thing of the dangers, and difficulties of pioneer life. While young, he was sent to the common schools of the country; and after he had become large enough to labor, he took his place on the farm, and went to school only as he could be spared after the crop had been made and before it had been gathered in, or after it had been gathered in, and before the time of planting again arrived. His father, though not educated, was fond of books, and gathered standard works on geography, history, and the physical sciences. With these means, by the time Edmund arrived at manhood, he had attained the elements of a good English education. Shortly before he passed out of his minority, he determined on the profession of the law, and with the consent of his father, went to Greeneville College, East Tennessee, where he remained until he entered on his twenty-third year. In 1823, he commenced the study of law in the office of Robert L. Cobbs, Esq., then an eminent attorney in the Maury Circuit. In 1824, he obtained licence to practice law, shortly after which he went into partnership with his preceptor, and at once entered upon a heavy practice. In 1831, he was elected Attorney General for the State, by the Legislature, for the district in which he lived, against powerful opposition. In 1834, the Constitution of the State was amended, the courts re-organized, and he was

unanimously elected Judge for the 8th Judicial Circuit of Tennessee. At the expiration of eight years, he was unanimously re-elected, and holds the office at the present time, under his last election.

In 1845, in his absence, and without his knowledge, he was elected Grand Master of Masons in Tennessee. In 1846, he was unanimously re-elected to the same office. In October, 1849, he was elected Grand Worthy Patriarch of the Grand Division, Sons of Temperance, of Tennessee, which office he now fills.

For nearly thirty years, he has been a laborious student. Whilst a lawyer, without any display, he always came well prepared to the argument of his causes. His arguments were characterized more by plain common sense than any attempt at embellishment by oratory; yet there were times when he felt, and deeply felt, the wrongs of his client, and he seldom failed to arouse in the minds of the jury the same honest indignation that swelled in his own bosom. Having associated much in early life with the laboring classes, he was well acquainted with their wants and sympathies; and without any of the arts of the demagogue, he could readily touch those chords in their nature that vibrated in his own.

He always avoided political strife—never sought or desired any political office; and although never a neutral in any political or moral question, he has ever avoided the political heat and excitement of a partizan.

As a Judge, he has aided in elevating the standard of professional character, and has exercised an influence over the public mind, in its respect for law and morals, that few men, if any, have ever done. Understanding the law well, as a science, and being also well versed in the history of man, he has on all suitable occasions endeavored, through the administration of the law, to arouse the public mind to the importance of education

and sound morality as a means of preventing crime, of upholding free government, and placing within the reach of every individual that happiness which secures social prosperity, by causing each one to feel that his wants and interests were not forgotten by the government that claimed his submission.

His habits were always sober; but whilst Attorney General, the common sense view he was accustomed to take of things, led him to trace crime to its causes, and he soon found that ignorance and intemperance were the occasion of at least nine-tenths of the crime that came under his supervision. As early as 1834, he began to point the public mind to the importance of some concentrated action to suppress the evil of Intemperance; from that day until the present time he has been an uncompromising and efficient advocate of the Temperance movement. When the Order of the Sons of Temperance was introduced into his State, he was, as might have been expected, among the first to enter its ranks.

He is a man of by no means a robust constitution, but certainly one that is well balanced; otherwise he could not have performed the labor he has undergone, without showing more of the wear and tear of life than is exhibited in his person. He is now nearly fifty years of age, and still, his grey hairs excepted, has all the freshness and vigor of youth.

In addition to the labors of his office, he has for about fifteen years had under his direction, young men preparing for the law, to whom he devotes much time, and takes great pains in instructing them for the profession, and giving them proper views of life; and he is now, and has been for the last twelve months, a lecturer in Jackson College, of which he is a visitor. His venerable mother, now eighty years of age, resides with the Judge, in the enjoyment of good health, and the possession of all her mental faculties.

INTEMPERANCE.

BY HON. EDMUND DILLAHUNTY, G. W. P.

God has seen fit in his wisdom, to subject all the works of his hands to the dominion of law, from the tallest seraph that night and day strikes his harp round the Eternal Throne, down to the insect that floates in the sunbeam. The erratic comet that flies away as if disdaining all control, but its own caprice, after wandering for ages in regions the ken of the philosopher has never yet explored, at length, in conformity to the laws of its nature, returns and pays homage due to the sun. The sun, moon, and stars shine forth the will of Him who rules them. Even to the winds and waves God, their master has set bounds and decreed rules. He blows his breath upon old ocean and she rolls her waves to the shore: He speaketh to the thunder and it answers back the voice of obedience: He sendeth for the lightnings and they come up to do his bidding. And when we come to analyze man we find that every part of his complex being, whether spirit, mind, or matter, is no less the subject of law than the material universe around.

To every violation of *any one* of these laws the Divine Law-

giver has annexed a penalty proportioned always to the character and degree of the outrage. It is written by every star in heaven, by every sunbeam upon the earth, and proclaimed by every voice in nature, nothing can violate the laws of its being with impunity. Therefore, let every offender against nature know this fact that, so certain as night follows day, he will, sooner or later, reap the bitter fruits of his wickedness and folly. Self interest, then, apart from every other consideration, would teach us to be temperate; for, there is *no law* of man's nature, moral, mental, or physical, that intemperance does not violate; and most bitterly, too, does he pay for such transgressions. Its physical effects are disease, suffering, decay, death. It deranges the nervous system, poisons the blood, and corrupts those fluids nature has furnished for the health and nutrition of the body. If there is any predisposition in the system for disease, the germ is certain to be developed by the use of ardent spirits. Ask the candid, the honest physician, and he will tell you this; and he will also tell you that, intemperance is the parent of well nigh every disease. Climate and local causes do much, but intemperance still more, to give the physician employment—not to speak of the thousand deaths by apoplexy, by shooting, by stabbing, by drowning, by burning, by freezing, that are brought about by drunkenness. It has done more to people the city of the dead, than fire, famine, pestilence, and the sword. It is the destroying angel upon whose footsteps death waits to glut himself with human sacrifice. Could the myriad of its slain be collected together, it would take an arch-angel, speaking with the dialect of Heaven, to number the multitude.

Granted, that immediate death is not always the consequence of drunkenness. The same may be said of any other poison, even the most active. But better, far, that the man should die at once, than to linger out an existence of wretchedness and

misery: an existence that might be called a living death—a blossoming, a vegetating for the grave—without the pleasures of life, or relief of death. He upon whom the monster has laid his hand may bid adieu to health and happiness in this life, and surely he cannot hope for any reward in that Heaven, where it is said nothing unclean shall ever enter.

But it stops not here. Its ravages extend to the whole man, laying body, mind, and soul in ruins. The proudest intellects that ever marked their burning track across the field of science, when clouded by drunkenness, have sunk to rest enveloped in the dun pall of a starless night of obscurity. And though ever and anon, as it dies out, its flashes may break forth, like lightning beneath the storm-cloud, they serve to increase rather than interrupt the darkness. It is truly a leveller of all grades and distinctions in intellect. It stultifies the mind of the philosopher, and can do no more for that of the fool. My heart bleeds, and the tear unbidden starts to the eye, as I behold the wreck of that mind in whose presence kings might have trembled, and royalty stood rebuked. Angels might weep as they heard the wild bachanal revels of passion that, reverberating amid the broken arches and fallen columns of the ruined palace of the soul, proclaimed the melancholy tale, that usurpers sat upon the throne once consecrated to reason. It would take a fiend from the region of despair to tell the anguish of a spirit that writhes under the despotism of evil passions.

The use of ardent spirits not only clouds the intellect, weakens the understanding, and totally unfits the mind for the acquisition of knowledge, but tends directly to dissipate what knowledge may have been acquired. Every day the man continues its use he is retrograding, like one who labors against the current, when he fails to strike the oar he not only ceases to advance, but is borne off on the bosom of the flood.

If all this be true, how is it, it is asked, that some of the most brilliant scintillations of genius have been stricken from minds in which alcohol had kindled its blaze? We answer that, in this way—the meteor may blaze with a brighter glare for a moment, but does it shine on with the undimmed radiance of the fixed star? And it is the unnatural brightness of the meteor that causes it so soon to die out and be forgotten. The mind thus stimulated, like the chariot of the sun driven by the reckless Phæton, will be set on fire and consume itself by the rapidity of its own motion.

But the above objection to the truth of the remark, that drunkenness debases the intellect, proves no more than this, that nature has blessed some men with such extraordinary powers of mind that those powers, though weakened, cannot be destroyed but by long and the grossest abuse; just as some animals may feed on poison without immediate death. I appeal to every one who reads this, if they ever knew *any one* who was in the habit of getting drunk, to retain for any length of time his vigor of mind? There cannot be but one answer to this question. But why fatigue myself and weary your patience in proving that which is as evident as any axiom in mathematics?

If possible, its work of moral ruin is more awful still. It is a fact, my experience both as a lawyer and a judge has taught me, that nine-tenths of the crimes which stain our records, which were attended with violence, are the natural consequences of the use of ardent spirits. Drunkenness does something more than degrade man to a level with the brute. It gives him the folly of the brute, but the madness of the demon. It corrupts every fountain of moral purity in the heart, and causes them to send out a foul flood whose bitterness and poison are death. The "worm of the still," eats out every generous emotion, every thing ennobling in the heart of man. He who

was the tender husband, the affectionate brother, the dutiful son, the constant friend and kind neighbor, has been transformed into the unfeeling wretch whose heart no longer throbs with any sentiment of kindness and love, but who has buried the past, with its fond recollections, the present with its joys, and the future with its hopes, in the damning cup of intoxication. Could the grave give up its dead, could hell send up its witnesses, could beggared wives and starving orphans come from their dark and desolate abodes of despair, to tell their tale of woe, with what trumpet-tongues would they stand up to plead against the deep damnation of drunkenness!

And shall not we rise up against an enemy that has strewed the world with its slain, has peopled the grave with its dead, has filled the earth with sighs and groans, and made the profoundest deep of hell give back the sound of wailing and of woe? Shall we not strike down this hydra-headed monster, that lifts its head on high as if in defiance of the war-club of Hercules? Shall we close the book in despair and abandon man to his fate; or shall we exert ourselves to rescue man, noble by nature, and capable of being still more ennobled by education?

As we have before stated, there is not a law of man's nature drunkenness does not outrage; nor any duty, whether to ourselves or others, it does not violate: and God has said, throughout the universe, in vain may happiness be sought but by the performance of duty. It paralyses the moral energies as with the touch of death. In a word, it is man's evil genius.

God has been pleased to place the enjoyment of the highest earthly bliss in the domestic relation of husband and wife. The voluptuous Turk, who revels in the debauchery of the harem, the libertine, who boasts that, like the bee, he sips sweets from a thousand blossoms, has no conception of that bliss without alloy, that pleasure without remorse, that contentment of

spirit, that calm, quiet joy that gladdens the heart of the husband of one wife, the father of a healthy, virtuous offspring born in holy wedlock. In this relation alone is to be found on earth that perfection of bliss, that fills up the capacities of the soul for enjoyment. Marriage is the beautiful image that comes like a messenger divine to our early dreams of happiness. It is the Eldorado to the heart's young hopes; the oasis amid the desert waste of life, smiling in beauty, gladdening the fainting heart of the traveler; a green island, laughing amid the ocean's tempests. The fisherman of Lapland, returning from his daily toil, cold, wet, and benumbed, feels his heart warm within him as he hears the voice of his wife breaking over the waves, calling to him, "come home, come home." To the sacred relation of marriage the thoughts of the good and virtuous tend, as the rivers to the ocean. This is the casket that contains the richest jewel of happiness. Here are garnered up the heart's fondest hopes and dearest joys; and if these hopes are blasted, if these joys are lost,

> "Life hath no more to bring
> But mockeries of the past alone."

But drunkenness is the serpent that enters this blissful Eden, to mar its pleasures, and drive forth that happy pair from those delightful walks and shady bowers, where, with every thing "sweet to sense and lovely to the eye" they had passed away their lives "like a beautiful dream." At the presence of the monster, the flowers of hope and happiness, the rosebuds of love that bloom in this garden fade away, and thorns, brambles, and noxious weeds spring up in his path. Where spring bedecked the earth with flowers, winter, bleak winter, now sheds its desolation. The wife beholds "him who was her chosen," to follow whom she had forsaken father, mother, the home of her

childhood, and all the world besides—him to whom she had committed her destiny, in all the confidence of love—banished from society, wandering a beggar, an outcast upon the earth, bankrupt in fortune, bankrupt in morals, bankrupt even in hope. Is that he who a few years ago commenced life with such brilliant prospects before him? Who had youth, health, talent, fame, fortune, a home endeared by the love of the loveliest of women, every thing that could make life desirable, or that the human heart could wish? He wears the same name, but there stops the parallel! And does his wife forsake him? No! True to her sex, true to her own kind nature, with a self-sacrificing devotion, she clings to him even in his degradation! And like the tender vine, she attempts to bind up and conceal the shattered trunk of the oak blasted by the lightnings of heaven!

Is that the lovely bride, the beautiful among the beauteous, the gaze of every admiring eye, the beloved of all, whom we saw led unto the altar, and with thoughts pure as the dreams of the infant mind unstained by sin, and hopes bright as the sky in evening beauty, vow to love, and live for him to whom she had plighted her young heart, rich in the untold treasures of a maiden's first love? Yes, 'tis she. But now how changed! The bridal wreath has faded from that brow which the gloomy cypress now encircles. That eye swims tears that erst laughed out in joy. In that heart, once the abode of every happy thought, desolation now holds its empire. The beautiful rose torn from its stem lies withering on the ground. The young wife, with no patrimony left but her honor, no friend but her God, no tie binding her to earth but her babes, is thus penniless, friendless, homeless, thrown upon the mercy of the cold charities of the world! Who now will soothe the anguish of that mother's heart, and satisfy the cries of those children for bread? The winds with hollow moan, as they

sweep by the lonely cottage, give back the only answer to their wailing cries. The father sleeps in a drunkard's grave, and heeds not the storms that hold their revels above his head!

This is no surcharged picture. The penciling has failed to express half the deformities that mark the orginal with which every one is familiar who has mingled with the world. The wife who was reared in ease and luxury, whose every want was not only supplied, but anticipated, by the fondest of parents, is now left to struggle unaided against the rude winds of adversity, and forced to provide from her own labor for the wants of herself and family. The children, whose tender years need a father's fostering care, without education, without habits of industry, and fixed moral principles, without every thing but those evil passions, that, like weeds in a neglected garden, have run to riot for want of timely pruning, are turned upon society, beset with every temptation, idleness, poverty, want, and shame, to do wrong. What will be their destiny, God alone, in his wisdom, can foresee; but the future forbodes no good.

Considered as a mere political system, the establishment of society into families, with a ruler over each having power to create and execute laws for its regulation, is one of the wisest schemes of policy that ever was conceived of by the legislator. It is the best pledge the state can have for the welfare of the rising generation, upon whose shoulders her fabric must soon rest; because the father is moved by his natural affections, and by a sense of duty, to provide a settlement in life, and give a good education and sound moral training to those who are indebted to him for their existence. The parent is the guardian for the child and the trustee for the state. A family is the state in miniature where the young mind is taught the duty of submission to lawful authority, and learned to bear

the bit and endure the rein of wholesome restraint, whereby the child is trained for the higher duties of the citizen.

But the tendency, nay the effect, of drunkenness is to counteract all the consequences of good arising from the establishment of this system. It takes away from the family its head, its protector, or what is worse, converts him into a curse instead of a blessing to that family. The wife is robbed of her husband, the children of their father, and the state, instead of the healthy, virtuous, well educated citizens she had a right to expect, and who might have added new trophies to her renown, is cursed with a set of tattered prodigals, miserable paupers, vicious, uneducated vagabonds, that exhaust but supply not her resources—that scatter but gather not up to her wealth; and thus they go forth, not only corrupt in themselves, but corrupting others with whom they come in contact, who in their turn corrupt; thus becoming new starting points of evil which continually widens its circle, until it is diffused into every ramification of society. Who can calculate the injury one single wicked influence exerts upon the community? Like the stone thrown into the calm lake, the commotion stirred is conveyed from wave to wave, until the last one has dashed and died against the rocky shore. The bones of Hume, Rosseau, Voltaire, and Paine have long since mouldered into dust, but the influence they exerted for evil still lives, and will continue to live till the death of time.

A late distinguished Attorney General of the United States, after a careful examination of the statistics, estimated the annual cost of ardent spirits to the nation, directly and as a consequence of disease and crime, at one hundred millions of dollars—a sum equal to four times that necessary to defray the ordinary expenses of government. One hundred millions of dollars per annum we pay to besot our minds, debase our mor-

als, and paralyze our bodies! How small a cost for such a glorious blessing!

Suppose this amount was distributed amongst the different States, it would enable them to pay off their debts, to clear out their rivers, improve their harbors, cut canals, build rail-roads, bridge their highways, establish free schools for the education of the poor, and erect asylums for the relief of the afflicted. But this sum had better far be thrown into the sea than expended as it now is. It goes to purchase that whereby wives are beggared, children reduced to starvation, and the greyheaded sires are deprived of their comforts, and brought to want and suffering in their old age.

And by whom is this enormous burden borne? By the laboring interest. There is no political maxim better established, than that all expenditures are a charge upon labor. It is labor that supplies the continued drain upon a nation's or an individual's resources. This is the propelling power without which the machinery of government must stand still. Let the laboring classes think of this, and say if they are willing their industry and ingenuity shall be taxed, annually, one hundred millions of dollars to bring ruin upon themselves and the country.

But this is, by no means, the main cost to the nation. Our soil is so productive, our industry so active, our energies so vigorous, that we can bear all this and more without being impoverished. It is that intellectual night, that moral bankruptcy which drunkenness brings upon the country, this is the loss to the nation that cannot be reckoned by dollars and cents. Fire, famine, pestilence, and the sword may ravage her borders, her cities may be laid in ashes, her fields drenched in the blood of her citizens, the elements of heaven may lend their aid to complete the work of desolation, yet, if her moral energies are unimpaired, from all these calamities she may recover. But

when these are destroyed she has lost her last and only hope. She hath no longer any vivifying, self-reviving principle. It is the moral energy of a nation that mans the hearts of her sailors as they clamber up the mast to rig the vessel for the fight, or for the coming storm—that nerves the arm of her soldiery as they scale the spear-covered battlements, where death gleams in every lance. And here I repeat, that no nation has any hostage of security but in the morals of her people.

And what remedy have we for all these evils? I know but one of safety—total abstinence from *all* stimulating drinks as a beverage. All other temporizing expedients, like an opiate given to a man who has swallowed a deadly poison, may lull the pain but will fail to remove the danger. Would you destroy the tree, content not yourself with lopping off the branches, but pluck it up by the roots. If you have never indulged the use of ardent spirits, your plan of safety is to cherish and maintain your scruples about the first indulgence. The only way to be virtuous or temperate is to be wholly so. To hold dalliance with vice, specially that of drunkenness, is certain death. The general who would break down his walls to show that he depended upon nothing but the valor of his troops and his own skill for defence, might be applauded for his daring; but should certainly be censured for his rashness. No situation so secure, no safeguard so complete, as to be removed not only from all exposure, but all possible liability to danger. I think I hear some sensible young man reply—"I admit the truth of all you have said. I know drunkenness to be all and more than you have described; but what you have said does not reach *my* case. I am a *moderate* drinker. I know when to indulge and how much, and when to refrain; and I have such perfect command over my appetite, that I can

wholly abandon it whenever I please. Therefore, thy warnings are lost upon me.

Alas! I fear they are! The enemy has completely deluded thee by his siren song of security and safety. You are asleep, and know not that the volcano is ready to open at your feet and overwhelm you with its burning lava. The fallacious reasonings you offer, are the same with which every drunkard in the world has first deceived himself, and then attempted to impose upon others. I know I run the risk of offending you when I tell you, there is danger of your becoming a drunkard. But the truth must be told. No man ever dreamed of becoming so when he commenced. See that poor wretch yonder, wallowing in the gutters of the street—that living libel upon the dignity of man—that epitome of human degradation; he, like yourself, was once a moderate drinker. So was the man who yesterday expiated a life of crime upon the gallows. I know you are sincere. Your confidence is an honest boldness; but you are deceived. I have heard many who were your equals in talent, in firmness, in forbearance, in that self-control of which you boast, speak the same things, and yet, before they had arrived at middle age, I have seen them sink into the grave of the drunkard. From the warning voice of the past learn a lesson of wisdom, and prepare for the future. If you can refrain so easily as you say, why do you not do it? Why will you tempt a danger that has proved the ruin of thousands? The answer is at hand—you have become the slave and not the master of your appetite as you boast.

The very best reason why the temperate should take the pledge of total abstinence is, the very one they give for not doing it—that they are whole and need not a physician, that they are already temperate, and need nothing to make them so; because this very absence of a wish to indulge is the best secu-

rity human frailty will allow that they will keep their pledge inviolate; and thus, *ever be*, as they *are now*, strictly temperate, I admit, at present you may be safe. But you cannot look down the long vista of the future. You know not to what trials, to what temptations you may be exposed; the many cares, losses, disappointments, and vexations of spirit, that may fall to thy lot; the many exposures to wind and rain, heat and cold, you may have to undergo; all pleading with thee to forget thy sorrows, and find temporary relief in the sparkling glass. Prepare, then, for the future, by retaining thy intellect unclouded, thy moral energies invigorated, so that you can struggle against any fate with the might of a man.

How much easier is it to avoid forming a bad habit, than to refrain from its indulgence after it is once formed. The stone rolled from the mountain side, when it first began to move might have been stayed by an infant's arm; but after it has rolled on, bounding from point to point, a giant's might could not arrest its course. The fountain that gurgles, unnoticed, from the rock, forms a mighty river. The crisis in the drunkard's life is at the commencement of the use of ardent spirits. The falling of a single flake of snow from the mountain peak causes the avalanche.

And to you who may have already contracted this habit, I would say, arise at once, and fly to the city of refuge ere it is too late. Several cases, perhaps more hopeless than your own have been rescued from the brink of the grave, and from the very mouth of hell. Escape, then, as a bird from the snare of the fowler. Your private pledges are not sufficient. Could thy midnight pillow witness against thee, did thy tongue confess what thy own heart doth know, could the groves and secret places of nature speak, how oft in bitterness of spirit and deep contrition of heart, thou hast promised thyself and vowed to thy

God "sin no more," they would show how weak a thing the heart is, when spell bound by the sorcery of an evil passion. No one accuses you of insincerity in such pledges, and yet you know you have not kept them. Though made in all confidence, they became mere pack-threads upon the unshorn Sampson they in vain attempted to bind. This, then, may show the futility of such pledges as, from their privacy, do not bring along with them the penal sanction of public censure for their violation. Now the pledge we propose provides a remedy for that wherein your private pledge was defective. It is not only binding upon the conscience as the other was, but it brings with it the terror of the axe and rods of the Lictor—public opinion. And here, by way of episode, let me suggest the necessity of correcting and setting aright public opinion, since it is that which gives law to this and all other elective governments. Let this magistrate, of whom we stand so much in awe, have no terror but for evil doers, teach nothing that is wrong, and prohibit nothing that is right.

Much good has been done, and is still being done, by the Temperance Societies. We have no wish to underrate their value, or detract aught from their well-earned title to the public confidence. They have saved thousands, and tens of thousands, from ruin; have raised altars of affection and friendship long broken down; have made the widowed heart leap for joy, and wiped tears from the orphan's eye; and made the fires of joy and gladness again burn brightly, on hearths where grief and melancholy have strewed their ashes. They had moral force, but lacked that concentration and union which give the greatest strength. Their numbers were immense, but lacked discipline.

To remedy these defects—to concentrate those energies that lost much of their effect by being scattered, to discipline and form into a regular army those hordes of raw militia, to collect

that scattered mass of waters into one deep, narrow, Alpine torrent that shall bear off every thing before it—the "Order of the Sons of Temperance" was established. The organization of this great moral force is as plain and void of complexity as can be consistent with unity and strength. The whole system contemplates an allotment of power and duties among several jurisdictions, to wit: a National Division, State Divisions, and Subordinate Divisions. The bond of union is very simple—*total abstinence from all stimulating drinks as a beverage;* but the constitution and by-laws go further, and provide for aid in sickness, and relief in distress. It is a great brotherhood, in which each member feels that he has a common interest, and is subject to a common duty of battling against intemperance and vice, and promoting the good of our common country.

This great moral project was set on foot in 1842, by sixteen men, "good and true," who having felt the insufficiency of the Temperance Societies to do *all* the wants of the unfortunate required, met in the city of New-York, to adopt a more systematic plan of operations. They organized the moral armament now before me, placed the sword of truth, burnished, into each soldier's hands, unfurled the banners of fidelity, out-posted scouts and sentinels, until the drum-beat of the whole line now answers the most distant report of danger.

Its object is the subjugation of no province, the sacking of no city, the invasion of no foreign territory; but the preservation of human right, the security of individual peace and domestic tranquillity, the extirpation of vice, crime, and human misery. At this time, it numbers its thousands, tens and scores of thousands, made up of every sex, every party, every condition, in life. As a means of preserving the identity of the Order, and of guarding its members against the impositions of the crafty and unworthy, there are adopted certain signs of recognition,

and words of passport, which, of course, must be a mystery to all but the initiated. This we are sorry to learn, has been made the cause of objection by some.

Is this a ground for a serious objection? Who can understand and explain the mysterious union of mind and matter, spirit and body, which makes man the strange, complex being that he is? All we know are the facts, and these should satisfy us in other matters of less complexity. There is deep insoluble mystery in the ocean. Who can tell from whence it derives its eternal supplies of salt? Who hath numbered the multitude that people its waters, or counted the treasures of its coral beds? We hear the low breathings of the zephyrs at morn, the thundering of the storm at noon, but cannot tell whence they come or whither they go. When God descended amid the thunder of Sinai, he was pleased to veil, with a thick cloud, his glory from mortal gaze. The whole world is a mystery, at least to the finite conceptions of man.

But it is secret in its operations. You do not see the propelling power that moves the machinery, but you witness the effect of the force that is gained; and though we cannot trace the stream back to the fountain, and explain whence it derives those properties, we know its waters are healthful and fertilizing. In this, as in every other instance, we should judge of the system by its fruit. But this very secrecy is attended with good. It keeps alive that interest, the want of which was so much felt in the old Temperance Societies.

It offers a great rallying point to our best energies. Purity in our affections, fidelity in our engagements, uprightness in our actions, and love to our race, are inscribed upon our banners; and the true Son of Temperance carries them with him in every department of private, domestic, and social life, as the emblazonry of his principles. We profess nothing that patriotism does

not approve; nothing that philanthropy does not cherish; nothing that the purest religion does not sanction. We make no offerings to avarice; erect no altars to ambition. Our only end and aim is to do good to our race, to redeem our country from the bondage of vice, to purify our public sentiment, and to secure to the people of this great commonwealth that moral freedom which brings its charter from Heaven.

And yet, there are thousands whose piety we do not question, who stand aloof from this affiliation; and, as far as example can go, obstruct its progress, and lessen its means of usefulness. Christians! beware that you be not found fighting on the side of evil. Examine the ground on which you stand. You are bound, by your allegiance to your great leader to be ready for every good work. If you love your country we offer to you a field for patriotic labors; if you delight in deeds of philanthropy, the sufferings of men, the griefs, sorrows, and bereavements of helpless women and unoffending orphans, call for your aid. If you love your God, we offer to you an enterprise we believe He will own and bless. Delay, then, no longer, but give us your hearty co-operation.

We call upon you to do battle for your country. It is invaded by an unrelenting foe that spares not the young man in his strength, nor the old man in his weakness. Arouse yourselves to oppose his further ravages. And should you conquer, though no proud monument may be reared on earth to perpetuate your name, no fading laurel shall encircle your brow, yet you will hear that which is above the praise or worship of men—the applause of an approving conscience; and when the trampling of death's chariot steeds is heard at thy door, thou canst look back without regret, without self-reproach, upon a well spent life, and hear the voice of thy God calling thee up to that reward which awaits thee in Heaven.

LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE.

BY E. F. ELLET.

Look not upon the wine—O thoughtless one!
While you have gifts that it may steal away:
Youth, grace, and wit and genius, now your own,
Are all too precious for the spoiler's prey.

Look not upon the wine! Unto your mind
Were given broad eagle wings to sweep the sky;
Ah! do not to the dust its pinions bind,
While those of meaner birth may soar on high.

Look not upon the wine! a garden rare,
A treasury of wealth untold, your heart;
Crush not the flowers that bloom so lovely there;
Dim not the gems that mock the crowns of art.

The love of kindred, and the joy of friends
Around you cling—as to the oak the vine;
To every circle, light your presence lends—
Oh, look not on the soul-destroying wine!

Leave to the dull, th' ignoble, and the slave,
A joy so base—a strife with such a foe—
Whom to o'ercome no honor brings the brave—
To fall by whom were triple shame and woe.

Look not upon the wine! heed not the spell!
Yourself, so noble and so gifted, spare;
Think of the friends who love you passing well;
Think of your plighted promise, and forbear!

DR. LYMAN BEECHER,

Was born at New Haven, Conn., September 12, 1775. His father David Beecher, a blacksmith, is supposed to have descended from one of the four Beechers who were among the one hundred and twenty-nine proprietors of the town of N. Haven in 1685. His mother was Catharine Lyman of Middlefield, and died in child-bed with Lyman her first and only child. On her death-bed she bequeathed the feeble infant to her sister, the wife of Lot Benton, a farmer of North Guilford, who was childless. The infant when received by the foster-parents was extremely feeble, and said to weigh only three pounds—according to the institutions of Lycurgus he should have been thrown into the Apothetae, and thus finally disposed of; but as he had the good fortune to be born in New England in christian times, he was allowed to try his chance, and grew up to be capable of more physical and mental vigor and endurance than falls to the lot of most men. This development of a naturally feeble system, was probably owing to an early farming education on a hard soil, and in the cold and bracing climate of New England.

It soon became evident, as well to the indulgent foster-parents, as to the young man himself, that farming was not to be his particular vocation, and accordingly he began to fit for college,

under the care of Rev. Thomas Bray, minister of the parish, and he subsequently graduated at Yale College, and pursued his theological studies at the same place under the care of Dr. Dwight, for whom, even down to the latest years of his life, he has ever cherished an admiring and venerative attachment.

His ministerial career commenced at East Hampton, Long Island, where he was ordained in September, 1798. In 1810, he received a call from the first Congregational Church in Litchfield, Conn., with which he continued his connection till March 1826. During this time he published several sermons, and assisted in forming various benevolent societies. In 1826, he received a call from the Hanover street Church, Boston, where he continued six years and a half, and in 1832, he received a call to the Presidency of Lane Seminary, where for ten years, in addition to the duties of that office, he performed those of pastor, in the second Presbyterian Church in Cincinnati—the latter situation he then relinquished, in order to devote himself more exclusively to those of the former, which he still sustains.

Such is a brief outline of his life thus far. His history as connected with the Temperance Reform we shall give more fully, deriving our information from the notes of a speech which he made in London at the time of the World's Convention, in which he proposed briefly to sketch the history of the American Temperance Reformation.

In the earlier periods of the New England colonies there was no general prevalence of Intemperance.

Our prudent and careful forefathers, considering alcohol as a good servant but a bad master, took it out of the list of articles of ordinary lawful traffic, and placed it for safe keeping in the hands of men of well established and trusty character, by whom all such sales as were essential were conducted—drunkenness

was a crime severely punished by law, and the instances of its occurrence were very rare.

Even down as late as the boyhood of the subject of our sketch, he was able to declare, that there was no tippling shop in the town where he was brought up, and he remembers to have heard of but one drunkard. But in the course of twenty years after, it had become an article of ordinary traffic, and what is called its temperate use had become universal—on land and by sea—on farm and in workshop, as well as in circles of refined hospitality it was fearlessly circulated, and the church and ministry participated without apprehension or remonstrance.

At all ecclesiastical meetings the pipe and the brandy bottle were held to be necessary adjuvants to good fellowship and brotherly love—and in the pastor's fireside visitations. the good wife was never wanting in this form of hospitality. Come wife, "here's the minister, out with the big chair and the brandy bottle," used to be a familiar saying of a hospitable old household, of whom we were wont to hear in our childhood; nor did this collocation so astounding in our days sound at all inappropriate, or savor the least of reproach in those days—since in simple verity, the brandy bottle was then the main stay of good cheer and the pledge of cordiality. Wives, mothers, and sisters all drank in various forms of the genial element, and the glitter of wine glasses and decanters, and skill in compounding and setting forth the various beverages which gave vivacity to the social hour, formed no inconsiderable part of the pride and accomplishment of a notable housekeeper.

It is not wonderful, therefore, that families were constantly scandalised by the falling of one or another of their members into open and scandalous intemperance—that there were wives and mothers no longer fit for their place as either—ministers unfit for the sacred desk, and that the most brilliant talent, the

most respectable position, the most sacred office offered no guarantee against the wiles of the destroyer.

The writer not long since was riding with a venerable old gentleman through one of the neat New England villages—stopping at a point which commanded a view of the principal street, he pointed to one and another house—There is the L—— house—*he* died a drunkard,—there lived Mr. B——, *he* died a drunkard.—In that house the father and two sons died drunkards, and so on down the street, until it seemed to the listener that as of old in Egypt the destroyer had been to every dwelling, and that there was "not a house where there was not one dead."

This state of things very early attracted the attention of Dr. Beecher after he was settled in the ministry.—About this time he fell in with a treatise by Dr. Rush of Philadelphia, which strongly affected his mind and led him to think more earnestly on the subject than ever before; he fell in also with some accounts of societies for reform of morals which had been instituted in London, under the influence of which he preached a sermon, afterwards published, entitled, a "Reform in Morals, necessary and practicable." Under the influence of this discourse a society for reform in morals, generally, was formed in his parish, which had relation not only to temperance but to the observance of the Sabbath, and other matters connected with public morals.

Subsequently the same subject engaged his attention after his removal to Connecticut.—He preached the same sermon, somewhat enlarged, before a meeting in New Haven at a time when the legislature was in session, strongly urging on ministers and magistrates to do all in their power both by influence and by the arm of law, to repress the growing immoralities of the times. Similar appeals from the pulpit began to be universally made,

and magistrates were roused to greater diligence in enforcing existing laws against intemperance, the desecration of the Sabbath and other kindred evils. This stringency of law brought suddenly down on the community, produced an immediate political revolution.—The old magistracy were universally superseded to make room for such as should be more agreeable to public sentiment, and thus of course old laws became a dead letter.

At first this change produced a general consternation among the better part of the community, but it gradually became apparent to leading minds that there was a higher and surer way of leading on reform than by the arm of law, and that weapons more mighty than those of physical force yet remained in their hands. Dr. Beecher was one of the first to see and rejoice in this conviction, and the writer in early childhood remembers having often heard him express the sentiment that this political change was to them a matter of congratulation, because it had opened before them a more excellent way of effecting their purposes.

About this time the General Association of Connecticut Ministers appointed a committee to consider the subject of Intemperance, and the means of its suppression. The next year, in a similar meeting, the committee reported that Intemperance was fast increasing, but after a most earnest and prayerful attention to the subject they had not been able to see any thing that could be done for its suppression.

Dr. Beecher immediately rose and moved that a committee be appointed to report on the means of prevention of Intemperance. The motion was carried, and he and the Rev. Mr. Dutton of Guilford, were chosen for the purpose. They recommended—

1st. That ardent spirits should be totally discontinued in all ecclesiastical meetings, and in all the families of ministers and members of churches.

2d. That it should no longer be given as an adjuvant of labor by land or by sea.

3d. That every minister from his pulpit should enlighten his people as to their duties in this respect, and urge upon them immediate and total abstinence.

This course commended itself instantaneously to the public mind, and may almost be said to have been carried by acclamation through the State—and a great unprecedented and universal reform followed. Not only ministers but civilians in every grade, governors, judges, lawyers, medical men, loudly and openly expressed their approbation and added the sanction of their example. This was the first marked and leading Temperance Reform in America, and preceded by many years the formation of the first Temperance Society in Massachusetts. From that time the use of ardent spirits ceased entirely from all ecclesiastical meetings—ceased to be an essential part of hospitality, and fell into general disuse in all well-regulated and pious families. The reform being one of public sentiment was one which no caprices of political demagogues could overthrow, and its beneficial results are felt to this day.

About this time was conceived the plan of Dr. Beecher's six sermons on Intemperance. A painful earnestness was given to this effort by certain private circumstances. He had discovered, with painful surprise that two leading members of his Church, to whom he was attached by strong personal friendship, had unconsciously to themselves, perhaps, been beguiled by the insidious tempter to the very verge of ruin—and the preaching of these sermons was a warning cry which he lifted in the very distress and earnestness of his soul, to show them if possible, their danger.

These sermons have been successively translated into German, French, Swedish, Danish, and lastly into the *Hottentot.*

When Professor Stowe was in London in 1836, there was there a Hottentot Chief with six or seven of his tribe, who had come over with Rev. Dr. Philip, Missionary to South Africa. Learning that a son-in-law of Dr. Beecher, author of the sermons on Intemperance, was in London they expressed quite an anxiety to see him, and in an interview which Professor Stowe had with them, expressed their great delight and edification in these publications which they said had done great good among the Hottentots.

Dr. Beecher, at the age of 74, is still in vigorous health and able to perform all his duties as Professor, and preaches as opportunity offers with acceptance and success.

APPEAL

TO THE

LADIES OF AMERICA.

BY REV. A. L. STONE, P. G. W. P.

If we come to talk with you for awhile *soberly and earnestly*, it is because we think it no honor to you to offer you the perpetual incense of "small talk," because our theme demands soberness and earnestness and because—we will confess it—we greatly desire to win you as helpers and co-laborers in the good cause of Temperance.

In this insurrection of virtue and humanity against the remorseless despotism of appetite, if any class of society have a *right* to feel and act that right is yours. No voice can accuse you of meddling with what does not concern you. By all your sorrowful experiences, by the sad awful tragedies which have defiled and violated the sancity of home—by the wail of want and woe from many a desolate hearth-stone, you are justified in publishing your league against the destroyer. While these gloomy annals remain, woman's interest in the progress of the Temperance movement none can question.

In every relation of life in which her heart has been linked

with other hearts, she has been stricken by the blight which the far-flying pestilence sheds from its wings. Of all ties on which the wealth of her nature is lavished, not one, however near, however tender, however sacred has been spared. To look upon one in whom are garnered up all warm affections and bright hopes, and behold him passing under the shadow of that bondage which locks heart and brain, sense and soul, in its iron mastery, to couple the name of DRUNDARD with one so dear, and to drag out a weary life, heart-broken, fast linked to brutality and shame, this is no common sorrow. Let us speak of these victims.

THE BETROTHED.

HERE many a maiden wooed and won and plighting her troth to the youth of her heart, and looking forward to the near day when, having uttered bridal vows they shall set forth together—"Pilgrims of Life"—to her eye on all the future the golden sunshine lying—a strong arm, a faithful heart to lean upon—a manly form ever by her side, her grace and defence—the vigilance of love to shield her from all rough minds—has suddenly seen the vision dissolve before the dark magic of the bowl. He to whom she gave the priceless jewel of a maiden's truth, has found a deeper charm in the social glass. He comes to her presence flushed with wine—and, from his forward speech and eager eye and bold approaches, she must shrink sad and trembling into her maidenly reserve. He goes from her presence to wanton with her name amid the companions of his festive hours. Soon the finger of public regard singles him out as one on the road to ruin. Stifling the anguish of her heart, she ventures once and again some pleasant remonstrance. He listens, promises, breaks his word, grows resentful, and plunges deeper into

his excesses. Farewell to her bright dream. That image so dear she must banish from the chamber of her soul. With a sore and aching heart she must turn from that picture to the future. Long must it be before that deep wound in her breast shall be closed. If she go not down to an early grave, a withered flower nipt by an untimely frost, the *scar* of that wound, a *painful memory*, she will keep to her latest hour.

THE DAUGHTER.

Look again—here is another sad one from the band of maidens. He whom she calls by the honored name of *Father*, is no longer one to be reverenced. She cannot go and offer a daughter's caresses to one reeking with the fumes of the revel. In the street cries of derision and insult follow him, every one of which is a dagger to her heart. And she bears his name—she is his child—she must blush for him and wear his shame, and walk in the shadow of his degradation—and look upon him fallen and loathsome as he is, as her father still. She has none to show her a father's love—none to enrich her with a father's blessing—none to breath for her a father's prayer. How such a grief must drink up the spirit! If it do not quite kill, it must darken all the coloring of life. Another foot-print of the curse:

THE SISTER.

And here is one with a sister's faith, who knows what it is to hoard a brother's name and fame. She sees him starting in the race with eagle eye and lofty aim and generous resolves, and her ardent soul well nigh lends him wings. Ah, what joy it shall be to her to see him win and wear the wreath of honor—what a clinging pride shall be hers in his successes! On the altar

of *his* advancement she would think it a small thing to sacrifice *hers*. In his need she would give up peace and hope and well nigh life and honor to save or bless him. It is a deep well of truth and self-devotion, a sister's heart. But in that brother's path the snares of the enchanter are spread. The glow of the wine-cup outshines the lustre of the bright distant goal he panted for. The eagle eye is soon dimmed—the nerve of endeavor is palsied—the ardor of pursuit—the dream of fame—the hope and the purpose of eminent usefulness—that scheme of a life the world should feel, are all quenched in the fiery draught. Droops with that nobler life the sister's ardent soul. How can she bear the contrast between the dream and the reality! How can she look upon him her trust and hope had mantled with such heroic garniture, a poor slave of sense—sunk to a level with the brute! She cannot lean upon his arm—she cannot hold him to her heart—she cannot point him out with pride amid the throng—she can only weep over him and pray. There is bitterness in such tears—agony in such prayers.

THE WIFE.

Come now with me and look upon a yet sadder scene. Faintly glow the dying embers upon the hearth of a ruined cottage. It is a cold winter night and the pitiless blast shakes the rattling casement and drives in through many a crevice the falling snow. A feeble light struggles against the gloom of the apartment. By the light plying the busy needle upon a tattered garment sits a woman shivering in the bitter frost. Her face is pale and thin. In her look and attitude *there is no hope*. Often she sighs as the sharp pangs of a breaking heart rend her bosom. The moan of hungry children, moaning in sleep, comes to her ear, and the scalding tears overflow. She thinks

of the time when she was a light-hearted girl—when she stood up a joyous bride, and heard the promise spoken, *to love, cherish* and protect till death should dissolve the tie—when, in their bright sky, the first glass, the little cloud like a man's hand gave token of the rising storm,—when the first unkind word was spoken, the first pressure of want felt, the first shock of a drunken husband reeling across the threshold smote her heart. Sad musings are thine, lovely wife, as thou pliest still the needle by the dim light in the desolate room, the winter without and within, and yet again *within*. But she pauses in her work. A foot is on the step—a hand pushes the door open. Oh, how unlike, the face, the form, the step, the voice, the salutation to those she remembers so well! And she is chained to this "*body of death.*" He has a right to call her *wife*. He may approach her and she cannot fly. He may silence the moaning children with blows and curses and she can only interpose her frail form. And there is no release for her till death come. More than widowed, with society to which dreariest solitude were paradise—*home*, that dearest word of earth's dialect, to her another name for all wretchedness and no appeal save to the Chancery of Heaven, no rest save in the grave.

THE MOTHER.

Look once more into a mother's heart. Her once proud boy is a slave to strong drink. How had she dreamed dreams over his cradle-slumbers! How had she seen a radiant future mirror in his bright young eye. What a comfort should it be to her old heart to look out from the retreat of age upon his high and honorable path. What music to her ear to hear the world's voices speaking his name with honest praises. What a welcome should she keep for him coming from his elevated sphere of

duty to sit with his honors like a child at his mother's feet. Descending into the vale, how should she lean upon his heart, his arm, for strength and cheer. He lives, but nothing of all this is ever to be. He is yet in his earliest manhood, but all life's freshness is gone. In riotous living the glory and beauty of his youth are consumed. Filial reverence is dead within him. To the counsels of her who bore him, he gives back sullen looks—blasphemies—perhaps a blow. Oh, had he died years ago in his young innocence, before any of this history had passed upon him, leaving only the memory of his childhood behind him, it had been a small grief compared with this living affliction. Those gray hairs shall be brought with sorrow to the grave.

And not one of these scenes is a fancy sketch. Every one has had its original in fact. You have met them all in real life. Name and dates you can supply. And they have not been solitary histories. Many times over have they been enacted. These mourning voices of mothers, and wives, and daughters, and sisters, and betrothed maidens have been lifted up, a great chorus, sounding through the land these many generations. Oh, you are interested in this matter; you have a right to speak and act. The sorrowful wastes in your manifold relations made desert, by the scourge of Intemperance, summon you to link your hearts and hands together around your household shrines and keep them pure.

And now will you bear with us a little longer, while we tell you *what we would have you do.*

First of all—NEVER PUT THE GLASS TO YOUR OWN LIPS. We do not say this because we fear you will so far forget delicacy, refinement and womanhood, as to fall into ebriety. And yet this most loathsome spectacle of fallen humanity has been exhibited. But apart from this issue; every lady who takes the

wine-glass, lends all the charm of her manners, all the graces of her mind, and all the captivation of her social qualities to give currency to wine-drinking in the circle in which she moves. It cannot be thought a beastly excess to copy the example of a refined and cultivated woman. What young man can pronounce the habit degrading, or brutalizing when thus vindicated before his eyes by those whom he chiefly esteems and admires? An association with the glass is thus created which follows it every where—flinging around it a poetry, a romance, which hide all its deformity and wreath it ever with flowers. In scenes of excess where woman mingles not, her hand still graces the goblet, and endorses the revel. From such a fatal influence, keep your example we entreat you forever guiltless.

NEVER PUT THE GLASS INTO THE HAND OF A YOUNG MAN. You know not how terrible shall be the issue of that one thoughtless act. He has, ere he met you, perhaps, felt his danger. He has been compelled to confess to his heart the growing power of a habit which he traces back to some such scene as this in which he stands by your side. On the brink of the abyss he has started back and sought to untwine the chords that were dragging him down. He is struggling like a wrestler with his appetite. He is yet weak before its giant power. If he yield a hair, if he allow it the least vantage, it will re-assert its dominion, he is its slave for life. He enters the circle where you meet him with his best resolves. Tearful eyes follow him—the agony of prayer goes with him—for other hearts are bound up in him. *You are his temptress!* With pleasant smiles and kind words you reach him the ruby draught. How can he resist? You have armed his old enemy against him. If he hesitate, some half-reproachful word, some new charm, the whispered spell, "You will drink with me," ensures

the victory. You turn from him well pleased with your little triumph—the confession of your power. Ah, what have you done? Outblazes again the flame so nearly smothered. The demon of appetite within him takes the mastery again—it will be sated—it cries vehemently, "give, *give*, GIVE"—it will have its gratification, in the face of broken vows, ruined hopes, wrecked fortunes, blighted household peace, dishonor, despair, death, it will have what it craves. From his dying chamber, or his cell of doom, whither turns his accusing eye? Back to that form of grace and beauty that stood by his side on the festal eve—and bade him pledge her in the wine—back to you Oh, smiling maiden, Oh, honored matron! Had you dreamed of this you would sooner have cut off your right hand than offered the fatal lure. And you cannot *know* that all this may not follow any such thoughtless act. Will you venture such an awful hazard? Were it not much for you to feel and say, when such histories are recited, "*I have not helped this ruin.*" Oh, what right have you to be strewing the path to a dishonored grave with roses and gilding it with smiles? Who has given you leave to introduce the young men who seek your society into paths, which, if they follow them, lead them in such numbers to a miserable end? Take the resolution, again we beseech you, *never*, NEVER, to pour the wine for another and commend it with your charms to his lips. Set the example of banishing from the sideboard, the service of glass. Amid the elegant profusion to which you invite your guests, let not the sparkle of the wine be seen. Purer shall be the sparkling flow of mirth and wit that take their inspiration from sparkling water.

NEVER GIVE YOUR PATRONAGE *in any way to those who sell ardent spirits as a beverage.* If tradesmen dealing in the poison, who had still any character to lose, were deserted by all except their tippling customers, they could not hold up their

heads a single day. But while they can point to ladies of standing and fashion daily crossing their threshholds to satisfy their domestic necessities from their shelves, what force have all our arguments with them to prove the disgraceful nature of the traffic? They are not disgraced! See what company they keep—see who endorse their respectability! Let the ladies of our communities resolve never to give a farthing's trade to a *grocer* who sells rum, whatever inducement he may offer in the cheapness and excellence of his wares—never to enter a *confectioner's saloon* for refreshment where intoxicating drinks may be obtained, never of free choice to go to a summer "*watering-place*" where a bar is kept and these strongholds of intemperance are by this one act demolished.

PUT FORTH DIRECT EFFORTS TO RESCUE *the captives to strong drink.* Here is a mission worthy all the self-sacrificing benevolence of woman's heart. It is one for which in her gentleness, her true delicacy, her incomparable tact, she is exactly fitted. Speak to the young man whom you see leaning to the vintage. You will know what to say. You will win his ear without alarming his pride. He will respond to you without taking offence. He will yield to you as a favor, as a personal gratification, what argument and reproaches would never have wrung from him. The forfeiture of your good opinion may be a more prevailing appeal with him than any loud-voiced warning. You will have the unspeakable satisfaction of saving him.

Go to the fallen one—the poor outcast—the leprous drunkard. Show him what kindness there is yet felt for him. Give to him the hand he never hoped to see extended again to such as him, and *plead* with him. To you he will listen—your ministrations will melt the rime about his heart. Your very presence will bring healing. He will feel lifted a little from his degradation by such transient companionship. The memory of it will chas-

ten him—that any so far removed from him, thought of him enough to seek him for his good—that they did not fear to soil their garments by approaching him on their errand of love. From your cheering and sympathizing words he will catch the hope of redemption, and

> "Like the stained web that whitens in the sun,
> Grow pure by being purely shone upon."

Be you thus "Sisters of Charity"—angels of mercy to the sinning and hopeless, and the dark places of guilt and woe shall brighten at your coming, and instead of accusations from dying lips, there shall come upon you, "the blessing of many ready to perish."

But some of you are far in advance of our exhortation. We hail you, Daughters of Temperance as true yoke-fellows in our cause. We feel stronger and more sanguine as we look upon your banded array. You yourselves are stronger for your league. You are far more likely thus to accomplish social revolutions in the habits we deplore. You gird the timid thus with a new courage. You keep alive your own zeal, faith and hope. You surround the daughters of want, the stricken and the tempted, with a cordon of Love.

Who shall question your propriety in all this? Is it *unfeminine* to pity the sinful and the suffering? Is it *unfeminine* to be active in works of charity? Is it *indelicate* to do by associated action some great good, you must fail if you attempt it alone! I yield to none in the price I set upon true womanly modesty. I know the rhyme as well as another—

> "Look up—there is a small bright cloud
> Alone amid the skies!—
> So high, so pure, and so apart,
> A woman's glory lies."

But it is her glory, her apostleship, to win the erring, bind up the broken hearted, "lift up the hands that hang down and the feeble knees"—and shed peace and purity as flowers do fragrance, all around. May she not enter into covenant with her sisters against a most destructive evil eminently social in its character? Is it out of her place and sphere, unwomanly and questionable for her to attend and act in reform meetings where none but those of her own sex are present,—while it is just the height of delicacy and propriety for her to enter a parlor crowded with ladies and gentlemen, in that undress which is strangely enough called *full dress*, and dance half the night away! We beg of you to dismiss the thought forever. Closer draw your guardian league—Fast bound in this holy wedlock be you the *Brides of Temperance!* On our side we have already the stern severe aspect of Truth, the testimonies of science, the warning utterances of experience, the hollow tones of untimely graves—it is yours to bring in the warmth of the affections—the poetry of woman's smiles—the eloquence of woman's tears—"the unbought grace of life."

THE OLD MAN'S LAST WISH.

[FOUNDED ON FACT.]

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

The Psalmist's span of life had past
Full twenty years or more,
And still the old man's footsteps tracked
The sands on time's lone shore
While Death's dark wave impatient swelled
Those footprints to sweep o'er.

Aye more than ninety years had shed
Their sunshine and their shade,
Since first upon that aged head
A father's hand was laid,
And now not one was left of all
With whom his childhood played.

The memory of that far off Past
Had faded from his sight,
The mists of many years had dimmed
Life's golden morning light,
And he was now content to watch
The closing shades of night.

But when at length Death's summon's came,
While breath was ebbing fast,
Those veiling mists were rent atwain,
As by a mighty blast,
And once again the old man lived
In that long hidden Past.

Once more he saw the homestead where
His youth had passed away,
The trees that interlaced above
Its roof so old and gray,
The sheltering porch whose trellised vines
Gleamed in the sunset ray.

And strange unto his fading eyes
The present quickly grew,
The old familiar faces near
Now wore an aspect new,
And ever on his sinking heart
A gloom their coming threw.

"Oh take me home!" 'twas thus he spake
To all who gathered nigh,
"Beneath the roof where I was born,
There would I choose to die—
Then take me home,—oh take me home!"
'Twas still the old man's cry.

For memory's voice within his soul
Sang like a spirit-bird
Until the tones of other years
Alone his cold ear heard,

And all his nature's time sealed depths
Were by that music stirred.

And brighter still, and brighter grew
These visions to the last,
"Oh take me home!" was still his cry
While life was fleeting fast,
And with this prayer upon his lips
The weary spirit past.

When on the grave's dark verge at last
The time worn body lies,
And visions of a brighter world
Float past the glazing eyes,
Oh! who can tell what shape may take
Those dreams of paradise?

Still to the struggling spirit clings
The heavy weight of clay,
It hath not yet put on its wings
To soar from earth away,
What marvel if its visions wear
The glory of youth's day,
And Life's bright morning star appears
Like Heaven's first golden ray?

REV. THOMAS P. HUNT,

G. W. A. OF PA.

Rev. Thomas P. Hunt, was born in Charlotte County, Virginia, Dec. 3, 1794. He lost his father when about three years old. A violent attack of hooping-cough, accompanied with much fever, during his infancy, resulted in leaving him deformed in body. The greater part of his youth was spent in a sick room. This proved a rich blessing; for it left him continually under the watchful care of an intelligent and prayerful mother, to whose faithful discharge of duty, Mr. Hunt is indebted for all that he values.

He graduated at Hampden Sydney College, in 1813. He spent some time in teaching. Then returned, as a resident graduate to College. He afterwards studied theology under the care of the Rev. Drs. Moses Hoge and John B. Rice. While under the care of Dr. Rice, he promised the Doctor, that when licenced to preach, he would use all proper occasions to preach against Intemperance, which at that time was making fearful ravages. This promise was made in 1822, and has been faithfully kept. When the Temperance Reformation commenced it found Mr. Hunt laboring for its object. He immediately

joined the Society. He was licenced to preach by the Presbytery of Hanover, 1824.—Settled shortly after in Brunswick, Virginia. In 1827 he emancipated his slaves, and voluntarily passed from affluence to poverty. The same year he was called as Pastor to the capital of North Carolina. He remained there until 1830, when he accepted the offer of Agent for the State Temperance Society of North Carolina. During his labors in this office a revival of religion commenced under him at Wilmington, North Carolina. Mr. Hunt remained there until 1834. In 1833 he was sent as a Delegate to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and also to the first Temperance Convention held in the world. He left Wilmington on an agency for Donaldson Academy, near Fayetteville, North Carolina. He was invited to visit New-York; his labours while there were greatly blessed, and he was invited to become lecturer on Temperance in that city. He remained there nearly two years. Then went to Philadelphia on this same business. He left Philadelphia in 1840, for Wyoming, Pennsylvania, where he still resides, devoted to preaching, building up schools, and lecturing on Temperance. His health of late is not so robust as formerly, when he was in the habit of speaking from one to four times a day, without rest, for months together. He originated the Cold Water Army among the children. He was the first lecturer in favor of Total Abstinence, and his child's pledge of Total Abstinence is thought to be the first generally circulated pledge of the kind. He early assumed the ground that liquor-selling ought to be highly penal. He is widely known as "The Drunkard's Friend," and the Liquor-seller's vexation. He married a lady of his native State in 1832. Has five children, all daughters and *tetotallers*.

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SOME THOUGHTS

ON THE

SUBJECT OF INTEMPERANCE.

BY REV. H, HASTINGS WELD.

He will be acknowledged one of the chief benefactors of his race, who shall devise and submit to the test of experience, the best and most effectual bar against the vice of Intemperance in the use of intoxicating liquors. Various attempts have been made, including, it would seem, every possible direction of human wisdom, to abate the evil. Some plans contemplate prevention only, by guarding against the formation of the habit. Others attempt the reformation of those who have already contracted the mad propensity. And in our own day the plans of philanthropists embrace both the cure of inebriates, and the diminution of the class, by binding youth, and even infancy to total abstinence.

It has been charged that the Americans as a people are or have been more addicted to strong drink than any other. We

are not disposed to concede this; and facts and statistics had we place for them would, we are sure bear us out in the denial. But we must admit that there is sufficient intemperance in drink among us to shock the most apathetic, and to call for earnest efforts to check the evil. We see many causes for this unfortunate fact, some of which seem to be almost irremediable. Foremost among these is the universal proneness to excitement, which marks our commercial, social, and political lives.—This cannot better be defined than by borrowing a phrase from the vernacular—a phrase undignified, certainly, but as certainly expressive. In all things it is the natural habit to "*go it with a rush!*"

Our commercial affairs are celebrated for crisis—occurring almost with the regularity of periodical agues. Whatever is done must be done furiously, or the doers fancy that they are doing nothing. No matter what branch of trade, what pursuit or speculation happens to be the fashion, men madly pursue it, until the thing is overdone, and the hobby of the hour is foundered and ridden to death. To-day the merchant or speculator counts his ideal thousands or millions—to-morrow, a change has come over his dream, and he is in the depth of dejection at his absolute poverty. If we could divest ourselves of the knowledge of the actual and miserable suffering which attends these sudden exaltations, and reverses as sudden; if we could forget the wife reduced from idle affluence to humiliating want—if we could shut out from our thoughts the children, who feel the turn in fortune's wheel the more keenly, since their inexperienced vanity in prosperity, exposes them to keen insult in adversity:—if as unconcerned and unfeeling spectators we could observe all this, no spectacle could be more amusing. The magic changes of the pantomime are nothing to it. No juggler's feat or mechanical dexterity can produce revolutions so instantaneous.

He who is cynic enough to sneer at misfortune, and to find diversion in calamity, need desire no more abundant drolleries than commercial revulsions furnish.

Now, what is the effect of all this, in the connection in which we are considering it—its bearing upon individual habits? Any one of our readers, of ordinary opportunity and capacity of observation can answer. The speculator who has hazarded his all, and more than all upon the chances of trade—not a legitimate and healthful, but capricious and reckless enterprize—cannot calmly watch his operation, or patiently wait its issue. The thing were morally impossible. He must mine and countermine. To-day he must fly this kite—to-morrow stop that gap—now embrace this expedient, and now rack his brain and strain his credit in that desperate shift. To pause in his anxious struggle were to ruin all at once, and anticipate the crash which in most cases must eventually come. Hope and Fear alternately possess him—and neither Hope nor Fear has "signed the pledge." He elevates the ecstacy of the one, and palliates the terror of the other, by the "grand catholicon"—the refuge in all extremes, whether of pain or pleasure. And when, at the close of the business hours he finds that three o'clock strikes not yet the knell of his commercial credit, it is no wonder that he aids digestion, and calms his perturbed spirits in the intoxicating accompaniment to his dinner. The rest of the day, and far into the night is his holiday. He seeks repose from the excitements of the Exchange in the excitement of convivial, or other amusement; and makes much of the few hours' truce between "bulls" and "bears," and "buyers" and "holders."

Such is an extreme case. But all men, except a very few, wise and careful, taught by experience, or saved by position, share to a greater or less degree, in the dangerous excitement of "good times," so designated. All are not desperate. All

are not reckless. But the reckless and the desperate carry other men's fortunes with them. The "bold game" of the few infects many, and effects all. All crafts partake of the general prosperity—and all in the reverse. Each man in his sphere, to him the world, feels the inflation and suffers from the contraction. In such a scene of universal excitement most men are tempted, and many submit to borrow fictitious strength in the struggle, mock joy in prosperity, and false consolation in adversity from the dangerous bowl. The mechanic and tradesman, the laborer, and other recipients of moderate wages or small profits, find their income increased in prosperity, and then indulge because "they can afford it." When adversity comes, and labor is difficult to obtain, or their receipts are diminished, or money actually earned is lost or withheld from them, the dangerous comforter is appealed to. Thus are the fluctuations of trade and commerce marked in our mercurial population by the tide of sensual enjoyment—only that where commerce has its flood and ebb, the strong waters have two floods—one in the hey-day and madness of success, the other in the despondence of reverses.

Social life has its excitements also; in a great degree dependent upon trade and politics; but still, in some of its phases distinct. There are fashionable follies and extravagances in dress, in traveling, and in the furor of fashionable amusements. All these sacrifice their victims. It is a glorious thing that in this country no determinate and fixed rules of caste or station pin men down to one sphere, or confine him forever to a set of acquaintances. But all advantages may be abused, and all good in human customs has some evil phaze. Some men are vulgar and narrow minded, let their sphere be what it may. Born a duke such a man would be the commonest of the common, and delight in horse-races, strong libations, pugilism, rat-catching,

dog-fancying and stale bets. Born a republican he may be no worse, and certainly is no better. Others there are, who by negligence or the misfortunes of their parents lose the advantages of education. Fortunate speculation—or perhaps unwearied, and to a certain extent praiseworthy industry, puts one of these unfortunates in the possession of money which he knows not how to spend—or of credit, which commands, while it lasts, all that money would buy. The natural tendency to "furor" will not suffer him to keep still. He makes large parties, egged to it by the impatience and vanity of wife and daughters. Having caught his guests what is he to do with them? Money will not purchase intellectual amusements—nor would it buy guests who could appreciate such, if it were offered. But money will procure all the various compounds under which the tempter lurks. If he can do nothing else with his guests, he can, as the Melesian expressed it, "eat them and drink them." And thus our social gatherings come in too many cases to possess that chief interest which pertains also to menageries of wild beasts—feeding the animals. Luxury is always worse and more contemptible in our republic than any where else. A vast field is opened by free institutions for the development and enlargement of the mind; but when men are content to use these advantages simply for pampering the body, and debasing the intellect, liberty speedily descends to licentiousness. The frugal beginner grows to the apparent millionaire, gorges himself, and explodes; retiring to his pristine poverty, without the prudence which raised him from want, and without the virtue that made his poverty honorable. His short-lived wealth has served only to ruin himself, and to place temptation in the way of others.

Another social evil of the first magnitude, is found in the fondness which exists for exciting and dangerous amusements. "Public opinion" has been called, and not inaptly, the tyrant

of American society. But its most cruel tyranny is not so much in what it forbids, as in what it permits; it is not so grievous an oppressor in its restrictive, as in its latitudinarian character. It shields multitudes in indulgences which are ruinous to body and soul. And, under the specious alias of "Fashion" it imboldens men in vice, and shames them out of their virtue; ridicules temperance and chastity; mocks at the judgment to come, and hurries multitudes unrebuked, into courses at which an unsophisticated mind, standing on its own judgment and perceptions of right and wrong, would shudder. We are aware that this is strong language. We are not unconversant with the poetic beauties of the drama. We have been moved to tears by finished rhetoric, and have acknowledged the sublime expression of music—the more unreservedly perhaps that we are no critic. We have been familiar with such expressions and works of art as a residence in the principal cities of the Union could afford. With the newspaper editors, "open sesame;" we have been made familiar with the public haunts of the American people; and now in a calmer and more even sphere of life—without prejudice, but with knowledge, we can conscientiously cite the fashionable places of public amusements as constant ministers to temptation. Argument is unnecessary upon this subject to those who are not entranced by their seductive influences. And unfortunately argument is wasted upon such as are supported by "public opinion" in setting the warnings of prudence at naught. Theatres, as at present conducted, have the most potent evil influence. It is not merely in the maudlin sentiment which makes vice tolerable—the ribald jest which teaches the lad of sixteen to despise his inexperience in sin—the disgraceful levity upon sacred subjects—the sensual exhibitions which wear away the admiration of virtue. To these are to be added the excitement—the fearful excitement, which

drives the novice to other factitious sources to keep up the pleasurable glow, or to restore jaded faculties. Nor is the habitué of the theatre exempt from danger—he to whom the scenes have become mere canvass—who has eaten oysters with Hamlet, smoked a cigar with King Lear, and bowled with the Moor Othello. The play fails to excite him, and, he must therefore drink himself up to the enjoyment of it. These are sad facts, but undeniable. And when "fashion" sends whole communities to the play-house, as is sometimes, though now more seldom than formerly the case, whole communities pay the penalty.

Another fashionable evil is found in the "rush" to watering places and other summer resorts. For valetudinarians—for those also who desire retreat from city confinement, it is both proper and praiseworthy to seek the country. All who can afford it—and more can than do—should re-invigorate body and mind by a sight of the green fields, or of the wide ocean, and a breath of the fresh air. But here again the national furor has begun the mischief, and the national tyrant has perfected it. "Public opinion" sanctions acts and courses at watering places, which, pursued in the city, would ruin a merchant's name at the Bank, and spoil a tradesman's character with his customers; and a lawyer's with his clients. This same "public opinion" is a very facile and chamelion-like despot. He adopts as his standard the rule of the place. He was the author of the very accommodating maxim—"When at Rome, do as Romans do." He will authorize cards and wine in one place, and condemn them at another—and when required will set down cards in his vocabulary as meaning gaming of the most desperate character, and wine as including all products of the worm of the still, at all hours and in any quantities. We do not say that in all watering places he has carried things to this length; but we

do say that "public opinion," othewise called "fashion," has taught many frequenters of summer resorts, to wear their morality and even their religion as the loosest of loose garments. The battery dress, worn as a promenade costume in Broadway or Chestnut Street, would not astonish more, than the moral habits of the watering place would astonish the city. To be sure there are individual exceptions to this remark; but can any person truly say that at the watering place of fashionable resort, he has not found it easier to excuse omissions of duty, and to palliate infractions of temperance, than at home?

Enough of this branch of our subject. More will suggest itself to the reader than we care to write, or our publishers would have space to print. The third great cause of undue natural excitement is found in the subject of politics. Time was that this word politics had a meaning, and designated a science which it was worthy of the minds of men to study. Now it principally implies the inquiry whether a village post-master belongs to one party or another; whether city streets are swept by whig brooms or democratic, and city lamps are lighted by democratic tapers or whig torches. Follow the question up to the highest national bureaux, and with far the greater number, the popular question is the same thing, and the science at Washington is still a science of brooms. Among the most industrious politicians are those who have something to gain or something to lose. These go into the contest with the spirit of covetousness which urges the commercial speculator, or with the same kind of vanity which inspires the emulator of social position. And they feel the same love of excitement which harries the devotee of public amusement. To the great body of the people they contrive to impart something of the same spirit—to some from interest—some from love of excitement—others from desire of amusement—and to all from the contagious character of

a moral epedemic. A great and zealously contested political struggle is always a great hinderance to the cause of temperance. And when we hear that an election in any town, State, or number of States has "gone off without interest" we are sure that it has passed with less than usual detriment. When the newspapers condole with each other that "freemen have been culpably remiss" we congratulate ourselves upon the fact that they have avoided another and more dangerous excitement than that of the hustings proper.

Such are some of the causes of our national intemperance—be that intemperance more or less—and now where is the remedy? Clearly there is not a full and sufficient remedy in any thing which has been done hitherto. Temperance Societies of all varieties of organization, from simple subscription of pledges, to the initiation into presumed occult associations have not provided it. When the tide of temptation sweeps a community, pledged men and initiated men, temperance auditors and temperance lecturers even, fall or throw themselves into it, and some are swept away past recovery. It is to be feared moreover that the association of men to watch each other, sometimes begets a consciousness which provokes to rebellion and maddens to descent. There is an excellent physical charity in many of these associations—excelleut as far as it goes; but we are inclined to fear, from some circumstances which have fallen under our observation, that there is a lack of Christian Charity.

Where, we repeat, is the remedy? "And what," asks an ardent believer in human perfectibility, "what would you substitute for the present temperance organizations, when you have swept them away?" My dear sir, we would *not* sweep them away. As soon would we abrogate and abolish ploughing and harrowing and sowing, because, after all, unless the ground

receive the sun and rain from above, it will produce nothing. Neither would we substitute any thing for the present temperance organizations. But we would define their proper place—as secondary and not supreme—as dependent upon the law of the Gospel of Christ and second to Christian union and fellowship. We would place dependence upon God's mercy to penitents, above the potency of any mere human resolutions to reform, and to remain reformed.

Pledges not to make, buy, sell, or use as a beverage intoxicating drinks, will not abate the evils of commercial speculation, or cure men of coveteousness, which is adolatry. But there are many commands and maxims in the Sacred Book, which go to the root of the evil. "Set your affection on things above, and not on things on the earth." Temperance membership does not forbid dangerous amusements and participation in human follies. But God commands "Thou shalt not follow a *multitude* to do evil"—and thus the tyrant, "Public opinion," is effectually denied his sovereignty. There are even more comprehensive precepts than the above: "Be *not* conformed to this world."—Nor, again, does Temperance as it is too often advocated forbid ambition—but God's Word is eloquent in its warnings against the desire to be seen and honored of men.

Such maxims do we find in the fountain and foundation of all law, order, and government; the Book in which we may learn that virtue which is the source of true and "great gain" in this world, and the assurance of happiness in another. Its teachings go to lay the basis of improvement. Its doctrines are not those of men. It concedes nothing to human pride—nothing to vain skepticism—nothing to mere expediency. And we are fully persuaded that this great people will become a nation of temperate men only when it has become a nation of Christian men. Christ's Church is the great and only efficient Tem-

perance Association—Temperance in ALL THINGS—for his apostles reasoned of "righteousness, temperance and judgement to come." Without depreciating auxiliary and secondary means, let all true patriots look first to the inculcation of CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE, as the remedy for debasing ignorance; to CHRISTIAN CHARITY, as the guide in our judgement of our fellows; and to CHRISTIAN HUMILITY, as the grace which shall enable "him that standeth to take heed lest he fall."

ROSEMARY HILL.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

'Twas the time he had promised to meet me,
To meet me on Rosemary Hill,
And I said, at the rise of the eve-star,
The trust he will haste to fulfill.

Then I looked to the elm-bordered valley
Where the moon-lighted mist softly lay,
But I saw not the steps of my lover
Dividing its glory away.

The eve-star grew broader and paler,
The night-dew fell heavy and chill,
And wings ceased to beat thro' the shadows,
The shadows of Rosemary Hill.

I heard not, thro' hoping and fearing,
The whip-poor-will's magical cry,
Nor saw I the pale constellations
That swept the blue reach of the sky.

But fronting despair like a martyr,
I pled with my heart to be still,
As round me fell darker and deeper,
The shadows of Rosemary Hill.

On a bough where the red leaves were clinging
I leaned as the mid-night grew dumb,
And told my heart over and over
How often he said he would come.

Hunting in the dim forest of Arnau,
He has been with his dogs all day long,
And is weary with winging the plover,
Or stayed by the throstles sweet song.

Then I heard the low whining of Aldrich,
Of Aldrich so blind and so old,
With sleek hide embrowned like the lion's
And brinded and freckled with gold.

How the pulse of despair in my bosom
Leapt back to a joyous thrill
As I went down to meet my lost lover,
Down softly from Rosemary Hill.

Nearer seemed the low whining of Aldrich,
More loudly my glad bosom beat,
Till I presently saw by the moonlight
A newly-made grave at my feet.

Where, silently, sorrowfully drifting
  Away from love's sheltering ark,
I tore from my forehead the lilies,
  And trusted my hopes to the dark.

Then took I the passion-vine softly,
  Which grew by the stone at the head,
And when the grave's length I had measured
  I knew that my lover was dead.

Seven summers the sunshine has fallen
  Since that dreary night-time of ill,
But my heart still is veiled with a shadow,
  The shadow of Rosemary Hill.

Friend, who art my simple lay reading,
  Wouldst know what my life thus o'ercast?
'Twas the mocker that bites like a serpent,
  And stings like an adder at last.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

BY MRS. L. H SIGOURNEY.

"Care, and peril, instead of joy,—
Guilt and dread shall be thine, rash boy.
Lo! thy mantling chalice of life
Foameth with sorrow, and madness, and strife.

It is well. I discern a tear on thy cheek,—
It is well. Thou art humble, and silent, and meek.
Now, courage again! and with peril to cope,
Gird thee with vigor, and helm thee with hope.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

A GROUP of villagers surrounded an open grave. A woman, holding two young children by the hand, was bowed down with grief. There seemed to be no other immediate mourners. But many an eye turned on them with sympathy, and more than one glistened with tears.

In a small, rural community, every death is felt as a solemn thing, and in some measure, a general loss. The circumstances that attended it, are enquired into, and remembered; while in cities, the frequent hearse scarce gains a glance, or a thought, from the passing throng.

On this oacasion it was distinctly known, that Mr. Jones, the

carpenter of the village, who was that day buried, had led a reproachless life, and that his death, by sudden disease, in the prime of his days, would be an unspeakable loss to his wife, and little ones. Pitying kindness stirred in the hearts of those honest people, and whatever service their limited means allowed, was promptly rendered. It was the earnest desire of the widow, to keep, if possible, the cottage where they had resided since their marriage; and which was the more dear, from having been built by the hands of her husband. They respected her diligence and prudence, and at their seasons of fruit-gathering and harvest she was not forgotten. But as her health, which had been worn down by watching and sorrow, returned, her energies also were quickened to labor, that she might bring up her children without the aid of charity: and her efforts were prospered.

In the course of a few years, it was thought advisable for her daughter, who was ingenious with the needle, to go to a neighboring town and obtain instruction in the trade of a dressmaker. Richard, who was two years younger, remained with his mother, attending in winter the village-school, and at other periods of the year, finding occasional employment among the farmers in the vicinity. It was seen by all, how much the widow's heart was bound up in him, and how she was always devising means for his improvement and happiness.

But as Richard grew older, he liked the society of idle boys, and it was feared did not fully appreciate, or repay her affection. He was known to be addicted to his own way, and had been heard to express contempt for the authority of women. There were rumors of his having frequented places where liquors were sold; yet none imagined the disobedience and disrespect which that lonely cottage sometimes witnessed, for the mother complained only to her God, in the low sigh of prayer. She was not able to break his intimacy with evil associates, and, ere he reached

Designed by T H Matteson

Engd by H S Sadd

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

his eighteenth year, had too much reason to believe him a partaker in their vices.

It was supposed that she was unacquainted with his conduct, because she spoke not of it to others, and continued to treat him with tenderness. But deep love, though sometimes willing to appear blind, is quick-sighted to the faults of its object. It may keep silence, but the glance of discovery, and the thrill of torture, are alike electric.

The widowed mother had hoped much from the return of her daughter, and the aid of her young, cheerful spirit, in rendering their home attractive. Her arrival, in full possession of her trade, with the approbation of her employers, gave to her lone heart a joy long untasted. Margaret was an active and loving girl, graceful in her person, and faithful to every duty. Her industry provided new comforts for the cottage, while her innocent gayety enlivened it.

The widowed mother earnestly besought her assistance, in saving their endangered one from the perils that surrounded him; and her sisterly love poured itself out upon his heart, in a full, warm flood. It would seem that he caught the enthusiasm of her example; for he returned with more of diligence to his former labors, while his intervals of leisure were spent at home. When his mother saw him seated by their pleasant little hearth, sometimes reading to Margaret, while she plied the needle, or occasionally winding her silks, and arranging the spools in her work-table, their young voices mingling in song, or laughter, she felt how powerful was the influence of a good sister, and lifted up her soul in praise to the Rock of their salvation. Somewhat more of filial respect and observance she might have desired, but was content that her own claims should be overlooked, might he only be rescued. Months fled, and her pallid cheek had already resumed the tinge of a long-forgotten happiness.

One day, when spring made the earth beautiful, on entering suddenly Margaret's little chamber, she surprised her in a passion of tears.

"My daughter! My dear child!"

"Oh, mother! I wish you had not come, just now."

"Tell me, are you sick?"

"No, not sick. Only my heart is broken."

"Can you not trust me with your trouble?"

Long and bursting sobs followed, with stifled attempts at utterance.

"Mother, we have been so happy, I cannot bear to destroy it all. Richard,—my poor brother."

"Speak! what has he done?"

Hiding her face in her mother's bosom, she said in broken tones,—

"You ought to know,—I must tell you. It cannot longer be concealed that he often comes home late, and disguised with liquor. I tried to shut out the truth from myself. Then I tried to hide it from others. But it is all in vain."

"Alas! I thought he was changed, that your blessed hand had saved him. Tell me what you have discovered."

"I would fain spare you. But I have seen enough, for weeks past, to destroy my peace. Last night, you had retired before he came. He entered with a reeling step, and coarse, hateful words. I strove to get him silently to his bed, lest he might disturb you. But he withstood me. His fair blue eyes were like balls of fire; and he cursed me, till I fled from him."

The mother clasped her closer to her heart, and bathed her brow with tears.

"Look to Him, my child, who ordereth all our trials. Night after night, have I spent in sleepless prayer for the poor, sinful boy."

"Ah! then you have known it long. Mother, you have been too indulgent. You should warn and reprove him, and give him no rest, until he repent and forsake his sin."

"All that was in my power to do, has been faithfully done. I have not spared him. But he revolted. He despised my woman's voice, my motherly love. I forbore to distress your young heart with all that I might have revealed. I feared to damp the courage on which my hopes were built. I told you freely of his danger from evil associates, but relied on the power of your love too much, too fondly. Yet you have been an angel to him, and to me."

"Mother, I will myself rebuke him. I will speak for you, and for God."

"Margaret, may He give you wisdom. Should your brother's mind not be in a right state, your words will be hurled back upon your own head. Sometimes, I have poured out my whole soul in reproof. Then, again, I have refrained, to save him from the sin of cursing his mother. Yet speak to him, Margaret, if you will. May God give power to your words. Still, I cannot but fear lest you take a wrong time, when his feelings are inflamed with intemperance."

"Be at peace, in this, dearest mother. I will not broach such a subject but at a fitting time."

The mother had little hope from the intended appeal of her daughter. Indeed, she shrank from it, for she best knew the temper of her son. Yet she humbled herself to go to the vender of liquor, and beseech him to withhold it from him, in the name of the widow's God. Margaret drooped in secret, but spoke cheering words to her brother, with an unclouded brow. One day, he had aided her in some slight operation, in the garden, with unwonted kindness. She fancied that she saw

in his eye, the reviving spirit of better days. Throwing her arm around his neck, she said,—

"Brother Richard, you can be *so* good. How I wish it were always thus."

"Always to be working under your orders, I suppose. No doubt, that would be quite pleasing. All you women like to rule, when you can."

"Not to rule, but to see those we love rule themselves."

"Is that what you tell Will Palmer, when he sits here so long, watching you like a cat, and looking as wise as an owl? If you should chance to marry him, you'd tell him another tale, and try always to rule him yourself. Now, Miss Mag Jones, tell the whole truth: why is that same deacon that is to be, here forever?"

"I will not hide any thing from you, dear Richard, who have known my thoughts from my cradle. We shall probably be married in the autumn, and then"—

"And then, what?"

"Oh, brother! then, I hope you will do all in your power to comfort mother, when I shall not be here."

"Not be here! Do you expect to move to Oregon, or sit on the top of the Andes, with this remarkable sweetheart of yours?"

"We shall not leave this village. But when I have a new home and other duties, I hope you will be daughter and son both, to our poor mother. Remember how hard she has worked to bring us up, how she has watched us in sickness, and prayed for us, at all times. Her only earthly hope is in us; especially in you, her son."

"Margaret, what are you driving at?"

"Oh, Richard! forsake those evil associates, who are leading you to ruin. Break off the habit of drinking, that debases, and

destroys you. For the sake of our widowed mother, for the sake of our father's unblemished memory, for the sake of the sister, who loves you as her own soul"—

"For the sake of what else? Bill Palmer, I presume. Is there never to be an end to these women's tongues? So it has been these three years; preach, preach, till I have prayed for deafness. I have had no rest, for Mrs. Jones's eternal sermons; and now you must needs come to help her, with your everlasting gab."

The young girl heeded not that his eyes flashed, and that the veins of his neck were swollen and sanguine. Throwing off the timidity of her nature, she spoke slowly, and with solemn emphasis, as one inspired.

"If you have no pity on the mother who bore you, no tender memory of the father who laid his hands on your head, when they were cold in death; no regard for an honest, honorable reputation; at least, have some pity on your own undying soul, some fear of the bar of judgment, of the worm that never dies, and seek mercy while there is hope, and repent, that you may be forgiven."

"I tell you what, I'll not bear this from you. I know something to make fine words out of, too. Your mother has been slandering me, prohibiting the traffic in liquor, I understand; for aught I know, you were her spokesman. Wise women! as if there was but one place on this round world, where it is sold. Hypocrites you are, both of you! making boast of your love, and publishing evil against me. Look out, how you drive a man to desperation. If you see my face no more, thank yourselves!"

And with a hoarse imprecation, he threw himself over the garden fence, and disappeared. That night there was agonizing grief in the pleasant cottage, tears, and listening for the feet

that came not. Then, were days of vain search, and harrowing anxiety, closed by sleepless watchings. Alas! for the poor mother's heart! What had the boy been left to do? what! Had not his sister been too severe? Would that her reproaches had been less sharp to his sore heart, or that she had taken a better time, when he might have been more patient. Thus travailed the yearning heart of the mother, with the old, blind Eden-policy, *vain excuse.*

Again another tide of struggling emotion. Would he but come, even as he had so often done, with unequal steps, and muttered threatenings. Would he only *come*, that the love which had nursed his innocent infancy, might once more look upon his face. Then swept terrible thoughts over the mother's soul, images of reckless crime, and ghastly suicide. But she gave them not utterance to the daughter who sate beside her, working and weeping. For she said, the burden of the child is already greater than she can bear.

Yet he, who was the cause of all this agony, hastened night and day from the quiet spot of his birth, towards the sea-coast, boiling with passion. He conceived himself to have been utterly disgraced by the prohibition of his mother to the seller of liquors, not feeling that the disgrace was in the sin that had made such prohibition necessary. He wildly counted those who most loved him, as conspirators against his peace; for vice, to its other distortions of soul, adds the insanity of mistaking the best friends for enemies.

Full of vengeful purpose, and knowing that his mother had long dreaded lest he should choose the life of a sailor, he hurried to a seaport, and shipped on a whaling voyage. As the vessel was to sail immediately, to be absent more than three years, and he entered under a feigned name, it gave him pleasure that he should thus baffle pursuit or discovery.

"Let them trace me, if they can," said he; "and when I get back, I'll sail again, without seeing them. They may preach now as long as they please, but I'll be out of their hearing."

Thus, in the madness of a sinful heart, he threw himself upon the great deep, without a thought of kindness towards man, or a prayer to God. Yet he was ill-prepared for the lot of hardship he had chosen,—the coarse fare, the iron sway, the long night-watch, and the slippery shroud in the tempest. To drown misery in the daily allowance of liquor, was his principal resource, when at first the sea-sickness seized him, and afterwards, when his sea-sins sank him still lower in brutality. Vile language, bad songs, and frequent broils were the entertainments of the forecastle; while the toilsome duties of a raw sailor before the mast, were imbittered by the caprices of the captain, himself a votary of intemperance. A stronger shadowing forth of the intercourse of condemned spirits could scarcely be given, than the fierce crew of that rude vessel exhibited, shut out, for years, from all humanizing and holy influences. Yet strange to say, the recreant, who had abused the indulgences of home and the supplications of love, derived some benefit where it could least have been anticipated. Indolence was exchanged for regular employment, and he learned the new and hard lesson of submission to authority; and whenever a lawless spirit is enforced to industry, and the subjugation of its will, it must be in some degree a gainer. So, with the inconsistency of our fallen nature, the soul that had spurned the sunbeam, and hardened under the shower, was arrested by the thunderbolt, and taught by the lightning.

In the strong excitement and peril of conflict with the huge monarch of the deep, he gained some elevation, by a temporary forgetfulness of *self;* for that one image, long magnified and dilated, had closed the mind to all ennobling prospects, and

generous resolves. The dead-lights of the soul had been so long shut in, that the first ray that streamed through them seemed new and wonderful.

Accident and ill-fortune protracted their voyage, several months beyond its intended limits. While pursuing a homeward course, some seasons of serious reflection, when not under the sway of intemperance, came over Richard Jones. For he was not utterly hardened; and prayers continually rose up from his forsaken home, that, if yet in the land of the living, he might repent, and find hope. Conscience, at times, wrought powerfully, so that he dreaded to be alone, or turned as a refuge to the vile revelry of comrades whom he despised.

Once, as he paced the deck in his midnight watch, while the vessel went rushing onward through the deep, dark sea, solemn thoughts settled heavily around him. Here, and there, a star looked down upon him, with watchful, reproving eye. He felt alone, in the presence of some mighty, mysterious Being. Early memories returned; the lessons of the Sabbath-school, the plaintive toll of the church-bell, the voice of his mother, as seated on her knee, she taught him of the dear Saviour, who took the children to his breast, and blessed them.

A few drops of rain, from a passing cloud, fell upon his head. In the excitement of the reverie, he gasped,—

"These are *her* tears! Yes! Just so they felt on my forehead, when she used to beseech me to forsake the foolish, and live, and go in the way of understanding."

He leaned over the vessel's side. The rain-drops ceased, and the phosphorescence of the waters was like a great lake of fire. The billows rose, tossing their white crests for a moment, and then sank into the burning flood. He watched them till his brain grew giddy. Presently, a single faint moonbeam shot through the cleft of a cloud. As it glimmered over the surge,

he thought a face loomed up, and gazed on him,—a fair young face, paler than marble. A hand seemed to stretch itself out, arms to bend in an embracing clasp, a floating death-shroud gleamed,—and all was lost forever.

"Oh, Margaret! oh, my sister!" he shrieked, "just so she looked when she adjured me, in the name of God, to have pity on my poor mother, and on my own soul."

As if he had witnessed her funeral obsequies, he wept in remorseful grief. His watch closed. In horror of spirit, he retired, but not to sleep. Even the hardened men who surrounded him forbore to jeer, when they heard him moan in anguish, "Oh, Margaret! oh, my sister!"

These strong and painful impressions scarcely wore away during the brief remainder of the voyage. When he saw in dim outline, the hills of his country gleaming amid the clouds, a new joy took possession of his soul. And when his feet rested again on the solid earth, and he received his wages, his first thought was to hasten and share them with those whom he had so recklessly forsaken.

"Will you come to my house, sir?" said a man, upon the wharf, near him. "Good accommodations, sir, for sailor gentlemen. Everything, first cut and first cost."

"Where is your house?"

"Near by. Here, boy; take this fine young man's chest along. I'll show you the way, sir. The favorite boarding house for all jolly, noble-spirited tars."

It was evident that he was now in the power of a land-shark. Alas! for all his hopes: the struggles of conscience, the rekindling of right affections. Temptation, and the force of habit, were too strong for him. Almost continually intoxicated, his hard earnings vanished, he knew not how, or where. It was not long ere his rapacious landlord pronounced him in debt, and

produced claims which he was unable to meet. His chest with all its contents was seized, and he, miserably clad, and half bewildered, was turned into the streets, by his sordid betrayer.

As the fumes of prolonged-inebriety subsided, horrible images surrounded him. Smothered resolutions, and pampered vices, sprang from the seething caldron of his brain, frowning and gibbering like ghostly tormentors. Monstrous creatures grinned and beckoned, and when he would have fled, cold slimy serpents seemed to coil around and fetter his trembling limbs.

Still, with returning reason came a deeper misery. He desired to die, but death fled from him. Covering his face with his hands, as he sate on the ground, in the damp, chill air of evening, he meditated different forms of suicide. He would fain have plunged into the sea, but his tottering limbs failed him. Searching for his knife, the only movable that remained to him, he examined its blunted edge, and loosened blade, as if doubting their efficiency. Thus engaged, by the dim light of a street-lamp, groans, as if the pangs of death had seized him, burst from his heaving breast. Half believing himself already a dweller with condemned spirits, he started at the sound of a human voice.

"Thee art in trouble, I think."

The eyes once so clear in days of innocence, opening wide and wild, glared with amazement on the calm, compassionate brow of a middle-aged man, in the garb of a Quaker. The knife fell from his quivering hand, and sounded on the pavement. But there was no answer.

"Thee art in great trouble, friend!"

"*Friend! Friend!* Who calls me *friend?* I have no friends, but the tormentors to whom I am going."

"Hast thou a wife? or children?"

"No, no; God be thanked. No wife, nor children. I tell

you there are no friends left, but the fiends who have come for me. No home, but their eternal fires. Shoals of them were here just now,—ready! *aye, ready!*" and he laughed a demoniac laugh.

"Poor, poor youth! I see thee art a sailor."

"I was once. What I am now, I know not. I wish to be nothing. Leave me to myself, and those that are howling around me. Here! here! I come:" and he groped aimlessly for his lost knife.

The heart of the philanthropist yearned as over an erring brother. The spirit of the Master who came to seek and to save the lost, moved within him.

"Alas! poor victim. How many have fallen, like thee, before the strong man armed. Sick art thou, at the very soul. I will give thee shelter for the night. Come with me, to my home."

"*Home! Home?*" shouted the inebriate, as if he understood him not. And while the benevolent man, taking his arm, staid his uncertain footsteps, he still repeated, but in tones more humanized and tender,—"*Home! your home?* What! *me* a *sinner?*" until a burst of unwonted tears relieved the fires within.

And as that blessed man led him to his own house, and laid him upon a good bed, speaking words of comfort; heard he not from above that deep, thrilling melody, "I was sick, and ye visited me, in prison, and ye came unto me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these, ye have done it unto me?"

With reviving day the sinful man revived; humbled in heart, and sad. Subdued by suffering, and softened by a kindness, which he felt to be wholly undeserved, he poured out a fervent prayer for divine aid in the great work of reformation. He was glad to avail himself, without delay, of the proposal of his bene-

factor, to enter on service in a temperance ship ready to sail immediately for the East Indies.

"I am acquainted with the captain," said the good man, "and can induce him to take thee. I am also interested in the vessel, and in the results of her voyage. A relative of mine, goes out as supercargo. Both of them will be thy friends, if thou art true to thyself. But intemperance bringeth sickness to the soul, as well as to the body. Wherefore, pray for healing, and strive for penitence, and angels who rejoice over the returning sinner, will give thee aid."

Self-abasement, and gratitude to his preserver, swelled like an overwhelming flood, and choked his utterance.

"All men have sinned, my son, though not all in the same way. But there is mercy for every one that sorroweth, and forsaketh the evil. God hath given me the great happiness to help some who have fallen as low as thee. Thank Him, therefore, and not the poor arm of flesh. May He give thee strength to stand firm on the Rock of salvation."

Broken words, mingled with tears, struggled vainly to express the emotions of the departing sailor. His benefactor once more shaking him heartily by the hand, bade him farewell.

"Peace be with thee, on the great waters. And remember to strive and pray."

A new world seemed to open upon the rescued one. Of the quietness and order that pervaded a temperance ship, he had no anticipation. There were neither quarrels nor profanity, so common among the crew, nor arrogance, and capricious punishment, on the part of those in power. Cheerful obedience, and just authority prevailed, as in a well-regulated family. He was both surprised and delighted to find his welfare an object of interest with the officers of the ship, to receive kind counsel

from them, and to be permitted to employ his brief intervals of leisure with the well-chosen volumes of a seaman's library.

Still it was not with him, as if he had never sinned. Not all at once could he respire freely in a pure atmosphere. Physical exhaustion, from the withdrawal of stimulants to which he had been long accustomed, sometimes caused such deep despondence, that life itself seemed a burden.

Cherished vice brings also a degree of moral obliquity. Every permitted sin lifts a barrier between the clear shining of God's countenance, and the cold and frail human heart. Perverted trains of thought, and polluted remembrances still lingered with with him, and feelings long debased, did not readily acquire an upward tendency. Yet the parting admonition of his benefactor to *strive and pray*, ever sounded in his ears, and became the motto of his soul. By little and little, through faithful obedience, he obtained the victory. His improvement was noticed by others, before he dared to congratulate himself; for humility had strangely become a part of his character, who once defied all laws, human and divine. His countenance began to resume the ingenuous expression of early years, and the eyes, so long fiery, or downcast, looked up with the clearness of hope.

"Blessings on the temperance ship!" he often ejaculated, as he paced the deck in his nightly watch, "and eternal blessings on the holy man, who snatched me from the lowest hell."

At his arrival in a foreign port, he was watchful to avoid every temptation. His friend, the supercargo, took him under his especial charge, and finding him much better educated than is usual with sailors, gave him employment of a higher nature, which was both steady and lucrative. His expenses were regulated with extreme economy, that he might lay up more liberally for those dear ones at home, whose images became more

and more vivid, as his heart threw off the debasing dominion of intemperance, and its host of evils.

The returning voyage was one of unmingled satisfaction. Compunction had given place to a healthful virtue, whose root was not in himself.

"Why is this?" he often soliloquized: "why should I be saved, while so many perish? How have I deserved such mercy, who willingly made a beast of myself, through the fiery draught of intemperance? Oh, my mother! I know that thy prayers have followed me,—they have saved me."

With what a surpassing beauty did the hills of his native land gleam upon his eye, unfolding before him, like angel's wings. He felt also, that an angel's mission was his to the hearts that loved him, and which he in madness had wounded. Immediately on reaching the shore, he began his journey to them. Stopping his ears to the sounds of the city, where he had once sunk so low, he hurried by its haunts of temptation, less from fear, than from sickening disgust.

Autumn had ripened its fruits, without sacrificing the verdure of summer. It was the same season that, seven years before, he had traversed this region. But with what contrasted prospects, and purposes! How truly has it been said, that no two individuals can differ more from each other, than the same individual may, at different periods of life, differ from himself.

Richard Jones scarcely paused on his way for sleep, or for refreshment. He sought communion with none. The food of his own thoughts sufficed. As he drew near the spot of his birth, impatience increased almost beyond endurance. The rapid wheels seemed to make no progress, and the distance to lengthen interminably. Quitting the public vehicle, which did not pass that secluded part of the village where his parental cottage was situated, he sought it in solitude. It was pleasant

to him to come thus unknown, and he meditated the rapturous surprise he was about to create.

Those rocks! that river! can they be the same? The roof! the very roof! and the maple that shaded it.—But the garden-fence, the gate, are broken and gone. Where is the honey-suckle that Margaret trained. He was about to lift the latch,—to burst in, as in days of old. But other thoughts came over him, and he knocked gently, as a stranger; again, more earnestly.

"Who is there?"

It was a broad, gruff accent. He opened the door; a large, coarse woman stood there, with sleeves rolled above her red elbows, toiling at the wash-tub.

"Does the Widow Jones live here?"

The Widow who? why, Lord, no. I live here myself, to be sure."

The quivering lips, and parched tongue, scarcely articulated,—

"Where is Margaret Jones?"

"How should I know? I never hearn o' such a one, not I. Tho' I've been here, and hereabouts, this two year, I reckon."

A horror of great darkness fell upon the weary traveler. He turned from the door. Whither should he go? There was no neighboring house, and had there been, he would fain have hidden his misery from all who had ever known him. Instinctively he entered the burial-ground, which was near by. There was his father's grave with its modest stone, where he had been so often led in childhood. By its side was another, not fresh, yet the sods were imperfectly consolidated, and had not gathered greenness. He threw himself upon it,—he grasped a few dry weeds that grew there, and waved in the rising blast.

"This is to be *alone* in the world! Oh God! I have deserved it; I was her murderer! but I dreamed not of such misery!"

Long he lay there, in his tempestuous grief, without being

sensible of a faint hollow sound, heard at regular intervals. It was the spade of the sexton, casting up earth and stones from the depth of a grave, in which he labored. Even his deaf ear caught the voice of anguish, as he finished his work. Coming forward, he stood in wonder, as if to illustrate the description of the poet:

> "Near to a grave that was newly made,
> Lean'd the sexton thin, on his earth-worn spade,—
> A relic of by-gone days, was he,
> And his locks were as white as the foam of the sea."

Starting at that withered effigy, which in the dim haze of twilight seemed more like a ghost than a man, he exclaimed,—

"Did you ever hear of a middle-aged woman, called the Widow Jones?"

"*Hear of her!* I know'd her well, and her husband too. An honest, hard-working man he was; and when he died, was well spoke of, through all this village."

"And his wife?"——

"Why everybody pitied her, inasmuch as her husband died so sudden, and left leetle, or no means behind, for her and the children."

"There were children, then?"

"Yes, two on 'em. She worked hard enough, to bring 'em up, I guess. I remember the funeral, as if it 'twas only yesterday. I stood just about where you do now; and I used this spade, the very first time it ever was used, to dig that same grave."

With a convulsive effort, as when one plucks a dagger from his breast, he asked faintly,—

"When did she die?"

"Die? mercy on you! Why, I don't s'pose she's dead at all. Sure, I should have been called on to dig the grave, if she had died: that's sartain. I've had all the business of that sort,

in these parts, as you may say, for this forty year, and better. There did once come a person from the North country, and try to undersell me. But he didn't do his work thorough. His graves caved in. He couldn't get a living, and so he went off. I'll show ye one of the graves of his digging, if you'll just come along."——

"Tell me, for God's sake! if the Widow Jones still lives?"

"Why, man! what's the matter on ye? you're as white as the tomb-stones. I tell ye, she's alive, for aught I know to the contrary. She moved away from here, a considerable time ago. It an't so well with her, as 'twas in days past.

Grasping the sexton strongly by the arm, he demanded,—

"Where is she to be found?"

"Oh Lord! help! help! the man will murder me, I verily believe. Did ye ever hear of what was called the stone-house? just at the hither eend of the next village, after you cross a bridge, and go up a hill, and turn to the right, and see a small cluster of buildings, and a mill, and a meetin'-house? Well, she lives there in a kind of suller-room, for I was a telling you, I expect, she an't none too well off.—Goodness! the creature is gone as if he wanted to ride a streak o' lightning, and whip up. He is demented, without a doubt. What a terrible risk I've run! Deliver us from crazy men, here among the tombs. How awful my arm aches, where he clutched it."

While the garrulous sexton made his way to his own dwelling, to describe his mysterious guest, and immment peril of life; the supposed maniac was traversing the intervening space with breathless rapidity. Lights began to glimmer from the sparsely-sprinkled dwellings. The laborers, returning from toil, took their evening repast with their families. Here and there, a blazing hearth marked the chillness of advancing autumn.

Rushing onward towards a long, low building of gray stone,

which appeared to have many tenements, he leaned a moment against its walls, to recover respiration, and bowing down, looked through an uncurtained window in its gloomy basement. By the flickering light of some brush-wood, burning in the chimney, he saw a woman placing the fragments of a loaf upon a table, beside which sate two young children. She was thin, and bent; but having her head turned from him, he was unable to see her features. Could that be *her;* so changed? Yet, the "*come in,*" that responded to his rap, was in a tone that thrilled his inmost soul.

"Have you any food to bestow? I have travelled far, and am hungry."

"Sit down, sir, here at the table. I wish I had something better to offer you. But you are welcome to our poor fare."

And she pushed towards him the bread and the knife. He cut a slice, with a trembling hand. The youngest child, watching the movement, whispered, with a reproachful look,—

"Granny! you said I should have two pieces to night, 'cause there was no dinner."

"Hush, Richard!" said the little sister, folding her arms around his neck.

The returning wanderer with difficulty maintained his disguise, as he marked the deep wrinkles on that brow, which he had left so comely.

"Have you only this broken loaf, my good woman? I fear the portion I have taken, will not leave enough for you and these little ones."

"We shall have more to-morrow, sir, if God will. It was not always thus with us. When my dear daughter and her husband were alive, there was always a sufficiency for the children, and for me. But they are both dead, sir; the father, last year, and she, when that boy was born."

"Had you no other children?"

Yes, sir. One, a son, a dear and most beautiful boy. Long years have passed, since he went away. Whether he is in the land of the living, God only knows.

Her suppressed sob was changed to surprise and resistance, as the stranger would fain have folded her in his arms. Then, kneeling at her feet, and holding her thin hands in his, he said,—

"Mother! dear mother! can you forgive me all?"

There was no reply. The sunken eyes strained wide open, and fixed. Color fled from the lips. He carried her to the poor, low bed, and threw water upon her temples. He chafed the rigid hands, and in vain sought for some restorative to administer.

"Wretch that I am! Have I indeed killed her?"

And then the shrieks of the children grew shrill and deafening,—

"The strange man has killed grandmother!"

But the trance was brief. Light came to the eye, and joy to the heart, known only to that of the mother who, having sown in tears, beholds suddenly the blessed, unexpected harvest.

"Do I live to see thy face? Let me hear thy dear voice once more, my son."

But the son had vanished. At his return came supplies, such as that poor, half-subterranean apartment had never before witnessed; and ere long, with those half-famished children, they partook of a repast, whose rich elements of enjoyment have seldom been surpassed on this troubled earth.

"What a good, strange man!" said the satisfied boy.

"We must not call him the strange man any more, but our uncle," said little Margaret; "so he told me himself."

"Why must we say so?"

"Because he was dear mother's dear brother, just as you are mine. Did not you see that he cried, when grandmother told him she was dead?"

"Well, I shall love him for that, and for the good supper he gave us."

"Have you here my father's large Bible?" asked the son of the widow. She brought it forth from its sacred depository, carefully wrapped in a towel. Tears of rapturous gratitude chased each other along the furrows, which bitter and burning ones had made so deep, as she heard him, with slow and solemn utterance, read that self-abasing melody of the Psalmist: "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness; according to the multitude of thy mercies, blot out my transgressions."

This was the Psalm, that during his brokenness of spirit, on the deep waters, had been his comforter; and now he seemed to breathe into its eloquent words, the soul of penitence and devotion. At its close, he kneeled and poured out a fervent prayer to the God of their salvation; and the sleep which fell that night upon all the habitants of that lowly abode, was sweet as an angel's smile.

The daily efforts of Richard Jones, for the comfort of his mother, were beautiful. Her unspoken wishes were studied with a zeal, which feels it can never either fully repay, or atone. For her sake, and for that of the little orphans intrusted to their care, he rejoiced at the gains, which, through the friendship of the supercargo, he had been enabled to acquire in a foreign clime, and which to their moderated desires were comparative wealth.

But amid the prosperity which had been granted him, he still

turned with humility to the memorials of his wasted years. In his conversations with his mother, he frankly narrated his sins; and while he went down into the dark depths whither intemperance had led him, she shuddered, and was silent. Yet, when he spoke of the benefactor who had found him in the streets, ready to become a self-murderer, she raised her clasped hands, and with strong emotion besought blessings on him who had "saved a soul from death." They felt that it is not the highest and holiest compassion to relieve the body's ills; but to rescue and bind up the poor heart that hath wounded itself, and which the world hath cast out, to be trodden down in its unpurged guilt.

He was not long in discovering how the heart of his mother yearned after that former home, from which poverty had driven her. On inquiry, he found that it might be obtained, having been recently tenanted by vagrant people. The time that he devoted to its thorough repair was happily spent. Its broken casements were replaced, and its dingy walls whitened. The fences were restored, with the pretty gate, over whose arch he promised himself, that another season should bring the blossoming vine that his lost sister had loved.

He sought also, in various places, those articles of furniture which had been disposed of through necessity, and which he had valued in earlier days. Soon the old clock, with a new case, merrily ticked in the corner, and the cushioned arm-chair again stood by the hearth-stone. Near it was poor Margaret's work-table, with a freshly polished surface, on which he laid, when about to take possession, the large family Bible bearing his father's name.

Bright and happy was that morning, when leaning on his arm, the children walking hand in hand beside them, neatly

apparelled, the widowed mother approached the home endeared by tender recollections, and whence, poor and desolate, she had gone forth. As she paused a moment at the door, the overflowing, unutterable emotion, was gratitude for the restored virtue of the being most beloved on earth. It would seem that congenial thoughts occupied him, for drawing her arm more tenderly within his own, he said: "Lo! this thy son was *dead*, and is *alive* again, and *was lost, and is found.*"

THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION, AND THE CHURCH.

BY REV. E. N. KIRK.

This great moral reformatory movement presents a novel feature in human history. It stands alone as an enterprise whose aim is the destruction of a single vice; as an enterprise growing in strength; forming a literature of its own; revolutionizing the habits of a large part of one nation; and creating a new standard of morality in the Church and in the world, there. The theatre of its triumph is the United States of America —the citizens of which, mainly descended from the northern nations of Europe, had inherited the maxims, customs, and tastes of their Saxon and Celtic ancestors. The use of intoxicating beverages was interwoven with all the interesting occurrences of social life, and much of the festive enjoyment of domestic life. The constant medical employment of these dangerous substances, had likewise placed the vice of intemperance beyond the range of ordinary restraining and redeeming influences. A vast pecuniary interest was enlisted in behalf of these customs; and the example of every family in the land, almost

without exception, had become dangerous, if not destructive to the young. In this state of things it became perfectly obvious to some philanthropic men, that the ordinary influence of the church, and the existing mode of preaching would never reach this growing evil. Drunkenness was increasing. Men were disgraced for the crime. But the examples and maxims of the neighbors who despised them, had directly created the despicable habits.

In view of these facts, it was determined that a new public sentiment must be created by organization, or combination of effort to enlighten the public conscience.

In speaking of this as a peculiar enterprise, allusion is made to the fact, that while very few vices have ever been attacked by such a combination of moral influences apart from the church, no similar combination has ever enjoyed such success.

But where are we now? A very interesting inquiry indeed; And one which may bring very diverse answers. The period of excitement is certainly past. The phrase of "the reformers' combination" too, is pretty much past away. And it is then an interesting inquiry; where are we? All is not gained that was once hoped for, and even expected. The traffic in alcohol is not demonstrated to be in all cases, and unqualifiedly, wrong. Were it possible to make it appear so, then the makers and venders would stand in all cases on a level with gamblers, and the proprietors of vile houses. The use of any thing that intoxicates is not in every case, an absolute wrong. This fact has left the vice of drunkenness still where many other vices are; It is evident that some men are vicions, but it is difficult always to tell where their viciousness begins. Yet something has been gained; much indeed! If we could compute the numbers rescued from the habits of intemperance, and the greater numbers saved from the evils and perils of forming the habit, we should

see a work worthy of a thousand-fold more energy and money than it has actually cost. But a still greater result is seen in the principles established and widely embraced, which were not understood and believed, thirty years ago. It is now known that alcohol is not man's beverage; that to make and vend and use it, *as such*, is a moral wrong. Its medicinal use also is now more vigilantly guarded; and its connection with social life is, with a large class of the community, entirely dissolved.

But, as a Reformation, where is it? Gradually ceasing to hold its prominent place; because its mission is just so far fulfilled, as it has incorporated its higher morality with the religion of the land. On this point the friends of Temperance may differ. But my opinion I give, as freely as I permit others to give theirs. Morality cannot long be upheld separate from Religion. And the only propriety in organizing a separate institution for promoting any branch of virtue, is; that, for some reason, the church will not advocate the true standard on that point. Then, let whoever has more light than the church, combine with others, to show his light. And he may be sure, that in the end, the true chuch will embrace his doctrine, and thenceforward enforce it with all the sanctions of religion. So far as this is accomplished, the end of such organizations is accomplished; and the necessity for their existence ceases. The idea of any institution becoming permanent, whose sole object is the promotion of one, and that an external virtue, is not enforced by any thing in man's nature or in the history of society.

How long then shall this reformation be continued by the aid of distinct organizations? Just so long as the Church fails to adoptit fully as her own, if sufficient enthusiasm can be kept alive to sustain it. But the view here presented suggests these considerations to reformers. All attempts to make the Temper-

ance Reformation from intemperance, merely a secular interest, appealing to the lower desires of temporal good, and acting in independence of the sanctifying spirit of God, is as unwise, as it is unchristian. I saw a recent article which charged a leading reformer with being visionary, because one of his sources of hope was the agency of the Holy Spirit in revivals of religion. If that is "not practical," as the writer seems to think, then man has no hold on heaven, and his hope of deliverance from one form of sin must be rendered vain by the conviction that all his reformations will be but a lopping off the branches, while the root and sap are unchanged. "Make the tree good," said the great Reformer. And to help man obey that radical command, he promised to send the Holy Spirit.

Another consideration suggested by this view, is, that the friends of virtue should not remit their efforts in this particular direction, until the true ground is taken by the Church on this subject. Let the sacramental question alone; let the medical men determine what they alone are competent to determine on this subject. Let legislative bodies license or refuse to license the sale of poison to suicides. Let men traffic in blood, who love the employment. Be all this as it may, one thing is clear as a fact, and one course is manifestly right; the use of intoxicating beverages; the mere gratification of animal appetite as an end; any pursuit of pleasure as an end, is immoral and unchristian. The Church of Christ therefore must exert all her legitimate influence to enlighten and quicken the consciences of man on this subject.

Shall she discipline for Intemperance? Every one answers affirmatively, in cases where witnesses will testify to a positive act of drunkenness in a Church-member. But shall her discipline be administered for trading in intoxicating beverages; for using wines at the table? Questions easily proposed; not so

easily answered. If you discipline for trading in alcohol, you must draw a clear line between those who trade in it indiscriminately, and those who trade, only, with the *intention* of having it rightly used, and only with the *persons* who use it aright. I do not say, there will not be cases where a man professing to serve Christ is so manifestly "Scattering firebrands, arrows and death," that a Church may see her way clear to excommunicate him, after having exhausted all other proper influences to withdraw him from the work of murder. But it will be found in practice, a matter involving many difficulties. It must at last be referred to the judgment and conscience of a Church, where the Word of God presents no specific legislation, to apply its general laws to particular cases. I am sure that a Church has the right to require of a wholesale dealer in alcohol, who is in her communion, that he conscientiously restrict his sales to cases where he has sufficient reason to believe that it is to be employed for medicinal, sacramental and chemical purposes. How long she shall remonstrate with one who "refuses to hear the Church," cannot be determined by rule. A still harder case is that of the social use of wines. I know of no Church that has yet commenced the exercise of her discipline for the practice of placing wine on the table. If we ought to do so; if the example of the marriage in Cana presents no obstacle to such a course, then the Reformers must continue their work, until the Church shall take that ground. Let us only be sure that we "have the mind of the Lord;" and do not fall into the sin of "lording it over God's heritage." All excessive measures react; all extravagance of feeling in one direction oscillates to produce a balance, by going as far in the opposite direction. Sin came into the world in one brief hour, probably. Sixty centuries have nearly rolled away, without seeing it exterminated. The great requisites for opposing sin

are these—that we cordially hate it in its essence, in its relations to God, as well as its consequences; that we oppose it first in ourselves; that we oppose it by repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; that we use Christ's gospel in the length and breadth of its instructions and motives, as an instrument man-ward; that we employ prayer toward God; that we combine an unquenchable zeal with an unwearied patience.

FATHER MATHEW.

The chief worth of a human life is the incitement to virtue or warning against vice which we naturally derive from it. Divested of this incitement, this warning, biography would be unprofitable reading, and the most exalted or dazzling career would hardly repay an hour's contemplation. What the hero did or dared, achieved or renounced, is important to us only as it impels us to do good or avoid evil, and shows us the way. Tried by this standard, how many great reputations dwindle! how many humble souls shine forth in celestial brightness and majesty!

Theobald Mathew was born at Thomastown, near Cashel, Tipperary county, Ireland, on the 10th of October, 1790, of parents in the middle walks of life. Left an orphan when still a child, he was adopted by Lady Elizabeth Mathew, wife of his uncle, Major General Mathew of Thomastown, by whom his primary education was confided to Rev. Dennis O'Donnell, Catholic priest of Tallagh in Waterford county, with whom he continued until thirteen years of age, when he was promoted to the lay-academy of Kilkenny, conducted by Rev. Patrick McGrath, with whom he became a decided favorite. Here he formed the acquaintance of two old Capuchin friars, whose

frugal, temperate and benevolent lives, combined with their fatherly counsels in deepening the impressions of piety, humility and charity which had been early made upon his plastic mind by the maternal counsels of his second mother, Lady Elizabeth Mathew, and fixed his character for life.

He remained seven years at the academy, and then (in 1810) was transferred to the Catholic college at Maynooth, to pursue his studies for the priesthood, to which he had early been impelled and as (he humbly believed) Divinely directed. He studied the prescribed three years at Maynooth, then returned to his friar friends at Kilkenny, and became a member of their order, by which he was appointed on a mission to Cork. He immediately repaired to Dublin to pass a season under the direction of Rev. Celestine Corcoran in spiritual preparation for the duties devolved upon him, and was finally ordained there by Rev. Dr. Murray, now Archbishop of Dublin, on Easter Sunday, 1814, and repaired at once to his appointed field of labor, being not quite twenty-four years of age.

The young missionary entered upon his work with the zeal of an apostle, and the assiduity of a humble, pious soul, which counts the redemption of one sinner from the error of his ways a rich reward for days of toil and nights of prayer. Nor did he deem his duties confined to the dispensation of theologic truth alone. A missionary to the poor, he speedily learned and loved to be their counselor and guide in temporal as well as spiritual things—to teach them how to walk wisely and safely on earth as well as steadily and surely toward Heaven. While he eagerly improved every opportunity to persuade the vicious to repent and the infidel to believe, he labored with equal diligence to reconcile the quarreling, to compromise the disputes and differences which the sinful and passionate were addicted to carrying into lawsuits, to the certain bankruptcy and temporal ruin of

all parties, the lawyers excepted. Every hour, every impulse, not absolutely required by his sacerdotal functions, was thus consecrated to the immediate and practical good of the thousands commended to his guidance, nine-tenths of whom had probably no other disinterested and competent adviser on earth.

Such a course, on the part of a young, modest, simple friar, without parochial charge or sacerdotal rank, without commanding talents or fascinating eloquence, did not mature its fruit too rapidly. Probably no local magnate, no distinguished visiter, who spent some time in Cork during the first four or five years of his ministry, heard one word uttered in praise of Father Mathew—perhaps the greater number of such visiters had no intimation of his existence. But the poor knew him even then, and with each succeeding year they knew him more widely and learned to love him more profoundly. He was their adviser, their monitor, their consoler; and when they fell into misfortune or disgrace, they had generally to reproach themselves with a disregard of their good friar's affectionate counsels and entreaties.

A heart so tender and so true, a spirit so deeply moved by the spectacle of human woes and sorrows, could not long rest satisfied with the application of remedies and palliatives. In a world so benignantly fashioned and appointed, why should suffering and misery be so general? The devoted friar observed, reflected, and was convinced that human perverseness, and not any inexorable necessity, was the cause of this suffering. His own perceptions and the confessions of the afflicted coincided in indicating intoxicating liquors as the immediate cause of nine-tenths of the crime and wretchedness which prevailed around him. Was it not natural—nay, inevitable—that he should resolve to make war unto death upon the fruitful source rather than rest in a never-ending struggle against the resulting evils?

Father Mathew, still a young and obscure friar, resolved to

aim his blows at the vulture tearing the heart of his country rather than expend his power and patience on the pustules constantly breaking out on her surface. Alcoholic liquors being the palpable, potential cause of nearly all the vice, disease and misery so deplorably prevalent, he resolved to head a crusade against these deluding poisons as the shortest and most effectual mode of warfare against their inevitable issues. And thus, at an early period of his ministry, he began to inculcate in private and to preach in public the glorious doctrine of TOTAL ABSTINENCE FROM ALL THAT CAN INTOXICATE.

He was not, and makes no claim to be, the author or reviver of this doctrine. There had been societies based upon it years before, not only in America, but in Europe, and even in Ireland. The Friends, or Quakers, had organized such societies nine years earlier, and had made some converts who were not of their own persuasion. But he who knows anything of the fierceness of theological bigotry in Ireland needs no other assurance that a movement originated and guided by Quakers could do little toward effecting the great and difficult reform so fearfully needed. Drinking and drunkenness were both more general at the time Father Mathew commenced his war upon them than they had been at any former period. If they were not still advancing, it was because they had nothing left to conquer. Drinking at fairs, births, christenings, weddings, wakes, and funerals was excessive, and all but universal. For a guest to refrain from getting drunk at his friend's feast, no matter of what character, would in many circles have been deemed a breach of good manners, as a failure to supply the means of intoxication profusely would have argued on the host's part a lack of hospitality. To get drunk in honor of a stroke of good fortune, or in sorrow at a dispensation of adversity—to lie drunk because of prosperity, or still more stupidly drunk by way of surrender to despair—such was the all

but universal custom. To get drunk by way of preparation for a fight, no matter with whom—to fight because drunk, and beat each other sober, then get drunk again by way of ratifying a treaty of peace; such were among the habits of the Irish millions a quarter to half a century ago, as memoirs, travels, anecdotes and plays abundantly attest. No where else in the world was so large a share of the natural food of a people transformed into depraving, poisoning, brutalizing beverages, leaving so scanty and often inadequate an allowance of bread. That feuds, factions, wounds, bruises, calamities, diseases, idiocies, and sudden deaths of all kinds should, under such influences, be plenteous, none need be assured.

Father Mathew commenced his crusade against alcohol simply as a priest, and, finding by inquiry and confession, that nine-tenths of the woes he was summoned to abate or console had their origin in intoxicating liquors, commenced by persuading the sufferers, where he could, to promise him to avoid thenceforth that which had wrought them such injury. This was for a time the extent of his unnoticed labors for Total Abstinence. But the work grew upon his hands; a vista of hope and good opened wider and plainer before him, as he progressed; and in 1838 he commenced holding two public meetings per week, on the successive Tuesdays and Saturdays, to exhort and persuade not only the intemperate to reform, but the as yet unpolluted to take also the pledge of Total Abstinence.

His first meetings were held at a place known as the Horse Bazaar, in Cork, where he delivered his semi-weekly addresses, distributed his Temperance circulars—(which were often reprints of American tracts, essays and brief stories,) and administered the Pledge to all who could be induced to take it. That Pledge, as now administered—and it has probably undergone little change from the outset—is in these words:

"I PROMISE, WITH THE DIVINE ASSISTANCE, TO ABSTAIN FROM ALL INTOXICATING LIQUORS, AND TO PREVENT, AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE, BY ADVICE AND EXAMPLE, INTEMPERANCE IN OTHERS."

A simple and modest promise, but one which has abated and obviated more human anguish than all the decrees of councils or mandates of kings for the last century.

Father Mathew's path of duty lay not wholly through sunshine. Intending good to all and harm to none, he yet exposed himself to much obloquy and more acrimony. Thousands all around him were living in comfort and amassing wealth by a traffic which his efforts necessarily diminished and tended utterly to destroy. The gentry of Ireland, who were generally looked up to as superior beings, were extensively engaged in the manufacture of spirits, or derived their incomes from the rent of distilleries, taverns and tap-rooms. A vast aggregate of capital and capacity was invested in the distilling business, which was almost the only Irish manufacture still expanding and flourishing. Dealers, publicans and tapsters were innumerable, while very nearly the whole people were drinkers and passionate lovers of the maddening fluid. Three of Father Mathew's own brothers and a brother-in-law were deeply interested in distilling, and likely to be ruined by the success of his effective appeals and incessant labors. He was of course pained by the obvious collision of his duty with the interests of those so dear to him, but he could not be seduced from fidelity to his convictions.

"The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." For years the good friar had labored on, neither solicitous of fame nor regretting obscurity, before the attraction of a wider field of usefulness impelled him to open his public meetings expressly to win converts to Temperance, which had hitherto been but an incident of his ecclesiastical labors. Now the poor of Cork began to flock to him in crowds; soon the sufferers from alcohol

in places more or less remote began to drop in by twos and threes, then by dozens and scores, at last by forties and hundreds, at his meetings or dwelling, to receive at his hands the administration of the saving, fortifying pledge. These carried home and diffused the fame of the saintly and meek Apostle of Temperance; and some pressing invitations were sent him to visit other places and prosecute his labors therein. In December, 1839, he was persuaded by Dr. Ryan, Catholic Bishop of Limerick, to visit that city, and here, (like Byron, though for a nobler reason,) he suddenly 'found himself famous.' The city could not lodge all the people who crowded into it to meet him, and thousands slept on the ground, though every cellar and shed were filled. The iron railing along the bank of the Shannon, opposite the house in which he was a guest, was at one time broken down by the pressure of the multitude, and several persons were precipitated into the river, though happily without loss of life. So dense was the crowd at his first meeting, that individuals walked over the shoulders of kneeling thousands to receive the pledge and the Apostle's blessing, and soldiers, endeavoring to preserve order, were lifted from the ground by a rush of the people, and borne several rods without injury to any one.

From the date of that visit, Father Mathew's fame has been a part of the national heritage, while his labors have been incessant and their fruits gigantic. He has traveled over Ireland more than once, administering the pledge to no less than *five millions* of her people, or about two-thirds the whole number now living, and reduced the number of drunkards in a still greater proportion. At Donnybrook Fair, world-famous for its drunken riots, there were recently gathered fifty thousand persons, not one of them intoxicated, and of course without a single fight. Listowell, which had thirty-three licensed drunkard-factories in 1839, had but six in 1843, and so of many other places. In

Bonmahon, where fifteen whiskey-shops existed prior to Father Mathew's visit, there was not one some time afterward. The consequent falling off in commitments to jail for drunkenness, rioting, assaults, &c., has been very great, and so in the receptions at hospitals of persons disabled or wounded by blows, falls, or accidents, as well as of the loathsome victims of *delirium tremens*. Ireland, once a reproach for drunkenness, is now a land of comparative sobriety, and Father Mathew was the chief instrument of Divine benignity in effecting this glorious transformation.

Of his charities, his cemetery, and other devices for the comfort and consolation of the poor—of his visit to, and labors in England—of his yet uncompleted mission to our own country and its beneficent results, space is not left me to speak. These belong to a later chronicler, a more methodical memoir. The one important moral of Father Mathew's career is *the ability and opportunity vouchsafed to every one to be greatly useful if he will*. This truth his life strikingly illustrates, and there can hardly be another more deserving of attention. The good friar is not gifted with splendid talents, with brilliant oratory, with wealth nor rank nor powerful friends—he had scarcely an advantage of any sort which most of the young who will read this sketch may not possess or parallel if they will. His elevation above the mass of his cotemporaries is purely moral, not intellectual; it rests upon purity of life, goodness of heart, and Christian philanthropy of purpose. Who that contemplates such a character shall seek to excuse himself from a career of equal beneficence and eternal glory?

DASH THE WINE-CUP AWAY.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

Dash the wine-cup away! though its sparkle should be
More bright than the gems that lie hid in the sea,—
For the Demon, unseen by thine eye, lurketh there,
Who would win thee to ruin, to woe, and despair!

Believe not the tempter who tells thee of joy
In the bright flashing goblets that lure to destroy;
Nor barter thy birthright, nor give up thy soul,
For a moment's mad bliss, to the Fiend of the Bowl!

Oh, the mighty have fallen!—the strong and the proud
To the thrall of the wine-cup have abjectly bowed;
For its maddening delights flung their glory away,
And yielded, insanely, their souls to its sway.

The wise and the learned in the lore of the schools,
Have drunk—and become the derision of fools;
And the light that made radiant the spirit divine,
Hath often been quenched in a goblet of wine.

Youth and Beauty, while yet in their strength and their glow,
Have been marked by the fiend and in ruin laid low;
And the Priest and the Statesman together have kneeled
To the Wine-God obscene, till in madness they reeled!

Oh, the Earth in her woe for her children hath wept,
To the grave of the drunkard in hecatombs swept;
While the Demon, enthroned o'er her sunniest climes,
Hath unleashed, in his wrath, all his woes and his crimes!

And the altars of Devils still smoke with the blood
Of our sires and our sons—once the wise and the good—
While dark and more dark, gather over our path
The clouds that are charged with JEHOVAH'S dread wrath!

Shall we wait till they burst, and from mountain to sea
Old Earth like the Valley of Hinnom shall be?
And sternly o'er all, Desolation shall reign,
While the vulture sits gorged over heaps of the slain?

Nay—up to the rescue! The land must be torn
From the grasp of the Demon whose fetters we've worn—
Our homes, by his touch, be no longer profaned—
Our souls in his thraldom, no more be enchained!

Dash the wine-cup away! we will henceforth be free—
Earth's captives their morn of redemption shall see,
And the foul fiend that bound them be thrust back to Hell,
While the songs of our triumph exultingly swell!

INCONSISTENCIES OF

PROFESSED FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE.

BY CHARLES JEWETT, M. D.

Temperance is often sorely wounded in the house of its friends; and painful as is the task of administering reproof, yet I shall attempt it, even at the hazard of displeasing many whom, in the main, I have reason to respect. Breaking the package of inconsistencies, the first that comes to hand is that most extraordinary and inexcusable one, of which many, even members of temperance societies, are guilty—letting public-houses and shops with the permission to carry on the detestable and destructive traffic in intoxicating drinks within their doors. What renders such a course of conduct altogether inexcusable in those who practice it, is the fact they are generally men of wealth, who might, without serious inconvenience, let their estates for other purposes, or who, if they could not, would not eat less bread or sleep less hours if they stood untenanted. Yet many there are who will condemn the conduct of the heartless rumseller, although he offers as an excuse his necessities, and can quote Scripture to enforce the duty of providing for "one's household," and talks about ruin, distress, &c. if he ceases to

ruin others! and yet they will let their tavern or shop for a slaughter-house of souls, for an additional rent of ten, twenty or fifty dollars, when, I repeat, of property they have enough for present and prospective wants, and perhaps a surplus sufficient to ruin their children. In what consists the guilt of the rumseller? Is it not that he furnishes to vice facilities, to crime its incitants? And does not the lessor of the grog-shop afford to vice facilities, and to crime means and opportunity? The day will come,—or I sadly mistake the signs of the times,—when he who furnishes the room in which drunkards and tipplers may congregate to gratify their base appetites will be, in the estimation of the public bound in the same bundle with him who pours to them poison for money. How can any professed friend of the cause, who is guilty of the conduct I have described plead with the rumseller or rum-drinker to change his course? He dare not attempt it. They would both taunt him with his inconsistency.

Would that this were the only obstacle which the friends of our cause, influenced by the love of money, throw in the path of reform. But it is not. Another more formidable may be found in the fact, that many, very many, so far as my observation extends, even of the members of our total abstinence societies are constantly in the habit of trading at rum stores, having their sugar, tea, spices, &c. put up by the same hands that pour out the maddening draught to the poor drunkard. They condemn his business in unmeasured terms, and yet help to sustain him in his business. They pour into his drawer the profits of their trade, which, in due time, are exchanged for rum, gin, &c., with which his decanters are replenished: and so the work goes on. Were the temperance community to withdraw their patronage altogether and leave him to the support of his rum customers, he could not, in most of our country

towns at least, sustain himself, and if forced by the consistency of temperance men to part with his rum trade, or their patronage he would empty his bottles, and cease to order from your city, hogsheads of wretchedness, crime, disease, and death, to peddle in the beautiful villages and towns of the interior.

The business of destroying God's bounties and human hopes, so extensively carried on by some bloated capitalists of your city, would soon become unprofitable as it is infamous. The excuses for such a course of conduct generally are, that it is more convenient to trade at the rum store, because it is nearer, or that the articles they wish to obtain can be purchased cheaper of the rumseller than at the temperance store. Of any who may offer such an excuse, I would ask, What then? Suppose the rumseller continue his trade on the ground that it would be inconvenient for him to change his business or that it would subject him to pecuniary loss were he to abandon it? shall he go on? Oh, no! You will not consent that his convenience or profit shall be taken into account in deciding his future course. You demand that he give up his business perhaps at a loss of five hundred, or a thousand dollars per year! and yet if he refuses to do so and continue to exert his influence to curse the community in which you live you will sustain him in his course by the profits and influence of your trade to save a half-mile's travel or a cent on a pound in the purchase of your sugar. These things ought not to be; and we earnestly entreat those who may peruse this article, to examine themselves in reference to this particular, and if they have been faulty in time past, be careful that their *whole* influence in future shall be given to the promotion of our glorious cause.

TEMPERANCE AND RELIGION.

BY REV. ALBERT BARNES.

Good men everywhere are endeavoring to promote *reformation*. The age in which we live is characterized by such efforts, perhaps as much as by anything else. A deep interest is felt—an interest which has not been common in former ages,—in behalf of those who are wronging themselves by vicious indulgence, and in relation to all those systems which originate or perpetuate wrong. These efforts are made to bear alike on individuals that they may be recovered from habits which threaten their ruin, and on social and organic wrongs and evils. Yet we need not go far to see that the subject of reformation is, after all the attempts which are made, but little understood; and that there are few things which men attempt, where the principles of action are less accurately defined. The efforts which are made are well meaning; the plans which are adopted, are designed to be benevolent; but they are often wild and visionary, and harsh and unphilosophical. The hope of success is often based on that which is philosophically false; or on that which has no permanent value and importance; the single object which is aimed at is often so magnified as to occupy the whole field of vision; and the reformation is prosecuted with no just apprehension of the

proportional value of things, and with a reckless, or designed disregard of the most valuable interests of society.

The question then, *What is the true philosophy of reformation?* is one of great permanent importance in an age like this. To what principles shall we appeal in promoting individual or public reform? on what shall we base our hopes? What is there on which we may rely to give permanent success? This question has more than the passing interest of a day; I propose to examine it with a particular reference to the present aspect of the temperance reformation. That has been among the most glorious of all reforms; what has been gained there, may be in danger of being lost by a departure from its true principles, and by reliance on that which is of no permanent value. One grave question which is now coming before this age is, whether this reformation can be carried forward to its final triumph, without the aid of the religious principles or of religious men; and whether there are other principles which can be successfully substituted in the place of those which are directly derived from religion. The importance then, without undervaluing other aid, of calling in the aid of religious principle, and of relying permanently on that, and of calling in the steady co-operation of religious men, will be the point at which my remarks will be really directed.

In all attempts to promote reformation—that is a change for the better—in an individual or in society, there is some ground of appeal; something on which we found our hopes of success. We do not expect that it will be achieved by miracle; or by the operation of any new laws of our nature originated for the purpose, or by any element in society which has never existed before. Now, on what do we rely in such cases? What is the ground of our appeal? What is the foundation of our hope? Let us analyze the operations of our own minds in such cases, and see what there is on which we can rely.

First, we suppose that there is *something* in the individual, whom we would wish to reform, that is not yet quite extinct, that may be *roused* again into life and power, and be made the element of better things. We do not regard him as quite dead and insensible to every generous and noble appeal; but beneath the rubbish in his ruined nature, we hope to find some remnant of a noble soul; some generous sympathy that may be awakened into vigorous life; some almost antiquated spark of virtue that may be enkindled to a flame, that principle or element in the soul, we would rouse up, so that it may assert its just prerogative, and triumph over the base and ignoble passions which have usurped its place. We would go to the man that is debased and sunken and find in him, if we could, some love of father or mother, or sister, or child, or country; some not extinguished self-respect; some lessons embedded in childhood, not wholly obliterated; some remains of a conscience; some respect for decency; some lingering love of gain, or virtue or God; some principle of ambition or desire to be remembered after death, that may be roused into action, and that may be made to be superior in power to the base principles which now control the soul. So Paley was saved. "You are a great fool," said a young heir of nobility to him, when in the University—a companion in dissipation;—"You are a great fool, to be wasting your talents thus. You have talents, which might raise you to the highest distinction. I have not; and, as for me, I may as well as not squander my time in this manner." The generous soul of Paley; his noble nature not yet insensible to an appeal addressed to his ambition, felt the reproof. He took the hint thus roughly tendered; and there are few names in English literature that shine more brightly than his. In all attempts at reformation—whether it be of the young man who is a profane swearer, or the wretched female apparently lost to virtue; or of

the poor inebriate—the object of universal pity or scorn, or of the sinner revolted from his God, and whom God is desirous to bring back to the ways of virtue and religion, man is regarded as indeed in ruins; but beneath those ruins, there *is* supposed to be something generous, something noble, something great, something magnanimous, to which an appeal may be made with the hope that he may be aroused to seek an object worthy of the ends for which he was made. There are some fragments of greatness; there are elements of power; there is still something noble and God-like on which you may build your hope.

If these should not exist, you would regard the case as hopeless. If all self-respect were gone; if all love of father, mother, wife, child, sister, country were extinguished; if there were no lingering love of decency, property, esteem; if there were no wish to be happy while living, or to be remembered when dead, we should feel that there was no prospect of success in a work of reformation.

I need not say that these remarks apply with peculiar force to the subject of temperance. If there is any man who seems lost to hope and to virtue, and whose condition would seem to defy all efforts to reform him it is the confirmed inebriate. In such a man, everything which excites elevated thought in regard to the present or the future world, seems to be dead; and the common and almost the settled feeling of mankind had come to be, that such a man must be abandoned to despair. But is there no hope of his reformation: is there nothing in him to which an appeal can be made with a prospect of success: let the efforts expressly directed to recover the inebriate, and successful in thousands of instances, answer.

An almost accidental occurrence in Baltimore struck a new chord, and showed that reformed inebriates, by telling the story of their own sad experience, might strike a chord which should

respond to the appeal. They did so. They related their own history, and they sought to arouse in the heart of the drunkard a love of something, of the wife whom he had once so joyfully led to the altar. Of the children he had once so lovingly dandled on his knees—or some lurking love of himself and respect for his character. And the result has shown that it is practicable. There is hope of reforming the intemperate man. And the question now arises, on what are we to rely for the *permanent* success of this cause? To what class of minds does it appeal? Shall we continue to appeal solely to the intemperate man? or shall we rely on the higher principle of religion and call to our aid the religious community? I need not say that a large part of the religious community have stood aloof from this cause and do so still. And again a portion of the friends of temperance have sought to throw off the religious community. And so there has been a constant tendency between the two to diverge from each other. Whether it were that religious men were indulging in habits inconsistent with aiding this cause—whether they had capital invested in business with which it would interfere, and they lacked the requisite self-denial: whether ministers were indulging in habits hostile to its principles, or a large part felt that it was somehow a low business, and therefor stood aloof: or whether in the progress of the cause itself among its friends such a course was pursued as that the friends of religion could not consistently act with them—these are not the points of chief interest now. But so it is. There are a large number of ministers and members of churches who still stand aloof. Now, what interest have religious men in this cause; and why should the friends of Temperance seek their co-operation? We can answer this inquiry better after glancing at the points which have been established in the progress of the temperance reformation.

1. It is established that alcohol is the same wherever found; that it is not the result of distillation, but of fermentation, which is a chemical process; and that it is the same in rum, brandy, wines or cider.

2. That this substance contains no nutriment—that it does nothing to repair the constant waste of the animal economy.

3. That on the fibres of the human system it acts as poison in all instances when it acts at all.

4. That it is a fruitful source of poverty, wretchedness and crime! for it has been proved that *three-fourths* of all these evils result from its use.

5. That it is a source of disease and death.

6. That the whole traffic in ardent spirits is inconsistent with those principles upon which honorable men should conduct traffic. I do not say that those who made the existing laws for its regulation were actuated by improper motives. I know that they said and believed that alcohol was necessary for the cold and weary traveller; that it would be dangerous to allow every one to sell it, and so they would require evidence of good character in those to whom they granted licences for its sale. To secure this in Pennsylvania they required the certificate of twelve men that the applicant was worthy of being intrusted with the sale of this poison. I say not how this trust has been discharged. But the whole thing was wrong. It is not needful; it is poisonous and should be intrusted to no man.

7. We have also settled the principle that it is possible to reform a drunkard; and still more, that the only perfect safety is for a man to let it entirely alone, and so never encounter the danger. The only perfect safety is in total abstinence.

These principles are to abide. The world is not to depart from them. They are the result of the most profound inquiries of the most learned men—jurists, men of science, ministers—

all, men of character and in the habit of deciding such questions. Now, these principles are not to pass away. And on what shall we rely for their further and final triumph? I believe it right to appeal to the laws of the land, and I trust soon to hear that no further licences will be granted for the sale of intoxicating drinks. I believe, too, that reliance is to be placed upon the deductions of science. But the ultimate reliance must be on the religious principle and on the religious community. In support of this position, I urge these considerations.

1. The religious principle, right or wrong, is the most *powerful* agency in the world. Whatever controls that, controls the world, and it has always been the aim of emperors and kings to obtain control of the religion of the state, feeling that when they had acquired that, they held the destiny of the whole. The priest everywhere has been the man of power. And if the religious principle can be enlisted in the cause of temperance the triumph of that cause is secured for ever; and that it should be so enlisted is most evident, for the highest points reached in the temperance cause, coincide perfectly with the principles of religion.

2. In a community under the influence of religion, no reform can succeed that does not call religion to its aid. In the United States there are eighteen thousand Protestant evangelical ministers, meeting the people two or three times a week, going into families, and exerting more influence over the youth of the land than any other body of men within its borders. There are also two millions of members of the churches—embracing a large part of the wealth and character of the land, there is no cause of reform in the country that could stand a day if the Church were united against it. And there is no form of evil, organic or individual, that the Church has not power to remove. And if the Church could be brought up to this Temperance

cause, to enlist in it zealously and heartily, its triumph would be speedy and complete.

3. The Temperance reformation has ever had a close connection with religion. It has prospered just in proportion to the maintenance of that connection and has receded wherever it has thrown off that aid. The cause originated with a physician, Dr. Rush! and notwithstanding his ability and influence it had no effect until the note of alarm came out of the Christian Church! and the men who have since then urged it on, have been mainly ministers of the gospel, and still are such to a great extent. The religious community has the deepest interest in the triumph of this cause. Let any man attempt to write the history of the Church in this land, and what a dark page would that be which should record its aversion to this cause. The cause of intemperance opposes religion with the boldest and most open front. From the first step to the last, it is most directly hostile to it. All other evils put together have not robbed the Church of so many distinguished men as this. Why then shall the Church stand aloof from the Temperance cause? It makes no infidels; makes no invasion upon any good work: disrobes no minister of religion; bars out no prayers from heaven, infuses no pestilential air in the way through life. Wherever its friends go, it accompanies them as a blessing to the end of their days. Why then, should any friend of religion stand aloof from the *Temperance Cause*.

JOHN W. OLIVER, M. W. P.

Was born April 30, 1815. His parents emigrated to this country from England in 1818. His father pursued farming near Baltimore until his death, which took place in January 1822. He left a widow and four small children, of which John was the eldest.

In 1826, he was bound an apprentice to Benjamin Edes, Printer, of Baltimore. The first act for which John was *distinguished*, may be set down as the following :—

He had been bathing, and while in the water his jacket was stolen. As he was the owner of but one, he was compelled to make the loss known to his employer, who declared that John should go in his shirt sleeves as long as the stolen jacket would have lasted. Not relishing this very well, he determined to try and bring his employer to terms. With the aid of some of his fellow apprentices, he made a *paper coat*, with pasteboard buttons, and every seam distinctly marked out with ink. At dinner time John put on this odd-fashioned garment and proceeded to his meal. It so happened on that day that quite a company of visitors were present—and John was soon "the observed of all observers." The employer was absent. Some of the family were enraged—others enjoyed the joke. John was ordered to

leave the room, which he declined doing. He was then seized by the collar and ejected—leaving his coat "all tattered and torn," behind him. The scene will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The fragments of the coat were shown the employer, and loud complaints made of the indignity.

John anticipated a flogging—and prepared for it, by putting on all the shirts and waistcoats he could muster. During the afternoon, the voice of the employer was heard from below stairs—

"Little John!" as our hero was called in contra distinction to "Big John" an older apprentice.

"Sir!" returned John—and all hands were on tiptoe for the denouement.

"Get your hat, and come with me," was the command.

John obeyed with alacrity—was taken to a tailor and presented with as good a suit of clothes as he possessed during his apprenticeship.

He soon became a leader among his comrades in all sorts of mischief, and it was often predicted that he would "come to no good." Left very much to his own way, with no one to watch over his moral culture, he soon formed dissipated associations and habits. After he was out of his time, he often reflected on his couse of life, and more than once resolved on reformation. But like thousands of others, he found himself bound to his bad habits by a power for the time at least, stronger than his good resolutions. About the middle of May, 1835, however, a circumstance occurred that gave a different turn to his whole life.

On a Thursday evening he and a companion, a shoemaker by trade, were musingly proceeding to an accustomed resort, when something like the following conversation occurred.

"I am getting very tired of this kind of life," said John.

"And so am I," was the reply.

"I have tried to break off these habits and associations—but I find it impossible."

"And so have I—and I too find it impossible."

"I believe," continued John, and the conversation by this time, had assumed a seriousness quite unusual to both—"I believe my only chance to do better is to leave Baltimore, and get among strangers."

"And so do I," was the reply.

"Then what do you say for a tramp?"

"Agreed!"

On the Sunday morning following, before day-light, they were on the way—their entire wardrobes tied up in a small handkerchief, and their united capital less than ten dollars. They took the first road they came to, and followed it—without any fixed purpose other than to get out of Baltimore, or the slightest idea as to where they were going. The all-engrossing thought was—to get away from their bad habits and associations.

The road led them to York, Pa., one of the last places they should have gone to with any hope of employment. They arrived there early the next morning—and sought work, but in vain. They continued their "tramp" to Columbia—but with no better success. Nothing daunted, they pushed on to Lancaster, which they reached with blistered feet and jaded limbs. Still finding no employment, and being utterly unable to proceed farther on foot, they prevailed upon the railroad agent to convey them to Philadelphia for all the money they had left—considerably less than the regular fare.

They arrived in the city of Brotherly Love penniless, about dusk. "Strangers in a strange land," they felt desolate enough. After wandering about the city for a while, they fortunately fell in with a kind hearted gentleman who kept a boarding-house in Third-street. They frankly told him their story—it interested

him, and he offered the wanderers a home, which was most gratefully accepted. The next morning the landlord procured employment for the companion. He then visited several of the printing offices to find a situation for Oliver—but in this he failed.

After a week had elapsed the companion became homesick, and proposed to return, but Oliver would not consent. Before they left Baltimore they vowed to each other not to separate except by mutual consent. The companion offered all he could command to be released from this obligation—but in vain. At length Oliver proposed to go to New York—and in the event of their failing to get employment, or not liking the place, then to ship and go to any part of the world. This was assented to.

On the 26th of May, after many kind words of advice from their host, they took seats in a forward car of the Camden and Amboy Railroad. About noon they were landed in New York —again friendless and penniless in a strange city. On reaching the lower part of Broadway, they met a merchant of Baltimore whom they knew only by sight. So glad were they of the privilege of even looking on some one they had seen before, that they followed him, until he entered a store.

They strolled round the city for nearly an hour, baggage in hand. On going through Fulton street, a printer's sign met their view. Oliver entered the office, and found Mr. William S. Dorr the proprietor, at his desk writing an advertisement for a hand. Terms were agreed upon, and after despatching his comrade to find a boarding house, Oliver went to work. After a short time the comrade returned in great alarm. Calling Oliver aside he exclaimed—

"Why, John, the boarding-house keepers want pay in advance, and we havn't a cent!"

Oliver, really glad to find this was the worst, put on his coat and went to the boarding-house.

"I am a printer, Madam," said he boldly to the landlady, fully believing this announcement only necessary to inspire confidence.

"Indeed, sir, I have found the printers a very bad set," replied the landlady. "It was only last week one went away from here without paying his board!"

This was an unlooked-for and unanswerable argument—but however, they succeeded in gaining the good graces of the landlady, and were very comfortably provided for.

On the following day the companion procured employment, and for several weeks everything passed along swimmingly. But the shoemaker soon became dissatisfied—and without consulting his comrade, shipped and went on a whaling voyage. Oliver continued in good employment, and labored faithfully at his trade.

In 1836 he learnt that his only brother, Isaac, was forming associations similar to those from which he had fled. This caused him much uneasiness. He asked his employer—for whom he was then acting as foreman—if he would take Isaac as an apprentice, stating that he would like to have his brother learn to be a printer under his own eye. The employer consented, and Isaac was written for.

In November, 1836, John got into business in a small way for himself, at 134 Division street. A short time after, a young man entered the office, and extending his hand familiarly exclaimed—

"Why, John, how do you do!"

John took his hand mechanically, but said nothing. The stranger continued in astonishment—

"Why, don't you know me?"

"Well, it seems to me your face is familiar," replied John, "but really I cannot call your name."

"Is it possible you don't know your own brother!"

The scene that followed was interesting and mutually gratifying. But eighteen months before, John had left his brother a small boy—now, though but seventeen, that brother was as tall as himself. Isaac at once placed himself under John as an apprentice.

In 1837, the shoemaker returned from sea, and was much rejoiced, and not a little surprised, to find his old companion doing so well. A few weeks after, he went back to Baltimore —and ultimately to his old associations and habits.

The financial difficulties of 1837 compelled John to relinquish business, and go to work as a journeyman. In May, 1838, he hired a small room at 78 Canal street, and with about $2 50 re-commenced business. Not feeling entire confidence however in the enterprise, and as at that time he filled a lucrative situation, he placed his diminutive establishment in charge of his brother, and continued to work as a journeyman.

After laboring hard all day, the two brothers would sally forth at night—one with a bucket of paste and a brush, the other with two or three thousand bills calling attention to their office —and work at bill posting till twelve or one o'clock. The business soon amounted to about thirty dollars a week, and this warranted John in devoting his whole time to his own office.

In 1841, Isaac was out of his time, and acted as foreman for John. In March of the same year, Messrs. Mitchell, Hawkins, Pollard, Shaw and Casey, of the original Washington Temperance Society of Baltimore, visited New York. The brothers Oliver were among the first to sign the pledge under their truthful appeals. They participated in the organization of the Washington Temperance Benevolent Society, and threw themselves into the work with singular devotion.

In May following, the New York Organ was started, by a

joint company. When the second instalment on the capital stock was called for however, there was a general backing out, and Oliver was left to assume the paper or let it die. He chose the former, and continued its publication until July, 1842. From various considerations he then disposed of it.

For the first time since he left it, he now made a visit to Baltimore. What inroads had INTEMPERANCE made upon his old friends and associates! Some had died drunkards—some were in prison—some had been killed in drunken frays—while others were steeped in poverty and degradation! Then it was that his heart swelled with gratitude to that mysterious Providence which had so strangely influenced him to leave his home, and go among strangers—and which had truly led him on in a way he knew not.

As soon as it became known to the officers of the Washington Temperance Society that he was in the city, they waited on him, and insisted that he should make a speech. It was duly set forth in the papers that "John W. Oliver, formerly of Baltimore, and late editor of the New York Organ" would deliver an address—and a large audience was drawn together among which were many of his old associates. He had little confidence in his powers as a speaker—and active as he had been in the temperance movement, he had never addressed a public meeting. It may be supposed, therefore, that he mounted the rostrum with fear and trembling. The audience perceived his embarrassment, and gave him such a round of applause that he was enabled to proceed with some tolerable degree of confidence.

In the latter part of September, 1842, John and Isaac, while at work in their printing office, got into a conversation about the difficulties which appeared to hinder the temperance reform. During this conversation it was suggested whether an organization of a more permanent character could not be formed, which

should bind its members to total abstinence, elevate their characters as men, and afford mutual assistance in adversity or distress. The establishment of the ORDER OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE was the result.

At the organization of New York Division No. 1, September 29, 1842, he was elected R. S. by his own request. At the formation of the Grand Division, December 10, 1842, he was chosen G. S. which office he filled until October, 1843, when he was elevated to the Chair of G. W. P. During his administration he planted the Order in Baltimore, and opened the Grand Divisions of New Jersey, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Connecticut, in person. At the organization of the National Division he was elected M. W. P. but declined the honor, and was then elected M. W. S. which office he filled for two years. The duties devolving upon these stations at this early stage of the Order, were immense—and it may be safely said, they did not suffer in his hands. Besides conducting the very extensive correspondence of the Order, he was constantly engaged in explaining and defending its principles through such newspapers in different parts of the country as would give him a hearing, and in writing to influential friends of temperance in every direction urging them to form Divisions.

In October 1844, The New York Organ after changing hands repeatedly, became so embarrassed that the publisher could not continue it. The Grand Division of New York, feeling the importance of sustaining a journal devoted to the Order, took the subject up—and after discussing many propositions for its continuance, finally prevailed on Mr. Oliver to re-assume its publication. The paper at that time had run down to about 1,300 subscribers—nothing like a sufficient number to defray the expense of publication.

In the spring of 1847, Isaac having previously commenced business, the two brothers formed a partnership under the firm

of Oliver and Brother, which *still* continues—and by their well-directed energy, their business was greatly increased. They commenced the publication of Temperance Tracts on a large scale, and we believe they were the first who made such an enterprise pay.

In December of this year the famous libel suit was tried, in which the rumsellers obtained a verdict against Mr. Oliver of $250 and costs, amounting altogether to $800. This however proved rather a thorn in the sides of the grog-dealers, for the friends of Temperance at a large public meeting in the Tabernacle made up $200, which they presented to Mr. Oliver. He offered this sum as a premium for the best Essay on the Evils of the Liquor Traffic, and this produced Kitchel's Celebrated Appeal, very generally considered the ablest paper written on the subject.

In 1849, The Organ reached a weekly circulation of 11,000. During that year Oliver and Brother issued nearly a million Temperance tracts and papers. In January 1850, from a heavy increase of business, and from other causes, they deemed it best to dispose of The Organ, and confine their attention exclusively to the printing business. Since then they have nearly doubled that part of their business—and appear to be on the high road to fortune.

At the seventh session of the National Division, held in Boston, June 11, 1850, Mr. Oliver was elected M. W. P.

The two brother's have recently erected and fitted up two fine dwellings in the upper part of the city, at a cost of $20,000 —which they now occupy.

The contrast between the successful employing Printer and devoted friend of Temperance of 1850, and the pedestrian, pack in hand, running away from his bad habits in 1835, furnishes a most interesting and useful lesson. It is a striking example of what may be accomplished by Decision, Perseverance, Industry and Temperance.

THE DUTY OF TEMPERANCE MEN.

BY N. WILSON, P. G. W. P.

This subject suggests several very important, serious and deeply interesting questions, into the full merits of all which, without occupying too much space in your contemplated volume, I shall not attempt to examine.

Man was created upright and in the image of his Maker and endowed with a capacity to *reflect* and *reason*, and with these faculties in active natural exercise, our duty, or that which is the same thing, our obligations, to our Creator, to society and to our fellow-man, will, at once, become apparent and under proper influences, develope and ripen, into the most beautiful and cheering results.

But, it is the ten thousand malign influences, the invention of that same old serpent, that so sadly and fatally imposed upon the credulity, of mother Eve, in the first Eden, to contend against which, we need more than the wisdom of Solomon and the patience of Job, and over which to be completely successful, we need, and must have the aid and blessing of the Great Patriarch above. And again, in the volume of inspiration, it is written, "The seed of woman shall bruise the serpent's head." A glorious promise and full of hope. With emphasis, this, then, we ask, what is our duty, as Temperance men?

This question is intimately, yea, inseparably connected with *all* the great interests of society, pecuniary, social, political, moral and religious.

And it is of the highest consequence, that the literature of our country should everywhere breathe an atmosphere, the farthest possible removed from the fumes of alcohol. Heaven forbid, that any altar, hereafter reared by genius in any of the varied departments of learning, science, or art, throughout the length and breadth of this boasted land of liberty, should be dedicated to Bacchus, or that worshippers of the heathen wine-god should be found in free America.

That such have existed is a sad reality, painful to contemplate. To *prevent* such in future and to *reclaim* their unfortunate devotees is the urgent, imperious duty of Temperance men.

Here, to be sure, another grave question presents itself, requiring solution. *How can it be done?* Could this question be answered with entire satisfaction, I should almost be tempted to exclaim with the good Simeon of old, it is enough, "now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace," &c. Our answer is, *much, very much* can be done by individual and united effort—by continued and unwearied energy in any and every possible way, that affection and kindness, interest and ingenuity can suggest, and let the effort be commensurate with the evil to be encountered and the difficulties and obstacles in the way of its successful accomplishment. Let the voice of warning, of entreaty, of expostulation, of stirring, but kind rebuke be heard and repeated not only to the tempted, but to the tempter. Let each be made to *see* and *feel* his situation and if need be and when milder means have failed, each should be compelled to desist, by such other means, as every intelligent moral people will be sure to apply, as the emergency may require.

The character of the obstacles and of the individuals impli-

cated deserve careful and sober consideration. "If words, or grass will do," use *either* or *both*, as the occasion may require; but, if *neither* will answer, "then pelt," *the offender*, "with stones." But, let me not be misunderstood on this point, "*The stones*" are designed for *the Tempter*, *not the Tempted.*

The Rev. T. P. Hunt of Philadelphia, one of the most eloquent advocates of Temperance in our country, in one of his public addresses, remarked, "when I can make an individual engaged in this murderous and infamous business see and *feel*, that if there is a being on earth, who deserves from man a halter and from God a hell, it is a rumseller, then I have some hope of his abandoning the business without legal coercion and I have no hope until then."

Such, in fact, has been my own observation and experience on this subject, that, I am constrained to believe, the dealer in intoxicating drinks, of the present day, can, in no way, be restrained, so long as "MONEY" can be made out of it, *unless*, he is *driven* from the traffic. Yes—*driven*. *Drive* him by kindness, by argument, by persuasion, by setting before him the nature and woeful consequences of his avocation, if you can—but—and if need be, by the strong arm of the law, energetically and perseveringly applied. Half-way measures are of no avail.

The individual engaged in such business should be made to understand the length, depth, breadth and enormity of his business. *Mere dollars* and *cents* are *nothing*. Character, life, merit, temporal and eternal destiny are at stake. The Judgment Day only can reveal the true nature, enormity and extent of such traffic. But, it will be written out *there* by the pen of the Almighty and it will be read *there* in the presence of the assembled universe.

And here, I frankly admit, that, I have witnessed so many spectacles of human misery, of blasted hopes and blighted,

ruined prospects and often, where hope seemed brightest—and seen and known so much of the *heartless*, *meaningless* promises of the rumseller, and have been so long toiling and making sacrifices for the suppression of this terrible evil, that, I may be somewhat impatient for a speedy triumph.

It may be very easy, for those, who are too indifferent, or too lazy, or selfish to toil for the good of others, to preach *patience*, but, circumstances may occur, when, forbearance ceases to be a virtue and it is equally true, that, those who *feel* and truly feel are also equally ready *to act*.

Can one stand on the brink of a precipice, or on the edge of a mighty cataract, over which to step or plunge, is inevitable death, and see his friends and neighbors, or even strangers constantly approaching and never lift the warning voice, or raise an arm to save? We see them take the fearful plunge—the broken rocks and the boiling vortex have crushed and swallowed up many—others are nearing it—and can we stand idle spectators of such a scene? *Something* must be done and *somebody* must do it.

Varied and multiplied have been the efforts to suppress this monster vice. The pledge of abstinence from distilled liquors did much, "*The Total Abstinence Pledge*" did *more*, and that movement, which took for its title, the name of the Father of his Country and without sullying it, did yet *more* and a proud day was that for America. But, time rolled on and even this wonderful agency lost its magic power. The tide of sympathy had reached its full flow and had already begun to ebb. The various eras had, one after another, spent their vitality and energy and still the pestilence raged on. Philanthropists began to look and wonder and stare each other in the face and with restless anxiety ask each other, what shall be done? "By whom shall we go up?"

At this crisis, sprung into being the noble Order of the Sons of Temperance and with its tri-colored flag unfurled to the breeze, with the inspiring motto, "Love, Purity and Fidelity," thousands rushed to its standard, and by this new agency thousands of hearts have been made glad, and the tear of sorrow dried from many a weeping eye. This Order has indeed established "A City of Refuge" and proclaimed a year of jubilee, and richly does it deserve the gratitude, encouragement and approbation of the community.

But, alas, powerful and successful as has proved this new agency—the great work is not accomplished. Much, very much yet remains to be done. The demon of intemperance still stalks unrestrained through many of the fairest portions of this beautiful land. The bitter tear still flows—hearts once glowing with love and joy are broken—the mother weeps and sighs—the fond and doting wife mourns and pines in secret, sickness follows, and the king of terrors is welcomed to give relief to that sorrow, the living cannot bear.

And must it be thus? Can nothing more be done? *Duty* still points "*onward* and *upward*" and in language not to be misunderstood, bids us "*hope on, hope ever.*"

History informs us, that, the father of the young Hannibal required of his son a solemn *vow* of eternal enmity to the Romans, which he seems to have kept and regarded as even more sacred than his life. Success attended him on every hand and many and brilliant were his victories. But, Hannibal was finally forced to surrender—not conquered by Rome, for Rome, with all her power and her hosts of valiant warriors and urged on by the brave Scipio, could never have vanquished Hannibal, had the Carthegenian Senate sustained their noble general and sent him the men and supplies demanded—sustained as he should have been, the Roman Eagle must have trailed in the dust.

If wise, we may hence learn an instructive and salutary lesson.

Let temperance men sustain each other, sustain their friends—men and means should never be wanting to carry on this holy war.

We may properly and honestly differ in our views and plans of accomplishing the great object, but, if sincere and true, every minor consideration will be wained, and common danger and a common foe will concentrate and combine our efforts, and every reasonable sacrifice required will be made with cheerfulness and alacrity.

None dare deny the justness of our cause, or that our object is noble and praiseworthy. Heaven has smiled upon us—good men have approbated—we are *sure*, that we are *right*—let us then "*go-ahead.*"

I have time only, in this communication, to speak of one other point and that is, the duty of Temperance men to the young men of our country. Our young men must early take "*the Vow*," and swear upon their country's altar *eternal enmity* to "the common foe of all mankind." Our youth must be trained to temperance. But, with whom shall their early training begin? We answer, *with the mother*. It is her prerogative, her duty, her pleasure.

Bonaparte once asked the celebrated Madam De Stael, in what manner he could best promote the happiness of the French nation. "Instruct the mothers of the French People," was her noble reply. And it was a noble sentiment, replete with political wisdom.

By one of the laws of the famous Spartan Law-giver, the great Lycurgus, the infants of Sparta were trained for the State by their mothers, and these were the children, numbering *only* s*ix thousand*, who with the brave Leonidas stood in the Pass of

Thermopylæ and turned back and conquered Xerxes with his two and one-half millions of trained Persian Soldiers.

The influence of the educated mother, who has right views upon this great subject—(and every woman should have, as she values the prosperity and happiness of her offspring,) is beyond human calculation. Let the youthful, and buoyant impulses beat high for Temperance, and may their young blood never be poisoned by the use of intoxicating beverages.

To our young men, then, let our efforts be faithfully and perseveringly directed—Humanity demands it—Love for our common country, for our own fire-sides require it—Our holy Religion, and the obligations we are under to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe enjoin it as an imperious Duty.

Under such influences, and urged on by high and holy motives to do good, the coming generation will be safe—our country will be safe, and we, with justifiable pride, and elevated pleasure, may point to *such* and exclaim—"*These are my jewels!*"

THE SPOILER.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Parent!—who with speechless feeling,
O'er thy cradled treasures bent,
Every year new claims revealing,
Yet thy wealth of love unspent—
Hast thou seen that blossom blighted
By a drear untimely frost?
All thy labor unrequited?
Every glorious promise lost?

Wife!—with agony unspoken,
Shrinking from affliction's rod,
Is thy prop—thine idol broken—
Fondly trusted—next to God?
Husband!—o'er thy hope a mourner,
Of thy chosen friend ashamed,
Hast thou to her burial borne her,
Unrepentant—unreclaimed?

Child !—in tender weakness turning
To thy heaven appointed guide,
Doth a lava-poison burning,
Tinge with gall affection's tide ?
Still that orphan burden bearing,
Darker than the grave can show,
Dost thou bow thee down despairing,
To a heritage of wo ?

Country !—on thy sons depending,
Strong in manhood, bright in bloom,
Hast thou seen thy pride descending,
Shrouded to the unbounded tomb ?
Rise !—on eagle pinion soaring—
Rise !—like one of God-like birth—
And, Jehovah's aid imploring,
Sweep the spoiler from the earth.

HON. HORACE GREELEY.

Horace Greeley was born in the town of Amherst, New Hampshire, on the 3d day of February, 1811; his father, who then owned and cultivated a small farm lying partly in Amherst and partly in Bedford, N. H., now lives in Western Pennsylvania; his mother also still lives. The Greeleys are of English stock, and had been for several years settled in this country mainly in the lower part of New Hampshire, where they were generally poor farmers, though there is a branch of the family settled in Maine, descended from a brother of the common ancestors of the New Hampshire Greeleys, who came out from England in the same vessel with the other. As long ago as 1740, the New Hampshire branch was settled in Salisbury, N. H. The mother of Horace was, before marriage, Mary Woodburn, of Londonderry, N. H., all whose ancestors, (Woodburns, Clarks, &c.,) were Scotch-Irish, transplanted from Scotland into Ireland some centuries ago, Presbyterians in faith, and provided with wild lands in New Hampshire, by William III., for their valor and devotion to the Protestant cause displayed by them in the desperate defence of Londonderry, Ireland, against the Catholic Irish, fighting for King James II. The town of Londonderry, N. H., was granted to these defenders of *old* Londonderry, and a tract of one hundred and twenty acres allotted to John Wood-

Daguerr. by Brady
Engd. by H.B. Hall

ourn, ancestor of Mary, settled by him in 1721-2, and ever since owned and cultivated by him and his male descendants. Its present possessor is John Woodburn, youngest surviving brother of Mrs. Greeley.

Horace is the oldest of five surviving children of Zaccheus and Mary Greeley; two having died before his birth. He possessed from infancy a remarkable facility of acquiring such knowledge as taxed the faculties of perception and memory only, having learned, with scanty and fitful instruction, to read well in his fourth, and to spell excellently before he had completed his fifth year. A habit of reading equally well from a book with one end or the other toward him—insensibly acquired by learning to read from a book lying on his mother's knee while she was engaged in work, and he standing by her side, was a subject of much crude wonder during his infantile years, and gave countenance to many neighborhood tales of marvelous proficiency on his part, which have not yet faded from the fireside gossip of the towns in which his earliest years were passed. His faculty of spelling correctly (through the tenacity of his memory merely,) placed him at the head of the 'first class,' while attending school from his grandfather Woodburn's, when but four and five years old, over the heads of pupils of from fifteen to twenty-odd years, and as he took part in the evening 'spelling matches,' requiring to be aroused when his turn came to spell, it was currently reported that he spelled just as well asleep as awake. His facility of learning and remembering songs, recitations, &c., prolonged the wonder for a year or two, when, (being still too small to learn to write,) he was set to studying grammar, and the bubble burst at once. Here simple tenacity of memory would not suffice, and his infantile progress was slow enough. The rudiments of arithmetic, however, he found very easy of acquirement, and fancied that he might have attained distinction

in mathematics, had opportunity served. But at seven years of age he was called from school to labor on his father's farm, and has never since devoted a summer day to study, except a very few rainy ones. He continued to attend in winter for the most part until fourteen, but the terms were then much shorter, and the facilities for acquirement much less than they now are. He never saw the inside of any academy, seminary, nor select school as a student.

When seven years old, his father removed to a larger farm in Bedford, which he worked, (on shares,) two years, returning to his own in 1820. He was soon after overwhelmed with pecuniary embarrassment, (then all but universal in that region,) had his property taken by the Sheriff, on suspicion of debt; (no one having obtained a judgment against him,) and, leaving his family well cared for, he started westward in search of another home. He found one in the town of Westhaven, Vermont, near the head of Lake Champlain, returned for his family and removed them thither, in January, 1821. Here he lived till 1826, devoting three years to clearing land, one to farming on shares, and one to running a saw-mill, aided in all by his two boys, ranging from nine to fifteen years of age. In 1826, he looked further, found a home to his mind in Erie county, Pennsylvania, returned for his family, and removed thither, and there is still his home, with that of a majority of his children, now all married.

In 1822, Horace who had early shown a fondness for reading, especially Newspapers, and had resolved to be a Printer, went to the Printing-office in Whitehall, N. Y., and applied to be taken as an apprentice, but was rejected as too young and feeble. In 1826, he applied at the office of the Northern Spectator, in Poultney, Vermont, and was accepted. Here he remained until June, 1830, when the paper stopped, the business was discontinued, and he started westward to his father's, which he had

twice already visited. He remained in that vicinity, working at intervals at Jamestown, N. Y., Lodi, N. Y., and Erie, Pa., and occasionally on his father's farm, until August of the following year, when, finding no more work at his trade, he left for New York, landing from a tow-boat, at the foot of Broad-street, on the 18th of that month, very poorly clad, with few dollars; not yet of age, and knowing no one within two hundred miles. His youth, inexperience, and raw appearance, caused him to be suspected and challenged as a runaway apprentice, but by persevering efforts he finally found work as a journeyman, and was employed in various offices, with occasional intervals of nothing to do, for the next eighteen months. Early in 1833, he, in connection with another young Printer, Francis V. Story, obtained work, which justified them in running in debt for the materials of a small Job and Newspaper Printing-office, with which they began to execute orders. In July following, Story was drowned, and Jonas Winchester, a friend of the family succeeded him in the business, which was and continued to be prosperous and extending. The next spring, (March 22, 1844,) Greeley and Winchester commenced The New-Yorker; a weekly journal of literature and general intelligence, of which the project had for some time been cherished by the former, who became its Editor. It had less than a dozen subscribers, at the outset, the publishers being scarcely known, in the city or out of it, but it gradually attained a circulation of more than nine thousand copies. It was never profitable, however, having a great many more patrons than supporters, and its weekly exactions were a constant source of anxiety and care to its publishers. Mr. Winchester retired from the concern by agreement in 1836, taking with him what was left of the Job printing, which had hitherto sustained the paper, now mistakenly deemed able to go alone; and his place was successively taken by several partners, with

no perceptible improvement in its business management or pecuniary success. One after another sold out or gave it up as a hopeless undertaking, and finally it was left on the hands of the Editor alone. Meantime he had been obliged to earn his own livelihood mainly outside of the income of the paper, in the Editorial conduct and pecuniary sustenance of which most of his own time was absorbed. Through the ardent political contest of the summer of 1834, he printed, and in good part edited a small Whig Daily, entitled *The Constitution*. Throughout the more protracted and arduous struggle of 1838, he edited a cheap Whig Weekly, issued at Albany, and entitled *The Jeffersonian*. In the campaign of 1840, he edited and published a cheap, widely circulated Whig Weekly, entitled *The Log-Cabin*. The first of these was a source of pecuniary loss to him. The second paid him a salary; the third, though issued under great disadvantages, yielded him a moderate profit; so that in the spring of 1841, after seven years of severe labor and rigid parsimony, the delinquent patrons of The New-Yorker had just about absorbed the little capital on which that paper was commenced, and his earnings and those of his partners during its continuance—no one having ever drawn out of the concern a dollar more than he had put in, and very rarely that much. The fruits of all this toil and experience was a conviction of the superiority of Cash Payment, so far at least as Newspapers are concerned.

In the spring of 1841, Mr. Greeley, then without a partner, and with very moderate means, resolved to try the experiment of a cheap Whig daily, devoted to the interests of Labor as he understood them, to liberal sentiments and generous purposes, to Temperance in all things, to inflexible Morality, and to the exposition and defence of the principles of a beneficent and wise National Policy. The first No. was issued on the 10th of April,

though the death of General Harrison, and the consequent forebodings of disaster among those who had struggled to elect him, had intervened since the enterprise was determined on to mar its prospects most seriously. The New York Tribune appeared on the day observed in our city as one of public mourning for the President's death. It had few subscribers to start with, and not many friends, while its financial reserve was quite limited. The first week's current expenses were over five hundred dollars; its receipts less than one hundred. But the prospect gradually brightened; a most efficient and admirable business-partner soon after offered to embark in the concern, and was accepted, to the immediate liberation of the editor from a chafing burthen of pecuniary anxieties and business cares; and at the close of the first year the paper had over Ten Thousand daily subscribers and purchasers, and was fully paying its way. It has never since done worse, and its patronage has gradually increased to seventeen thousand daily, beside a weekly edition of over thirty thousand copies, and a semi-weekly, California, &c., amounting to several thousands more. Probably no other journal issued in America is more widely diffused or exerts a more decided influence on public sentiment and public policy. And the daily is now the cheapest sheet, considering its size and the amount of reading, that is issued in the world.

On the 1st of January, 1825, our subject, then not quite fourteen years of age, concluded, on a review of matters in general, that he would drink no more Ardent Spirits, and has ever since adhered to that resolution. He did not know when he made the resolve that any Temperance Society existed, nor was he acquainted with an individual who utterly rejected the 'Sparkling bowl.' Liquor had always been free in his father's house, and no one made drunk by it. Still, he concluded to do without it, and, except a little taken as medicine when he had the

fever and ague soon after, and as much more turned down his throat at a sheep-washing soon after by three or four friends of 'The Largest Liberty' who had heard of his resolve not to drink and were disgusted by its absurdity, he has imbibed no alcoholic potation and desired none. And he now believes that he has been enabled to endure an amount of protracted mental labor, physical exposure, late hours, confinement to a sitting posture, &c. which must in all probability have cut short his life ere this, had he been addicted to 'moderate' drinking.

In the winter of 1840–1 he devoted some time to the consideration of pauperism, its causes, progress, goal, and the various plans suggested for its counteraction. The result was a profound conviction (from which he has not since swerved) that a radical reform in the social relations of mankind is essential and inevitable. The plan which he was led to believe most practicable and beneficent is substantially that of united households and Combined Efforts in industry and art first proposed by Charles Fourier, though many of the speculations of that brilliant genius with regard to theology, cosmogony, psychology, &c. are not accepted by him. But the great practical idea of Co-operation in life and industry, so as to heat, light, supply with water, and ventilate thoroughly the dwellings of a hundred families at one-fourth the cost of effecting the same end wretchedly, or not at all, under our present system of isolation and antagonism, he heartily accepts and labors to commend, hoping to see the day when the same commodious and magnificent edifice shall afford separate and secluded homes for rich and poor at a cost greatly less than the present; when the arable earth shall no longer be cut up and covered over by continually exacting fences, but laid off into fields of a mile if not miles square, cultivated in good part by machinery, securing an immense economy of Labor and a vast increase of Produc-

tion, while Schools far superior to the present shall be found under the very roof which shelters the children needing their inculcations, with ample libraries, apparatus, reading-rooms, halls for devotion, Social Intercourse, Festivity, &c. &c. Such are among the outward and physical manifestations of 'the good time coming' which The Tribune anticipates, awaits and strives to secure.

Mr. Greeley was married on the 5th of July, 1836, to Mary Young Cheney of Litchfield, Conn., then a teacher in Warrenton, N. C. Five children have been born to them, of whom but one, a daughter born in November, 1848, survives. An idolized son (Arthur Young) was swept off by the Cholera, July 12th, 1849, aged five and one-fourth years. The others died in infancy; the eldest six months old. The father, now thirty-nine years old, is of pale complexion, light hair, half bald, stooping in gait, and of medium height and size, though formerly quite slender. He was chosen in 1848 to fill a vacancy in the XXXth Congress, and served through the short session preceding Gen. Taylor's inauguration. Though always deeply interested in public affairs, he was at no other time, a candidate for any political station of consequence.

JOHN H. W. HAWKINS

This distinguished laborer in the cause of Temperance, was born in the city of Baltimore, State of Maryland, September 28th, 1797; he was the son of a pious father, whose death occurred when his son, the subject of the following remarks, was but 14 years of age, his mother being poor, and left with a large number of children, and John being the oldest of the male children, he was bound by the Orphans' Court to the trade of a hatter, at which trade he served until he was 21 years of age. It was at this early age he was thrown into the worst of associations; he began thus early in life to accustom himself to the habitual use of intoxicating drinks—the habit growing stronger and stronger until he became a periodical drunkard. When 22 years of age, he left his native city and wandered to the western country; he at length reached the State of Kentucky—this was in the year 1819, he took up his residence in the village of Bedford, county of Henry, where he remained about three years; it was during his residence in the above State that he became a confirmed drunkard. Returning to his native home, he saw the necessity of restraining himself, being under the eye of his pious mother. Shortly after his return home, he was married to a devotedly pious young lady, by the name of Rachel Thompson, by whom he had six children, three of whom are now living, viz: William, Elizabeth and *Hannah*, the last named, the Tem-

JOHN H. WATKINS.

perance world will at once recognize as the devoted child who, under God, was the instrument of his final reformation, which took place in Baltimore on the 15th June, 1840. The ever memorable Washington Temperance Society being formed of many of his old associates, he resolved at once to join them, and the moment that he did so, he found favor in the sight of God, and his fellow-men. In the month of March following the formation of the above society, the friends of temperance in the city of New York, hearing of this extraordinary movement, which then numbered more than a thousand reformed drunkards, resolved to have some of them come to the city of New York and hold temperance meetings, negociations were entered into at once for a delegation, accordingly five proceeded to the city of New York—amongst them was the subject of our remarks. After laboring with his companions for some time in the city of New York the friends of the cause in the city of Boston, hearing of their wonderful success in the reformation of the most abandoned drunkards, resolved to have some of them pay the city of Boston a visit; accordingly Mr. Hawkins and William E. Wright went on, and held many interesting meetings, to which thousands flocked, and brought with them their unfortunate friends, who signed the pledge, and reformed their lives. The great mass meeting held in Old Faneuil Hall, the Cradle of Liberty, will long be remembered; when the two speakers entered, the Old Cradle rocked with the greatest burst of welcome that was ever known in the city of Boston. When they took their seats on the stand they were eyed closely by the vast multitude with astonishment; after the meeting was opened with prayer, Mr. Hawkins was introduced to the audience by that indefatigable philanthropist, Deacon Moses Grant; it may be well for us at this point of our narrative, to give the reader some of his remarks upon that memorable occasion.

"When I compare," said he, "the past with the present; my days of intemperance with my present peace and sobriety; my past degradation with my present position in this Hall—the Cradle of Liberty—I am overwhelmed. It seems to me Holy ground. I never expected to see this Hall. I had heard of it in boyhood. 'Twas here that Otis and the elder Adams argued the principles of American Independence, and we now meet here to declare ourselves free and independent; to make a second Declaration—not quite so lengthy as the old one, but it promises life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Our forefathers pledged their lives and fortunes and sacred honors; we, too, will pledge our honor, our life, but our fortunes have gone for rum!"

The speech of which the above is only a part, produced the most happy results, and from this time the cause began to advance with the most astonishing results, and now while we write this most imperfect sketch, the subject of our remark is still laboring with unexampled perseverance in the great cause which has blessed millions of our fellow beings.

Mr. Hawkins by his intemperance, which is a natural consequence, neglected the education of his children, and in the year 1841, he moved his family to the city of Boston, their present place of residence, he at once placed his three children to school at the Wesleyan Academy, North Wilbraham, Mass., his son entered and graduated at the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, he then entered the Theological Seminary near Alexandria, Va., which is under the patronage of the Episcopal Church, and is now preparing himself for the ministry in said Church, upon which duties he will enter in about one year from this time. It is indeed gratifying to see what the cause of Temperance has done, not only for Mr. Hawkins, but for thousands of others.

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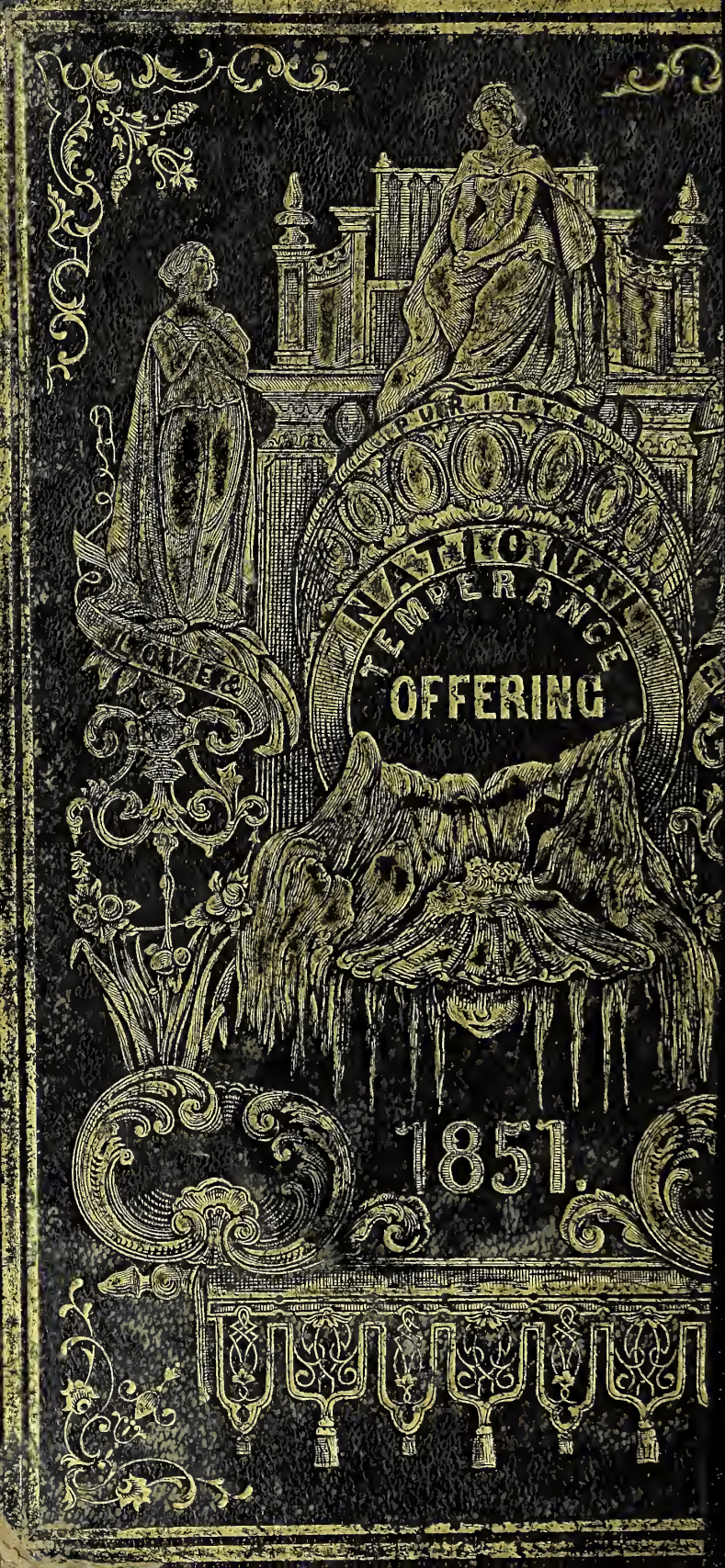
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